OLD WEST

46776

Spring,
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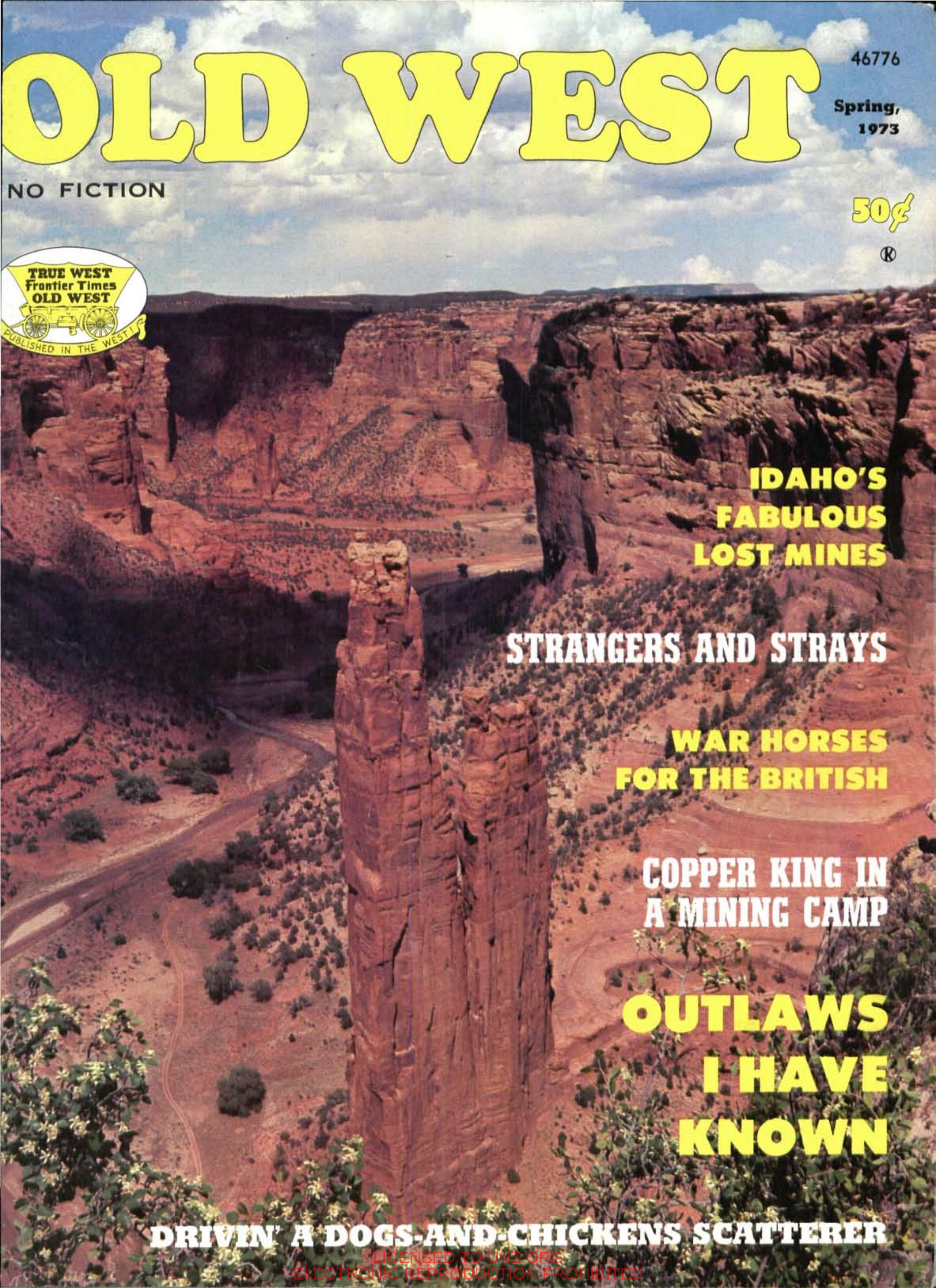
TRUE WEST
Frontier Times
OLD WEST
PUBLISHED IN THE WEST



IDAHO'S FABULOUS LOST MINES

STRANGERS AND STRAYS

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Hosstail

—Joe "Hosstail" Small

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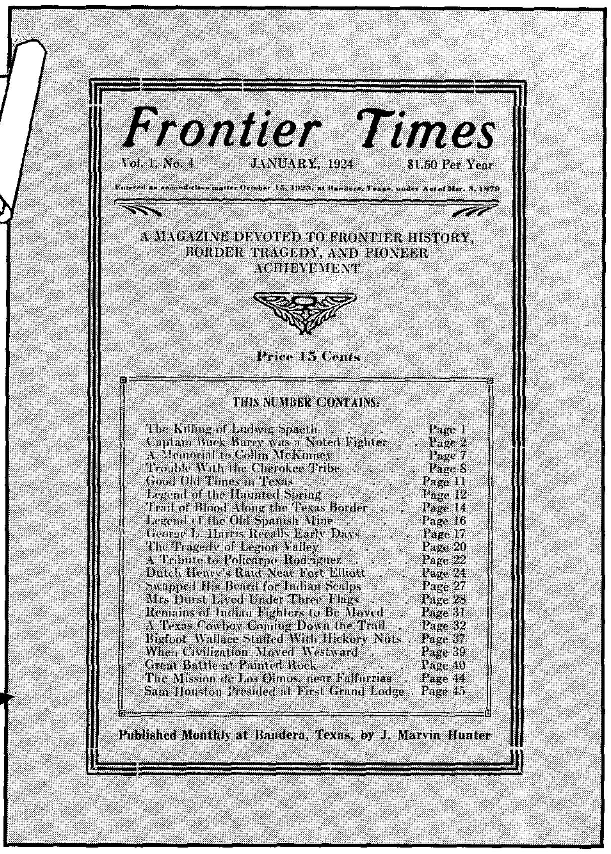

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Good Old Times in Texas . . . . . Page 11
Legend of the Haunted Spring . . . . . Page 12
Trail of Blood Along the Texas Border . . Page 14
Legend of the Old Spanish Mine . . . . Page 16
George L. Harris Recalls Early Days . . . Page 17
The Tragedy of Legion Valley . . . . . Page 20
A Tribute to Policarpo Rodriguez . . . . Page 22
Dutch Henry's Raid Near Fort Elliott . . Page 24
Swapped His Beard for Indian Scalps . . Page 27
Mrs Durst Lived Under Three Flags . . . Page 28
Remains of Indian Fighters to Be Moved . Page 31
A Texas Cowboy Coming Down the Trail . Page 32
Bigfoot Wallace Stuffed With Hickory Nuts . Page 37
When Civilization Moved Westward . . Page 39
Great Battle at Painted Rock . . . . . Page 40
The Mission de Los Olmos, near Falfurrias . Page 44
Sam Houston Presided at First Grand Lodge . Page 45

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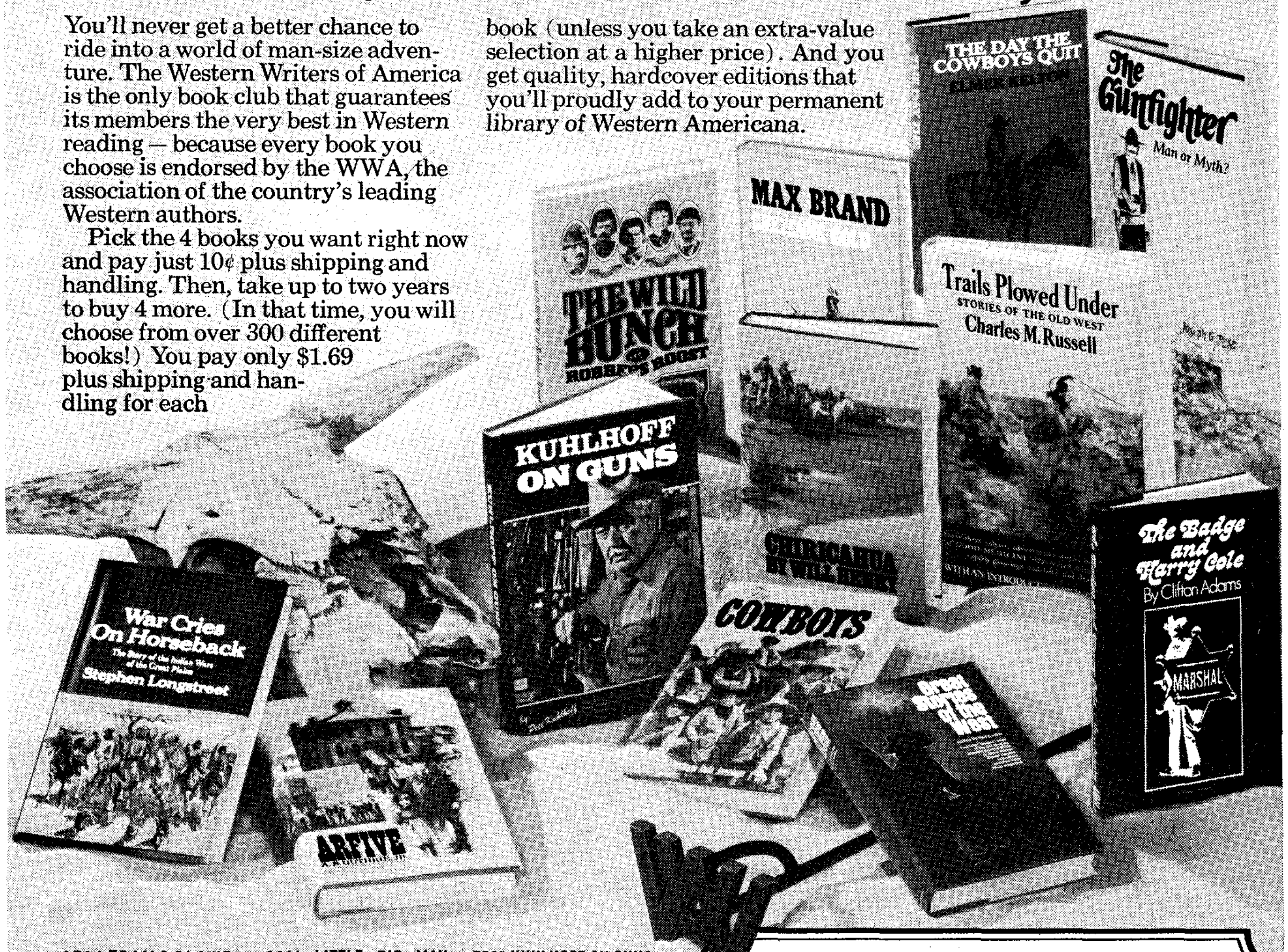

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OLD WEST

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BOOK LENGTH FEATURE!

By Bill Deister

"OUTLAWS I HAVE KNOWN"

BEGINS on PAGE 6!

SPRING, 1973 VOL. 9, NO. 3 WHOLE NO. 35

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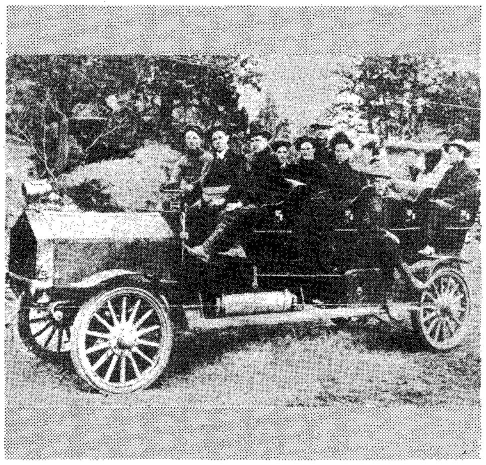
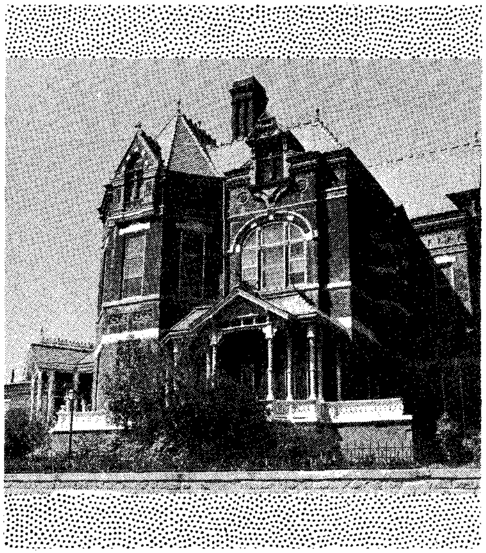
Spider Rock, Canyon de Chelly National Monument, Arizona



Forerunner to today's buses . . .
See page 24



A palace in Butte, Montana?
Turn to page 34

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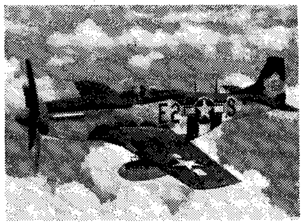
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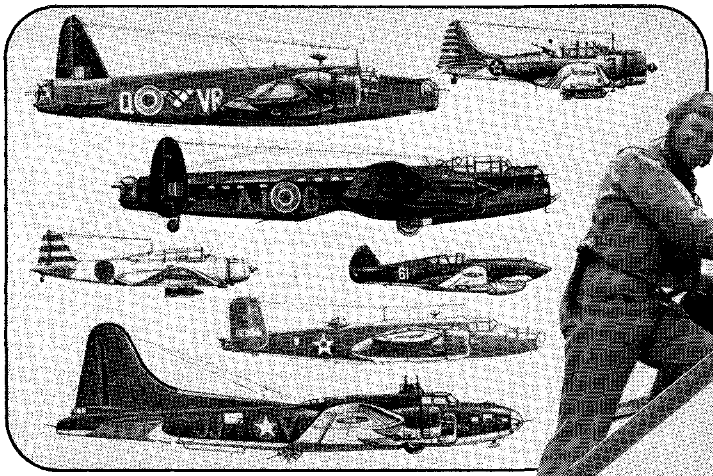

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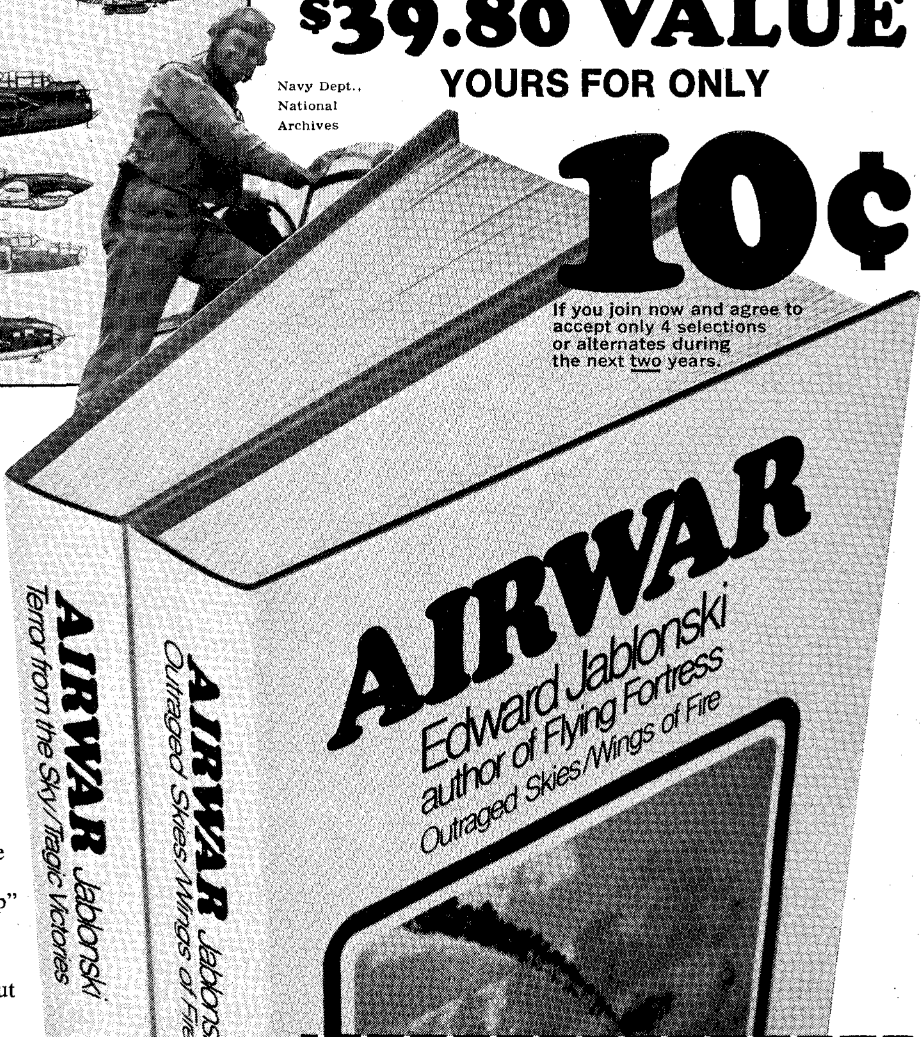
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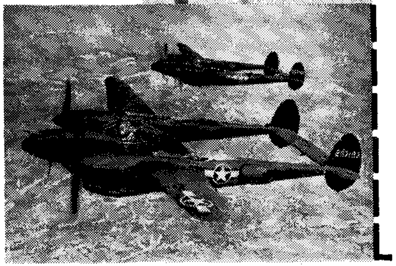

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LETTER RIP!

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Millsap in 1962.

A Real Pioneer Woman

I enjoy reading your pioneer stories. My own mother, Mary E. Millsap, was one of these early settlers but she overcame a handicap most of her contemporaries didn't have—over thirty years were spent in blindness. Even so, she raised nine children and when she died at the age of ninety-eight she had twenty-two grandchildren, ninety-seven great-grandchildren, twenty-five great-great-grandchildren, eleven great-great-great-grandchildren and four great-great-great-great-grandchildren.

A native of Wilson County, Texas, she was born one year after Ulysses S. Grant was inaugurated. Mason County was the place she considered home, and four generations of her family attended the same school in Mason before it was made into a museum.

She often told of her earlier life and of rearing ten children among wild animals and early-day outlaws in Mason County where she and Tom Millsap were married on July 11, 1887. She remembered waiting with one of her babies in a covered wagon camp while her husband and brother hunted for game in the woods. While they were gone, a panther stalked the camp and tried to take the baby, and she threw skillets and everything else expendable in her desperate effort to frighten the animal away. Finally remembering that "cats" are afraid of fire, she snatched up a small brass kerosene lamp and lighted it. She carried her baby in her arms and walked about brandishing the lamp until the men returned to dispatch the panther.

When she was seven years old, the Comanches made their last raid in that part of the state. Cynthia Ann Parker, captured by the Indians and then retaken from them in 1860, was a first cousin of her husband.

Early-day outlaws were also a curse in that country, and sometimes chased the ranchers from their homes. The Millsaps left once, after finding a cardboard caricature of themselves being hanged by the neck "until dead, dead, dead."

She lost her husband in 1928 but, despite thirty-one years of total darkness, continued to keep house for many years after she lost her eyesight. "You can hold your hand over the coffee pot to see if it's boiling and ready; you can touch bread to see it it's done."

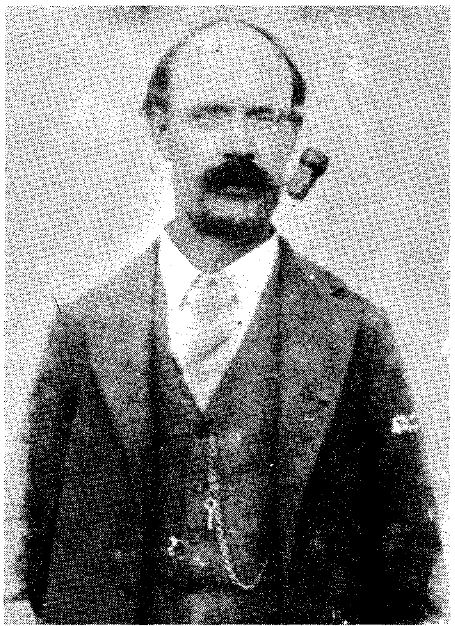
The one hundred and sixty-eight descendants she left behind will certainly never forget Grandma Millsap!—Mrs. Arvill Pierce, P. O. Box 224, Brady, Texas 76825

Shawnee Trail Rider

I am enclosing a picture of my half brother, William Barten Bruce, who spent most all the 1880 decade in Oklahoma and Texas. We came later and my father traded for 147 acres. The Cimarron River cuts off one corner. Brother Bart stayed in Missouri when we came down and located. Mother wrote him where we were and told him of a large cave down next to the Cimarron River on our homestead. He told us he knew where we were located and said he had been in that cave and had written his name in it. We looked but could never find it.

He came down later and we all went with him to find his name. He couldn't see it but insisted he knew he had written his initials and date in the cave wall—W. B. B., 1884. I stood near as a small girl watching him. Some rocks had caved off and he started turning them over and on one big rock were his initials and the date. He then told us of a cowboy's grave, stating the cattle stampeded and trampled him to death. We went and looked at the grave about a mile south of our homestead, and found it just as he had told us. When they dedicated the West Shawnee Trail here at the edge of Cushing the president of the Cimarron Historical Society told me my brother was the only one they had been able to find any trace of who had ridden this long-ago trail.

I'm sending you one of his pictures I had taken from a picture he had taken years ago. Notice the old time key hanging on his watch chain that he wound his watch with. Notice the resemblance between his picture and the unknown man in your Fall 1971 OLD WEST, on page 33. My brother was only a lad of seventeen when he came to this country and worked as a cowboy.—Mrs. Etta J. Eliott, 311 East 2nd Street, Cushing, Oklahoma 74023



William Barten Bruce. Could he be the unidentified man on page 33 of the Fall 1971 OLD WEST?

Ellsworth and Hover

On reading the 1972 Summer OLD WEST, my sister and I (I am sixty years old) have identified a man who was in the picture with Mr. Hover in the story about his dog Seymour. Now we would like to know if anyone can be found who knew my father. He was born about 1874. His name was Walter Bernard Ellsworth, but most people called him Bill.

It was sure a pleasure and a surprise to see my father as a young man about twenty-six years old in the picture. Maybe some old-timer is still around to remember.

My father was in the Spanish American War, the Boxer Rebellion when he was seventeen, and he also rode with Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders and with Pancho Villa. I remember once when I was about nine he visited an old war friend named Bill Trotter in San Diego (this was about 1920), and maybe Bill Trotter's people will remember as Bill Trotter was about forty at that time.

My father had an uncle, Bill Harris, and a sister Eliza Dell for whom I am named, as well as several cousins whose mail we always got by mistake—one was named John. This is all the data I have right now, but I would love to hear from someone who knew my father. Would sure like to know his nationality and family background, as well as what division of the army he served in—for then

I could inquire of Washington.—Mrs. Dell Ellsworth Raphael, 2491 Kingsland Avenue, Oakland, California 94601

Old Brady Boy

I have been reading your magazines for several years and now that I live in the State of Washington, I seem to enjoy them even more—if that is possible.

I was born in McCulloch County, Texas in 1914, in a rock house about three miles northeast of Brady. This old house had walls eighteen inches thick. It must have been built to stand off an Indian attack. It is still standing today.

Your stories that center around Brady and Voca are especially appealing to me for I can recall so much of my childhood in that area. I especially enjoyed "Cowboys From Voca" in the Summer 1971 issue of OLD WEST, as I knew the Spiller family—Ed and Bud Spiller in particular. If my memory serves me correctly, Bud was later deputy sheriff under Sheriff Kimbrough. There are so many people that I know, like Charlie Deans, Ira Locklear and Mose Locklear.

My grandfather, A. J. "Uncle Jack" Bassett, lived at Voca for many years and I think he is in the picture with Marion Deans, in front of the blacksmith shop in Voca. (This is on page 30.)

Then, to add more to my enjoyment, you have in the February 1972 issue of TRUE WEST a story entitled "His Brother's Long Shadow." There is a picture of the old schoolhouse where I have gone for plays, etc. My cousin Bassett Arthur received his education at this school. I am positive that Grandad Bassett lived on the old Longley place for a few years. I visited him there many times when I was a mere boy. I also know Marion Miller, Henry Jorden and Jim Wall, who are pictured on page 6 in the February issue. The best picture of all was the picture of Old Brady on page 8. I went to school in the schoolhouse on top of the hill overlooking Brady. Thanks again for many hours of pleasure.—Woodrow W. Metcalfe, 14701 South C Street, Apt. 8, Tacoma, Washington 98444

Does a Reader Know Lee Christmas?

I have read a couple of articles on Lee Christmas—not too much has been written about him and facts on his early life are more or less obscure. The few articles available list his birthplace as New Orleans. He was supposed to have been a railroad engineer and color-blind.

My story is this: a friend of mine from Serbia had a grandfather who was named Louis Bozich. Now the name Bozich means Christmas and Louis could very well be Lee, for Louis Bozich too was color-blind and a railroad engineer. He was also born the same year as Lee Christmas and was known to be in this country around the time Christmas was fired from a railroad for being color-blind. Nothing more was heard from Bozich after that time.

If this is a coincidence it is the dangdest one I ever heard of. If you have any facts on Christmas' early life, would you please inform me of them. I am anxious to clear this up as it is very interesting to me to find out if my friend's grandfather could possibly be Lee Christmas.—S. W. Hite, 1101 Parkview Avenue, Redding, California 96001

Bumble Bee Graveyard

If anyone is interested, I am one of the few living people who knows the location of the graveyard long since lost, located near Bumble Bee, Arizona. In fact, I have a relative buried there.—Robert W. Myers, Box 520, Walla Walla, Washington 99362

Ole T. Nystel Kin

My story all started with the Spring 1966 issue of OLD WEST and the rare book printed in it, *Three Months With the Wild Indians* by Ole T. Nystel.

Across the street from me and up three doors lives Haskell O. Watson. We share the same name but are not related. A brother of his sent him a copy of the Spring 1966 issue of OLD WEST about two years ago. He showed it to me and said Ole T. Nystel was his grandfather.

A year or so ago I ordered a batch of back issues of OLD WEST magazines from you. Read some of them and some sat around until I finally got around to them, as I have a raft of reading to do in between back issues.

About two months ago I finally got around to my back issues again and read the Spring 1967 issue of Old West. First letter in the LETTER RIP section was from Mrs. V. C. Phillips, Box 533, Grandfalls, Texas. She supplied pictures of Ole Nystel and said he was her grandfather. This makes Mrs. Phillips and my across-the-street neighbor, Haskell O. Watson, cousins.

Just last week Haskell O. (Hack) Watson's father visited him. He is Marion Watson, Rt. 2, Gentry, Arkansas 72734. I showed him both these back issues and he confirmed the relationship but couldn't place exactly who Mrs. Phillips is in the family tree. I gave both Haskell and his father Mrs. Phillips' address and I have written to Mrs. Phillips giving her both addresses of the Watson family. I expect they will communicate or get together soon and have a wonderful time reuniting parts of the family.

All this happened just because my name is Watson and I know the Watson side of the Nystel descendents. I get involved in the darndest things.—W. R. Watson, 638 Arthur Avenue, Chula Vista, California 92010

California Earthquake

During the California earthquake of February 9, 1971, our town of Duarte felt it too! My first thought, if it happened real "bad" at our home, was to save TRUE WEST and OLD WEST—my whole collection. Within minutes they were in pillow cases just in case. We keep our "treasure" in special handmade boxes in the closet in the bedroom. So, waking suddenly, I thought "Oh! in Heaven's name, how can I save them?"

Everything turned out fine here in Duarte. Now I am trying to improvise something for FRONTIER TIMES magazine, which is almost complete, that would

(Continued on page 58)

MEN! WOMEN!... *help those who can't help themselves!*

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OUTLAWS I HAVE

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Bill Christian, the first "Black Jack," knew the Deisters in Texas and the Indian Territory.

"When I saw that man coming through the door with a Colt with its ear laid back, I could feel a spade tap me in the face . . ."

Note: Too swiftly yesterday's happenings, as interpreted by actual participants or spectators, are found only in books. When a history buff such as I finds an individual who knew the Frank Jameses and Heck Thomases, the good and bad of the Old West, those characters from the flat pages of cold type jump sharply into three-dimensional focus as flesh and blood individuals. How rewarding to find a man such as Bill Deister, who had his own zest for life and a quick mind full of memories. He was ninety years of age when he spoke of his early days in Texas and Oklahoma, and resided with Pearl Reeves, his daughter, in Dallas, Texas. These reminiscences are written as he told them to me. If parts are slighted, remember that it is impossible to cover a lifetime in a single article. Bill Deister died in 1970. His mind was sharp and clear to the last. He had seen many changes and loved every minute of each day. He fooled himself no more about death than he had about life. When the time came he stood square and looked it in the face.—Jane Pattie

MY FATHER was a rancher in north-central Texas when I was born at Gainesville in Cooke County in 1878. Shortly after, the family moved into Young County eighteen miles north of Graham, and then up on the line of Archer and Clay Counties. When I was sixteen we went lock, stock and barrel to Indian Territory. I've also lived in New Mexico and in California. I've been a cattle dealer all my life, but in all my trading, I've never owned a mule or a sheep. I never lost money on cattle, but I've lost plenty on hogs.

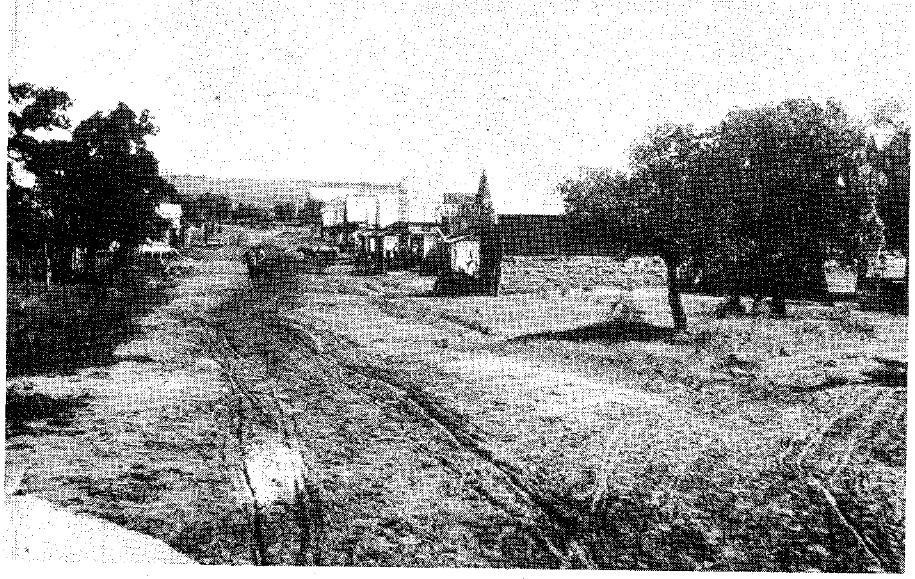
When I was a little kid in Texas I saw the last of the buffalo hide hunters around Jacksboro and Graham. The Indians still came to that country when I was young. Pa always butchered beef for the Comanches when they came to Young County. He talked Comanche.

The Indians had to come to Fort Belknap to Federal Court. They'd bring squaws and papooses and a whole string of ponies. Not a wagon would they have. Everything they owned they tied on travoises. They'd camp on our land and pitch their tepees just west of our house. That was pasture land with a lot of nice shade trees, and all at once that place would be just full of tepees. When camp was set up, the Indians would sit around and start singing, "Hi-ya, hi-ya," and shaking their heads. It was a sight I've never forgotten. Pa knew the Indians so well we even went hunting a time or two over in Comanche country.

When the Civil War broke out, Pa was

Antelope, Texas (left) north of Jacksboro was probably known to Bill and his family. The flour mill in Jacksboro (right), in 1896.

Courtesy Russel Jones, Jacksboro, Texas



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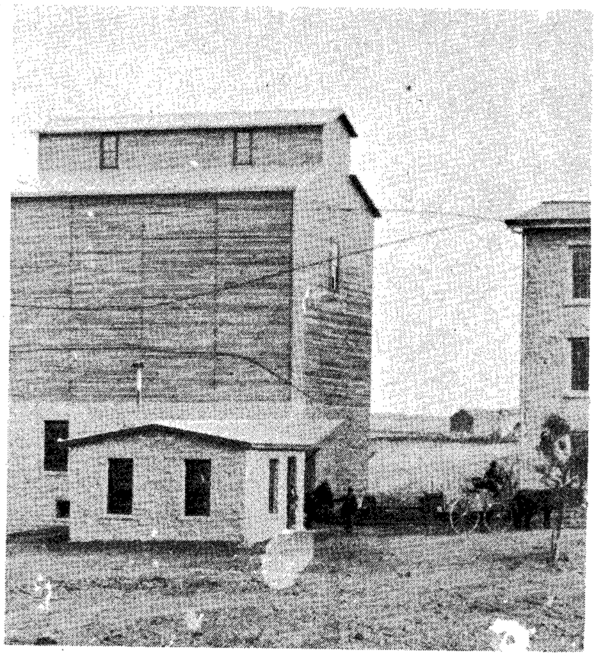
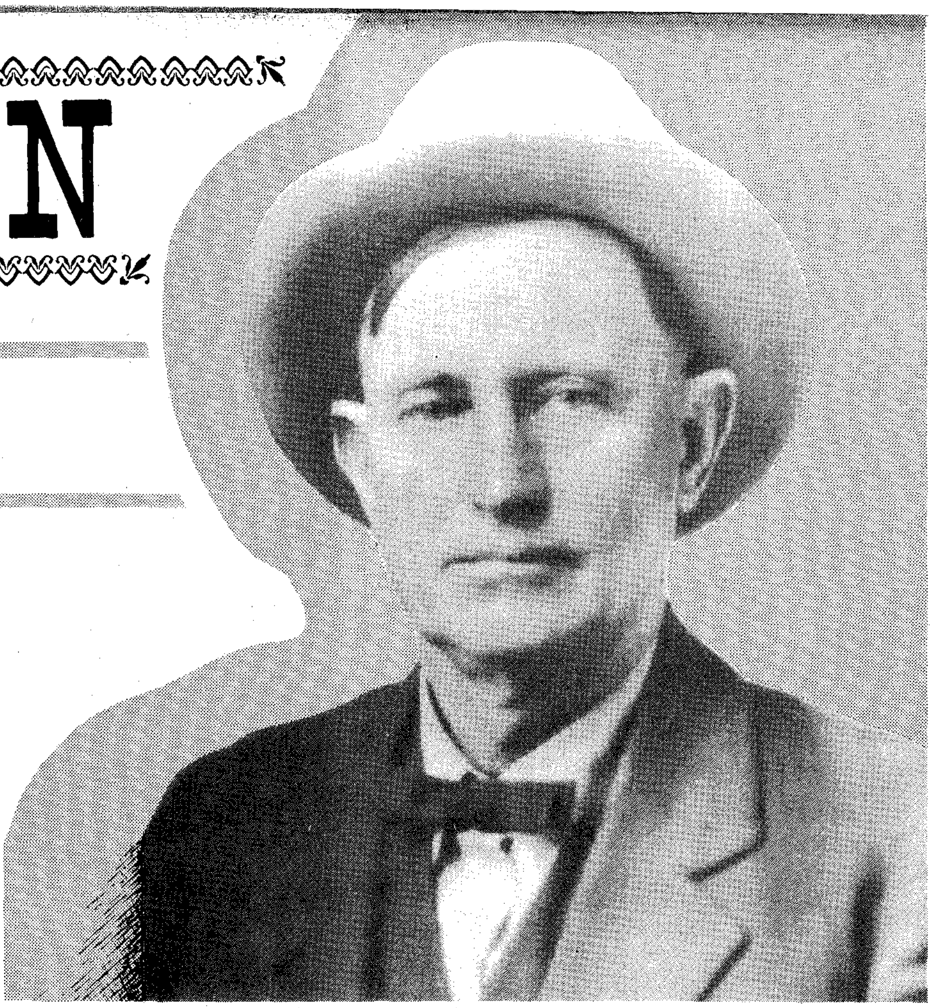


KNOWN

BY BILL DEISTER
as told to
JANE PATTIE

Photos Courtesy Author

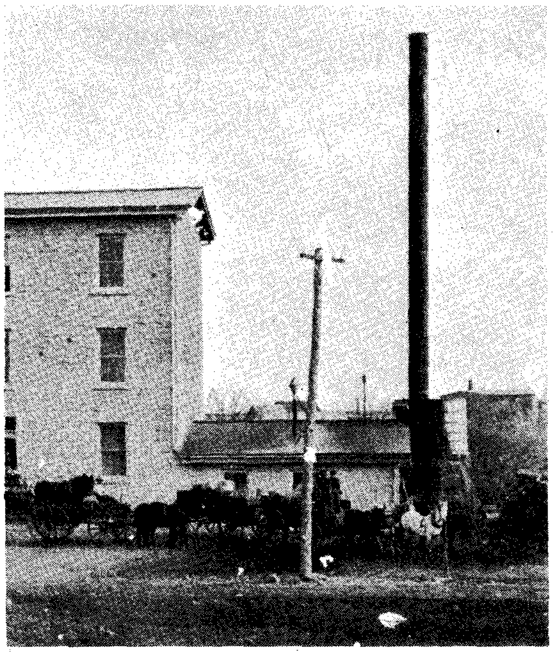


Bill Deister as he looked in later years.

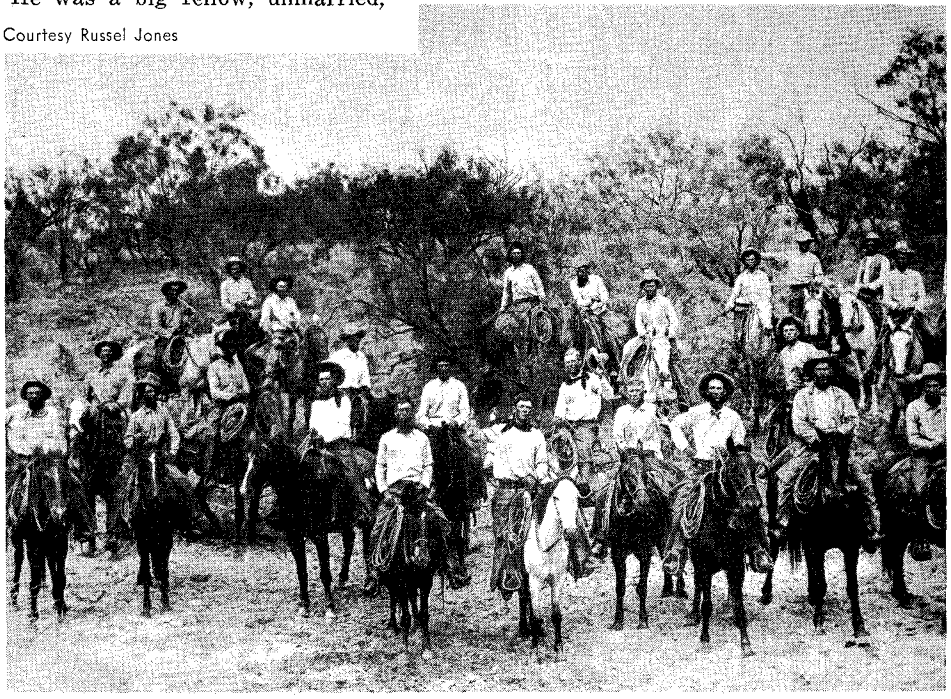
a little too young to join the army, so he went to St. Jo and signed up to go to Santa Fe, New Mexico, skinning mules for the Government. They sent him from Santa Fe to Fort Sill, in what is now Oklahoma, where he stayed quite a while. Pa made his living by trading with the Comanches on the reservation around the fort. We had relatives, old-timers who had come from Germany to settle in Cooke County, and that's why Pa finally went to Cooke County where I was born. Altogether, there were three brothers and two sisters.

When we moved over into Archer and Clay County, we had a neighbor who was supposed to be a full-blooded Mexican, but he showed he had a little white blood in him. He never had his hair cut. It generally came to his shoulders, and he had a long, black beard. His eyes looked like a rattlesnake's. I know he had killed two men. He killed one with a pocket knife while we lived there. But he came clear because he was smart as a whip. If you were in trouble in Texas in that day and time, if you ran more than three steps and then pulled a gun and shot a man to death, it was self-defense. This fellow would break and run, and then turn back on the man with that razor sharp pocket knife and kill him right there. I've seen him ride his horse into a saloon and run everybody out of it. When he was drunk, he was mean, but when he was sober, he was a good fellow. And believe it or not, he died a natural death. He owned a lot of stock and some of the best horses I ever saw. He owned more land than my daddy ever owned. He and Pa would break horses together. They worked a lot together. He was my dad's best friend. I learned a lot about handling horses and cattle from this fellow.

Old Rile Wilson was also in the area at times. He was a big fellow, unmarried,



Courtesy Russel Jones



Cowboys from the Jacksboro area gathered for this photograph in the 1890s.

with long whiskers and his hair to his shoulders. I doubt whether he ever washed. His sister had one crippled leg, and she went on a crutch. She kept house for him. He was a genuine buffalo hunter. He made a business of that, but when he came back off his last hunt, he only had six or eight hides. That was when we lived up near Graham. We went over to visit Wilson as soon as he came in from that last hunt. He lived in a house against a small mountain in northern Young County, near the west fork of the Brazos. That mountain was covered with cat-claws, in places so thick that dogs couldn't even get through. I also knew some of the Eatons, who were buffalo hunters. One Eaton was killed by the Comanches.

At home, when I was a boy, I sure worked! If it was crop time I got up at 4 o'clock each morning, and I had to take care of the stock, goats, hogs, horses, and everything. We never had a wild horse that I didn't break. When I was fourteen years old, I could rope a wild horse and snub and saddle and ride him by myself. I didn't need anyone to help me. But all that work was taught to me by that Mexican. My dad wasn't a horseman. A horse or mule could jump sideways and he'd fall off.

Fort Richardson at Jacksboro taken in 1898.

Courtesy Russel Jones

PA left Texas in 1895 because he thought it was getting too settled. He also wanted that cheap range land that could be found in Indian Territory. Pa and I went up there about the first of April, and he came back to Texas in June to sell out and move his belongings and the rest of the family. I was sixteen that fall.

We settled in Pottawatomie County near the old Sacred Heart Mission north of the Canadian River. The Indians were allowed to sell land in that area then, so Pa bought eight or nine places. It used to be you couldn't buy any of that Indian land unless it had been appraised by free Indian appraisers, who were educated men. My dad soon got to talking their language and got to be good friends with them. When one of them would get in jail for being drunk, Pa would get him out. He soon got to trading in land, but land that hadn't had the restriction removed from it had to be appraised by a man sent by the Indian Nations. Then the buyer was supposed to pay its appraised value in money. But Pa had this tract of land he traded for in Pott County that he had given two ponies for. One was a three-yead-old, a wind-broken colt from his mother. When we lived in Clay County, I had to ride that mare to bring in some cattle during a bad storm. I got mad and aggravated and I rode her too hard, and when it came her colt was wind-broken. He traded those two ponies and an old wagon and a set of harness and $150 for the land.

He got around among the Indians, and they got acquainted. He also learned to speak a little Seminole. I never did even learn the English language very good. I never went to school a whole term in my life. Pa always kept me at work at something.

When we first went to Indian Territory, just Pa and I, he left me in the Hanyon Settlement in a log cabin with no floor in it. It had no doors and no windows, either. They just cut a piece out of a log for a window on the side, and hung up a piece of canvas for a door. He left me to look after 37 head of hogs, 30 head of horses, 100 head of cattle, and about 700 head of durn goats.

When he left for Texas, he gave me a quarter and told me not to waste any of it. That was lots of money in those days. This was in Chickasaw country between the present town of Roff and Center. There were no fences then; all there were were squaw patches, as we called them, just a few acres fenced with rails. If a white person leased that Indian land and made a crop, he had to fence it with rails or with hogwire, if he could get it. But the people who were there were all poor people, and there weren't many of them. That was wild country.

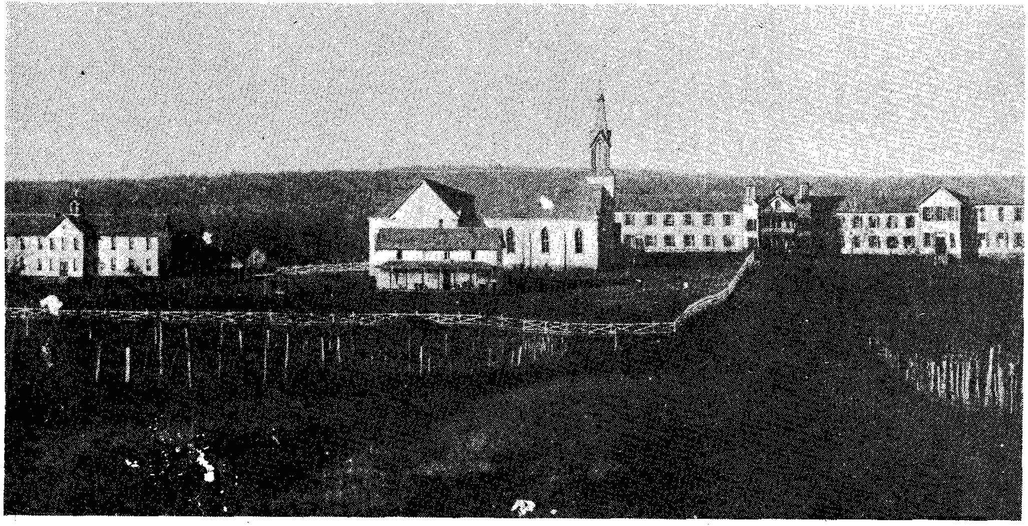
When Pa got back we rented another log house at Georgetown near Sacred Heart Mission.

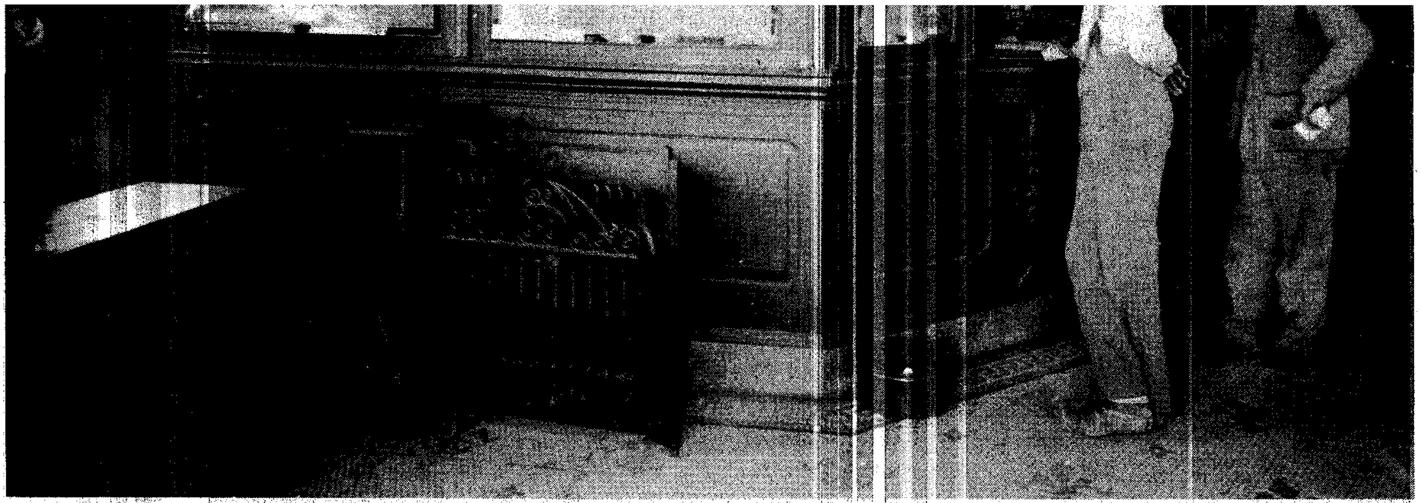
On our trip up, when we crossed the South Canadian River at Young's Crossing, a stream about three miles south of Sacred Heart Mission, we came up on a sandbar. The first man we saw was old man Christian. He was getting off his horse. He always pulled his Winchester with his right hand as he stepped down.

We had known the Christians back in Texas. Both of the old man's boys carried six-shooters all the time, even when they were less than twenty. Mother was from Alabama, and Mrs. Christian was from over in that country, too. They both dipped snuff with old-time toothbrushes

The Sacred Heart Mission was the first place in Indian Territory the Deister family settled.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library





Courtesy Russel Jones

Jacksboro's First National Bank in 1890s. Bill had no need for such a business when his father left him in the Indian Territory with 25¢ for the winter.

made of twigs from blackgum trees, and they'd sit and dip snuff and talk. Christian never talked a great deal. He was a large man, dark complected, and she was slim, blue eyed and blonde-haired. Of the family, there were two boys, Bob and Bill (later known as Black Jack), and a little girl, Rosie. She was twelve when I was sixteen the year my folks went to the Territory. The boys were on the scout nearly all the time. Bill and Bob robbed a big store in Wichita Falls. That was their first robbery that was known. That was before any of us went to Oklahoma. The boys were young, probably three years older than I.

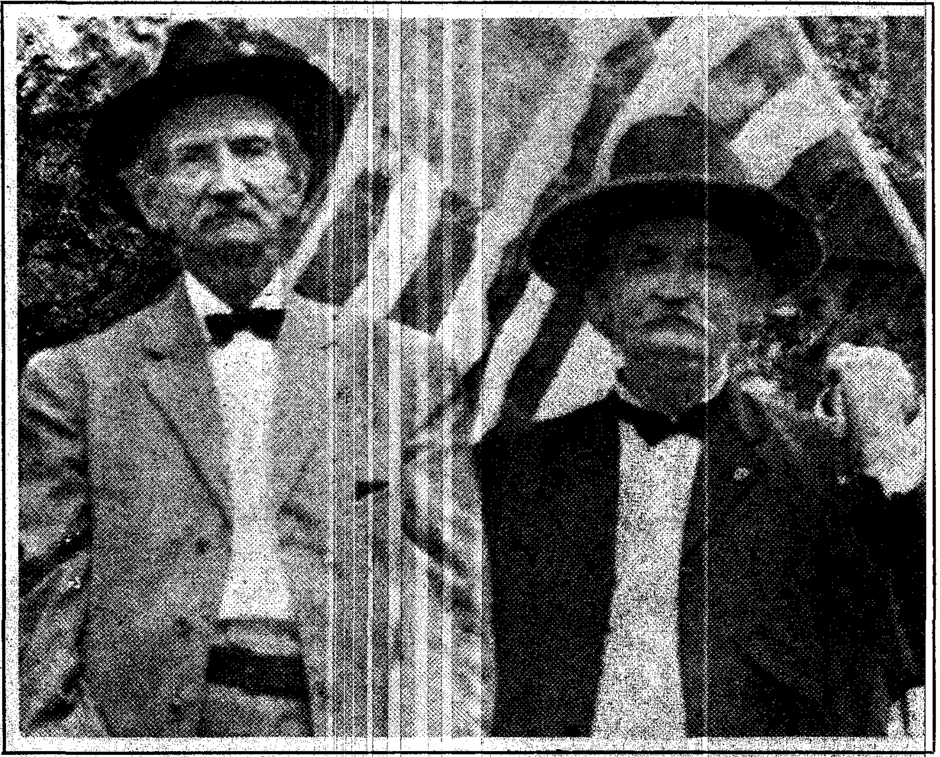
But as I say, when we met old man Christian at the Canadian River Crossing, as he got off of his horse he pulled that Winchester. He pulled it right-handed, put it over in his left hand and walked up and shook hands with Pa and patted me on the back. He was a big man. He was glad to see us, because he thought a lot of Pa.

The old man always rode a race horse and always had that Winchester in his hand, even back in Texas. Didn't everybody know it, but he had been one of the old Quantrill Raiders. He had ridden with the Jameses and Youngers. Horse racing was very popular in those days. We had lived up on the Archer-Clay county line about two years when the Sweeny Track was started. It was just an open track. They had country meetings there every Saturday and Sunday.

Jim Castleberry used to live there close to Palm Grove right at the corner

Both Frank James and Kit Dalton (right) were 67 when they posed for this photo. Bill Deister knew James quite well.

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library



of Jack, Clay and Young Counties. He left Texas, and Pa didn't know where he went. To our surprise he was one of the first fellows we met in Oklahoma. He had married a good-looking woman who was part Indian and well educated. They had a good farm and lived right close to Young's Crossing.

One day while we were all living in Texas, we were at the Sweeny Track. I don't know what the dispute was about, but a big gang fight started. They were fighting with their fists, and Jim Castleberry was in the fight. Jim didn't have his six-shooter that day. In this fight Jim got by a wagon that had a Winchester laying across the floor right in front of the seat. He was a tall fellow—a little over six feet. He grabbed that Winchester with both hands.

I was close by and could see what was happening. Mr. Christian was just sitting there on his horse. Jim had that rifle in his hands and just as he wheeled with it to get back into the fight, Christian pulled his Winchester and aimed it at Jim. He said matter-of-factly, "Drop it, Jim." Jim dropped it like it was hot.

I said afterwards, "Jim, why did you drop that gun so quick?" "Bill," he said, "you better drop a gun anytime that old feller is looking down a gun barrel at you! I don't think you've known him as long as I have. I've known him long enough to know that when he says *drop it* you'd better drop it!" And he did. Christian wasn't going to let Jim have the gun. He wanted to keep the odds even.

THE CHRISTIANS were always friends of ours. When we moved to the Territory, after Pa came up and brought the cattle, we rented an old log Indian house that wasn't any 'count. We put up our tents and built a corral right there at that little house and used it to store stuff. It was a half mile from Sacred Heart. They had just flung up little box houses built of native lumber—just a one-room house, with kitchen on the side and a porch. The Christians rented this house later.

I liked them. Pa liked the old man, and Mother liked the old lady. The boys were the nicest fellows you ever saw. My wife had an older sister, Leonie. When her family had first come from Kansas down to Indian Territory, they were very poor. They had sent this oldest girl to work for the Christians as a housekeeper. The boys were home just part of the time. She said they were doggone funny people. They would run clear out of groceries, but the next morning, there would be all kinds of stuff—coffee and ham and bacon and flour. They had been robbing.

My dad never told us that they were outlaws. There were a lot of men hiding from the law then. An officer could not take a man out of that country unless he *knew what he was doing. If he did ride in* and try to take somebody out, he would likely be found dead by the roadside. Outlaws from every state would run in there to hide.

The law would not have got the boys, but for an officer named Turner. He talked to this girl, it seems like her name was Emma Johnson, who had gone with Bob, to get her to try to persuade Bob to give up and be tried for robbing Governor Brown's store in Seminole County. Deputy Marshal Turner had a warrant for him. He stayed all night with Joe Gilfom at the place adjoining the Christians'.

Will Carr lived nearby. He was a deputy U.S. marshal and a friend of Turner; he worked with Turner a lot. But when Turner went into the area, instead of going to see Will Carr he went over to see Joe Gilfom. Joe then told Christian some stories regarding Turner. When Turner talked to Emma, like a danged fool she told where the Christian boys were, and Turner got both of them. He put them in the jail at Tecumseh, but later took them to Oklahoma City for safekeeping. The only two people who were allowed to see them were Emma Johnson and Will Carr. Carr was a friend of theirs.

Somebody slipped them a .45 revolver and a handful of shells. The first thing they did was to kill the jailer. They didn't hesitate. They hit him in the head and took Carr as hostage. Carr was a third or fourth cousin of mine. They killed the jailer and two other men I know of before they ever got away.

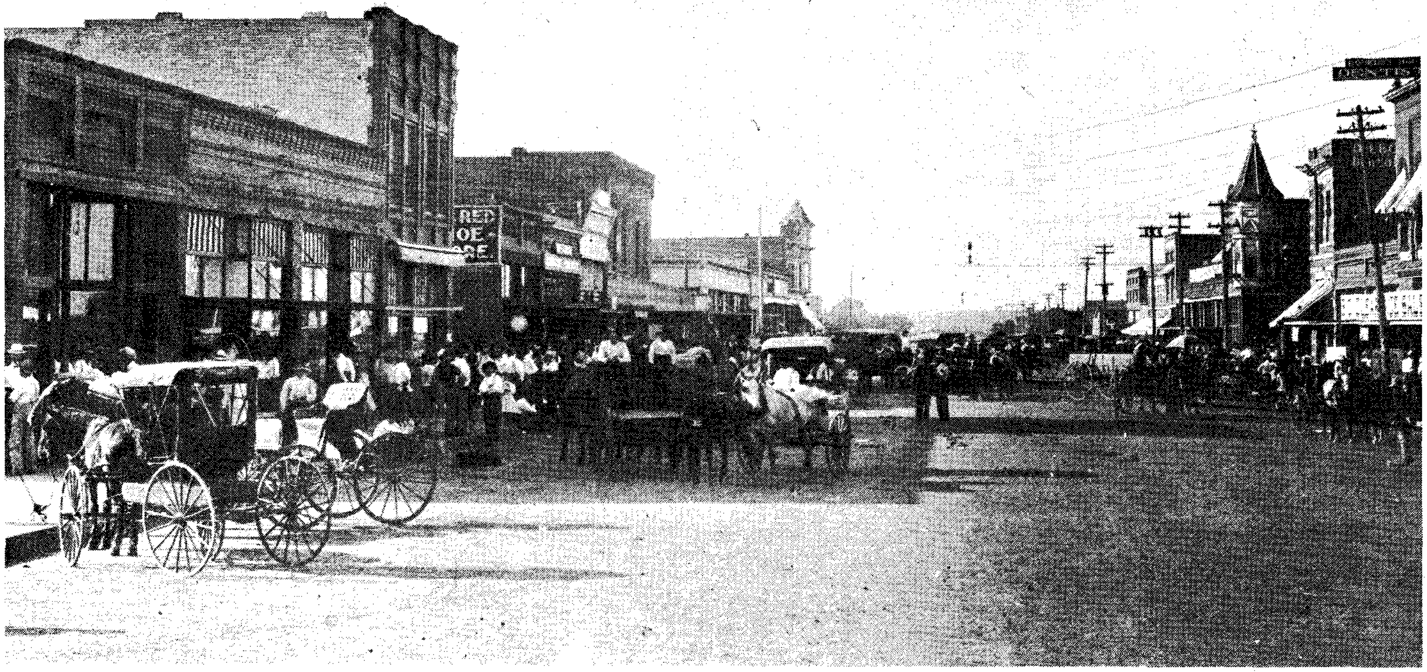
Right: Street scene in Ada, Oklahoma 1890s. Below: Jim Miller, Allen, Burwell, and Jesse West were lynched in Ada for shooting Gus Bobbitt. West had been a friend of Deister. Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

Right after these boys started doing this killing, somebody told my wife's father that the Christians were outlaws. My father-in-law had thought they were all right people, and lost no time in sending her brother Lou to bring Leonie home. The Christian boys told Lou, "Hell no! You can ride behind if you want to, but we'll take her home." And they took her home. She thought the world and all of those boys.

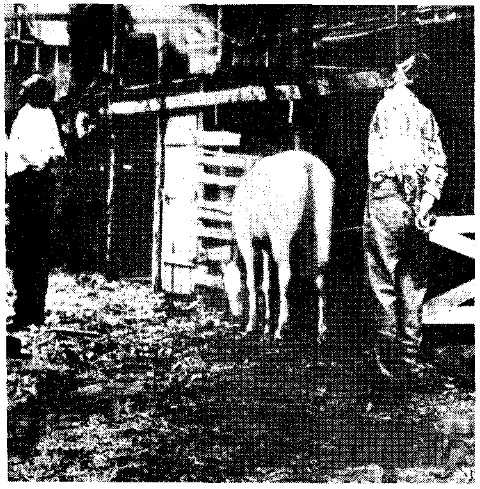
Then Leonie went to work for another neighbor. Her father didn't know that this man handled all the Christians' stolen goods and was a kind of go-between for the outlaws. When the Christian boys shot their way out of the jail in Oklahoma City, they went straight there. Bob had got shot through the neck, and Leonie bandaged him up. It was close to a week before Bob got able to ride and they left.

Old man Christian and Mrs. Christian and Rosie moved back on the Seminole County line in an old Indian house. It had a porch on it on the south, and it was in the timber. There was a squaw patch in cultivation there. Well, everytime I

Bill Deister met Cole Younger (left) when on release from the penitentiary he visited the same town. The shotgun belonging to Bill Dalton (right) was given to Deister by Arnie Key. Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library



Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society



got to riding around, I'd stop by. We had horses and cattle in the Chickasaw, so I was over there quite often.

The boys had left Oklahoma. They were around the border of southern Arizona and New Mexico when the family got the last letter. I was at the Christians' on Sunday. There was nobody there but little Rosie. Rosie used to help me gather the horses and cattle. She told me that just as soon as her folks got a letter about where to go, they would know whether they would stop in Arizona or over in Old Mexico. Next time I went over to their place there was nobody there. Nobody knows when the Christians left there. I never heard from them after that.

AFTER all this had taken place, Pa traded for some land just west of the Sacred Heart in the early fall of 1906. Joe Gilfom was digging a well for us on that place. We had built a branding corral and had a log building there, but no house. We had six or seven stacks of boards that had been split out of oak trees to roof one, though. I learned to split boards from Henry Belt, a half-breed Indian, and that's how I got my spending money. When Pa got ready to build a house the first man he went to see was Henry, since he was the best board maker in the neighborhood. Henry said, "Hell, why don't you get your boy Bill to make boards? He took all the business away from me, and here I sit without anything to eat."

Well, this Joe Gilfom was digging our well, and we had stopped to eat lunch. A fellow on a big sorrel horse rode right up to the gate of the corral. I went out to talk to him. I didn't pay any attention to Joe. The stranger asked who was building there and talked like a fine fellow, I thought. After he talked a while, he rode away. After he rode away, I saw Joe was gone. When I went to look for him, he was down behind those boards half crawling and trying to dig a hole to get in the ground.

"What on earth!" I said. "What's the matter with you?"

"Don't you know that man?"

I said I didn't and Joe told me, "That was one of the Cook boys. He is a friend of the Christians, and they want to kill me. Turner stayed all night with me before he caught Bob and Bill."

The last time I saw Will Carr, he was up in his nineties. I hunted quail with him on his place in Seminole County. The Carrs came from Alabama to Texas after the Civil War. My mother's brothers, Jackson and Milton Carr, and the whole family came in here. They had fought in the Civil War, and they wouldn't take the oath of allegiance. Many parts of Texas were settled by unreconstructed Rebels. Jackson had had his leg shot off in the war, and the other brother had been taken prisoner across the Ohio, and they were very bitter. In World War I, my youngest brother had to go, and the worst thing my mother could think of to call the Germans was "damn Yankees."

Will Carr was a good friend of the Daltons. I never met the Dalton boys myself, but I was well acquainted with Frank James. My father was born and raised in the same country with the Youngers and the James men. After Jesse was killed, and that was all settled, Frank was pardoned. He went to Dallas, Texas, for a while. These big stores hired him as an attraction. He sold photographs. Pa took me from Young County over to see Frank. I also met Cole Younger just after he got out of the penitentiary. He stayed a week at the little town where we lived.

Speaking of the Daltons, Ernie Keys gave me Bill Dalton's shotgun. The Keys had a ranch near Ardmore, and that was where Bill Dalton and his boys stopped. Bill was killed on that ranch. When Keys was sick and knew he was not going to live, he wanted me to have the gun. I had known the Keys before they came up in that country. They were all friends of mine. You couldn't keep from liking them.

Bill Dalton had been hiding out on their ranch. There was an old cabin in the woods. It was sort of a bunkhouse. Dalton went out there to sleep, and that was where the Federal officers killed him. He had his pistol with him, but he had left his sawed-off shotgun in the big house, where he always came to eat supper.

I also knew Temple Houston. He was a fine fellow and a good lawyer. He was quite colorful. He was supposed to have killed one of the Jennings, but there was talk afterwards among the gunmen that Jack Love was the one that did the killing.

I was not an officer at that time and hadn't thought about being one, but I had used a gun all my life. I was good with guns when I was just a boy. At the age of fourteen, there wasn't any man living could beat me with a rifle. And as I got older, if a man shot more than one time, he couldn't beat me with a pistol.

I won a $10 bill in New Mexico. I could knock jackrabbits down two out of three times with my pistol at an average of 200 yards. That was beyond rifle range. I was using a .38 Smith and Wesson. I always carried a .38 Smith and Wesson. It is the best gun made. When I was first a peace officer I carried a .44, and then I got a .45 Colt semi-automatic. That was a good gun, too.

JESSE WEST was a special friend of mine. He was one of the four men who were lynched at Ada for shooting Gus Bobbitt in 1909. I rode with Jesse

West and slept in the same bed with him and slept under the same slicker all buckled up when it was sleeting and snowing. They claimed that Jesse hired Jim Miller to kill Bobbitt. I don't believe he did. I think Joe Allen did. I knew Joe well, too. Joe and Jesse and a fellow named Burwell were hanged along with Miller. I didn't know Jim Miller.

Jesse West's cousin and some other men stopped at our house one morning. They ate breakfast, and he pushed his plate back after he was through eating. He said to my dad, "Tom, one of us will die before night. One of us around this table will be in his grave." They all rode off. Sure enough, he had a fuss with a fellow, and the man beat him to his gun and shot him to death that very night. He must have had a premonition.

I didn't know Jim Miller, but there was a fellow named Bill Miller that I was well acquainted with. I don't know if they were kin. Bill Miller married a girl whose father made his boast that he had killed sixteen men in his lifetime. The old man had killed two men that I know of. His son had killed his fifth man when he lost out to a farmer at Justin, Oklahoma. I knew the fellow that killed him, too. We had known the Millers in Texas. Some of Quantrill's men had settled near Jacksboro. That is where the Millers came from. Bill was wanted in Texas as well as Oklahoma, but the law never got him. There was a big reward on him. I'd seen him every once in a while in Pottawatomie County. He had married and had a farm rented there, but he wouldn't stay there all the time.

There was a young fellow name of Bossier working for us. It was right at Christmas time, and it was a cold frosty night. We had been to a dance. It must have been around 4 o'clock, because we didn't leave the dance until after 2 o'clock. It was getting toward morning and as we came back we passed by the Millers' house, and there was a bright light on. It was too early for them to be up. I noticed a strange wagon in the yard.

I said to my friend, "Darn, I'm about out of .45s." I had a habit of shooting shells up. This other fellow Bossier never carried a gun. "Bill Miller might be home. If he is, we can get some whiskey and I will get a box of shells." When we got to the house, I saw there were four or five men in the house, all dressed and heavily armed.

Bill Miller came out to meet me. "Bill," he said, "you are just the fellow I want." He brought out a half-breed Indian. "This fellow needs to borrow your friend's horse. We will put your friend to bed in the wagon here. There's a bed already made."

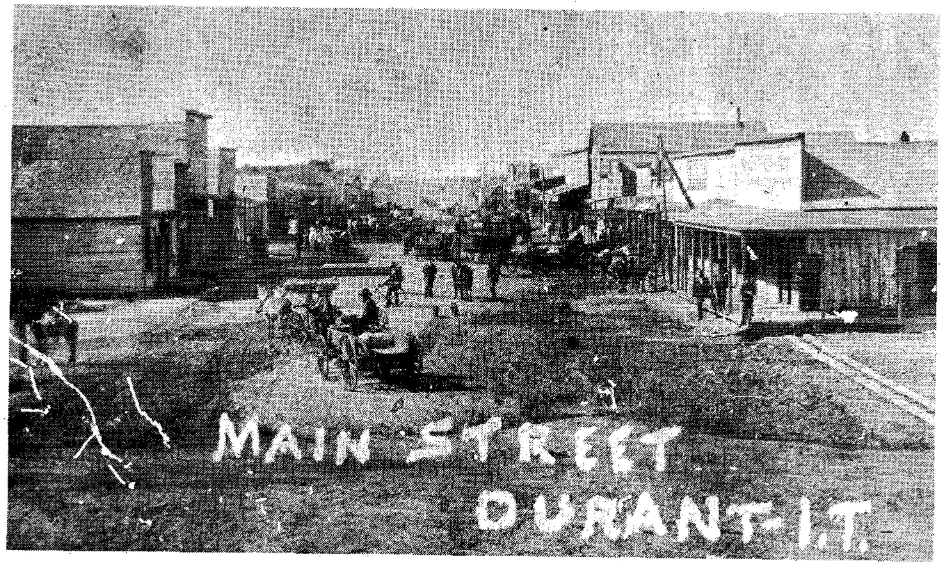
There was a man who lived about a mile and a half from Miller by the name of Braswell. He had promised the sheriff that he would get certain fellows when they came in, and Bill Miller was one of them. There was a big reward on Bill then. He had killed a deputy sheriff in Jack County, Texas, and he had killed a U.S. marshal in Oklahoma.

Bill Miller and this Indian and I rode up and hailed Braswell out of his house. White frost was on the ground. None of us ever got off of our horses. Miller placed me on one side of the gate and the Indian on the other side. He said, "Braswell, we came here to bring you out and kill you unless you do what we tell you. If you do as these boys tell you, you will never be troubled. You can arrest anybody else, but leave me alone." He told Braswell a list of names. Braswell tried to write them down and he couldn't. It was cold, and he just had on some winter union-suit underwear, and he was barefooted on the frosty ground. He never tried to take Miller, either. And he never bothered me.

He came to a dance one night after that. He looked at me and said, "Bill, I want to see you out here." The boys thought for sure he was going to try to arrest me. I went out, and he said, "I want to borrow a few .45 shells. I only have just what is in my gun." He told me who he was after.

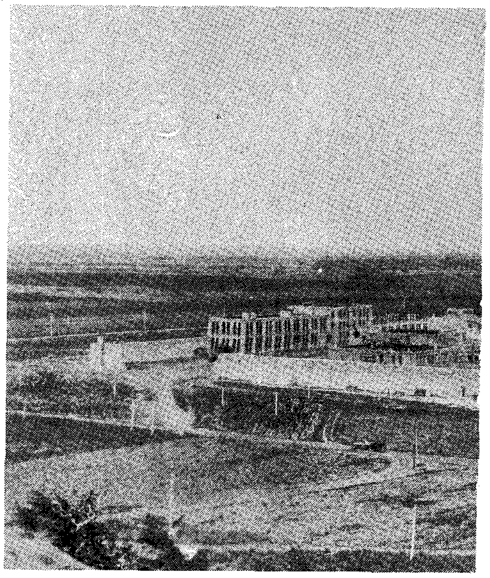
"I always have a few extras," I said and gave him a handful of shells. He knew I had my gun on, but I never made a move toward it. I knew if he ever arrested me, he would be killed just to teach him that Bill Miller was hell! Miller was finally killed in bed for the reward.

Main Street, Durant, Indian Territory. In 1922 Deister assisted in the search there for outlaw George Hendricks.



Bill's brother stayed at Bill's for a little while. He lived at Fort Worth at that time, but he came to this country some. He was blue-eyed and blonde-headed. I called it blonde, but the paper called it "possum colored" hair. Now, if you wanted to get killed, you just jumped Bill Miller or him either.

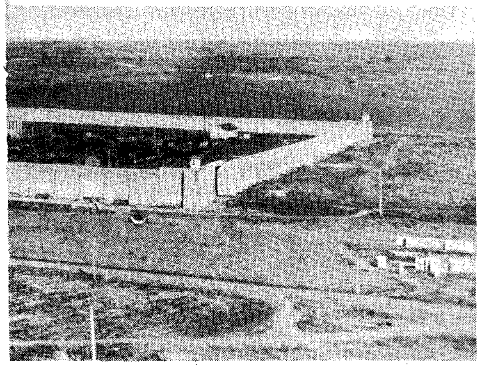
Right: Shawnee, Oklahoma where Deister met his wife. Later it was also part of the territory he covered as deputy sheriff. This photo is of Main Street, October 1896. Below: Granite Penitentiary. Charlie Little Bear, a friend, visited Deister's home after his release from Granite. Photos both pages Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society



The first time I met him was at an Indian dance. It was way after midnight. I was up prowling around where there was nobody but Indians. This fellow came in and said his name was Miller, and he was a brother of Bill's. He fit his description just to a dot. He hadn't had any supper, and as I had gotten in there late we decided we would go out and get something to eat. The Indians had fires built around with big pots of beef stew hanging over the fires. Miller went over to a pot, and there was a dipper hanging on the side. He took the dipper and stirred the stew up, and just then a squaw slipped up behind him and hit him right across the back with a stick. I just died laughing. He was mean as hell—I saw that right quick! I'll tell you one thing—we got something to eat!

The last battle Bill had was up in Oklahoma. One Saturday night, he came in after midnight and went into a saloon to get a drink. He had been on a raid somewhere and had been gone two or three days and nights. But he came in to swap horses. There was a fellow that stayed there in town with Doc Crane who had

MAMMOTH
GOODS
HARDWARE
MEAT MARKET
FURNITURE
QUEENSWARE
CARPETS & MATTING
DENTIST



a store and a little post office. This fellow's name was Tom Norman. He was a durn good fellow but a little reckless and wild, kind of like I was. He was always full of fun and devilment.

Bill Miller came to town to exchange horses with him. First he went to the saloon. The sheriff and two deputies ran in on him there. He had his gun concealed. When he tried to draw, his gun hung in his clothes.

Our folks went to the Catholic church, and on Sunday morning I went to early Mass and then over to the store before the crowd came. Bill Miller came in and he was mad! He was spitting and cussing. He showed me his shirt. The sheriff had shot one button off, and another bullet had taken the hide off right across Bill's belly. He said, "By the time I got my gun clear and got to shooting, I never saw a man run so fast in my life! I would have sure killed that s.o.b. and all of them if I could have got that gun out!" Tom was at the store, and they exchanged horses there and Bill left.

They never caught him, but one of his own gang shot him dead to get the reward and clear himself. Bill had actually left that country, but he'd stop back every once in a while when he'd come into eastern Oklahoma. His killer, instead of getting a reward, got ten years in the penitentiary. Not for killing Bill, though, but because he was wanted for another murder.

I WAS COWBOYING for the Murray outfit when they pulled down the "Big Pasture" fences in the Chickasaw. I fed cattle over on the Washita until the winter we shippped out, and then I worked three months on the wire contract, rolling wire. I used to could roll a strand of wire as fast as a man could run, and I could unroll wire even faster and never tangle it. By the time I was there a week, I was an expert. A man by the name of George Wilson was the foreman of the wire crew for the Murray outfit. Old man Murray had died. He had been born in Ireland, and his wife was a half-breed Chickasaw.

Mace McCoy was her brother. He never grew any whiskers, and he had the Indian color and always wore his hair down to his shoulders. He rode a little stooped in the saddle. He was foreman over all the cattle on the range. The Murrays also had a farm, which was in corn to feed the cattle. Corn went to 30¢ a bushel one year when I was there. Old Jack Wrigley was foreman of the farm. He saw that the corn was gathered, and he bought all the corn from other farmers in the area.

The land was under the Murrays' control. They bought all the surplus corn. When I finished feeding the cattle and getting them all out of the bottom, I helped in the roundups.

Then I went on the wire job with Wilson as foreman. I had patched up wire all my life, but I had never done anything like this. Wilson and I took out a wagon and team with our camping outfit and corn and hay in it. We were out for several days locating what was called the Louis Lindsey Drift Line that ran from Rush Springs down to Pauls Valley. Then we worked Rattler's Creek pasture, Cattle Creek Pasture, the THB—all those big pastures that had thousands of head of cattle in them.

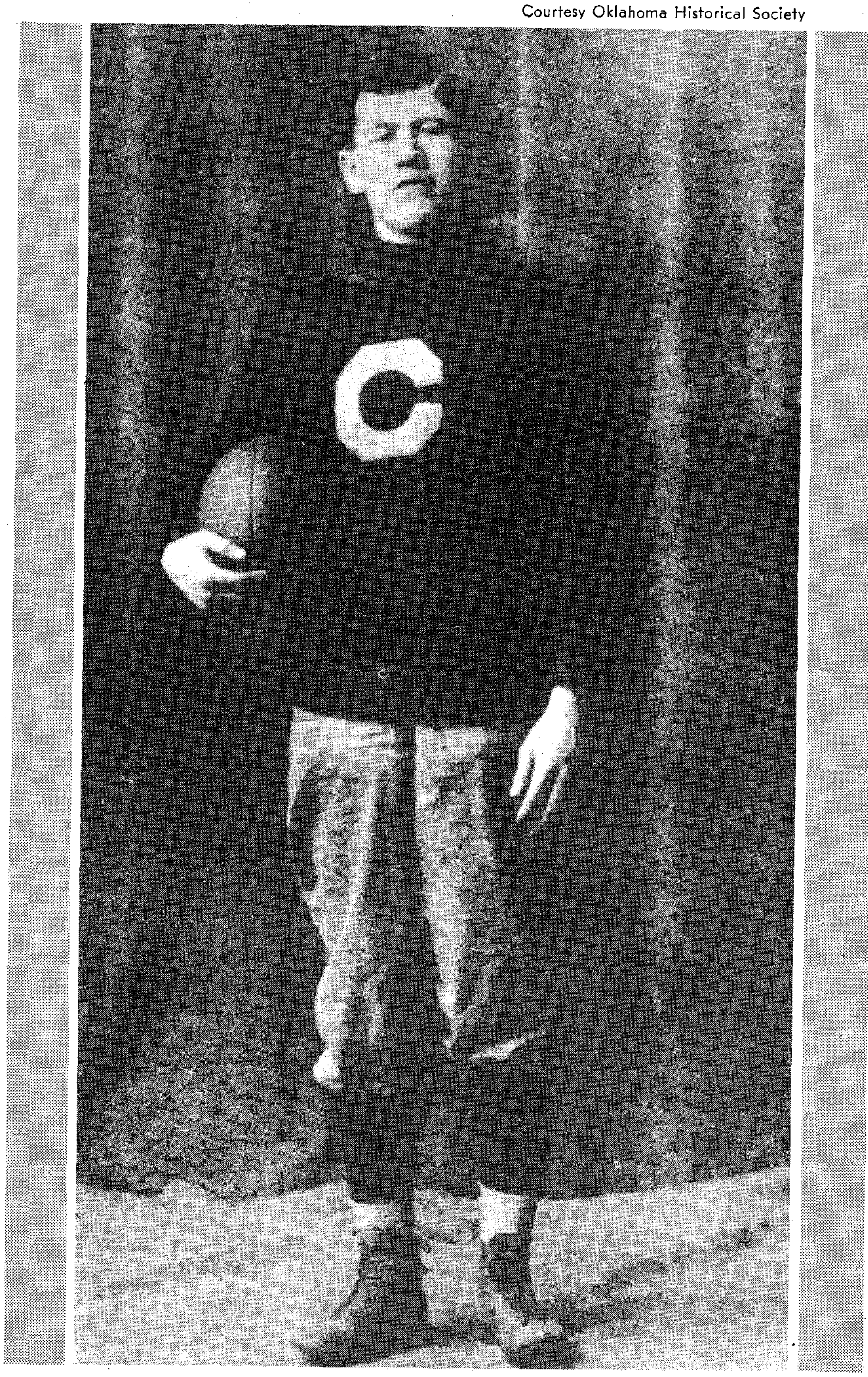
This was all nearly new wire and good posts. A different crew came behind us and drew the posts out. They brought those posts and wire in to Erin Springs and piled the stuff there and sold it.

Erin Springs was a little town on the Washita. It had three stores and a post office, a cafe and corrals, and a big Murray two-story stone house. Murray had gotten an old Irishman to quarry those rocks and build that house. That was before I went there. I heard the old-timers tell about it.

Erin Springs was about twenty-five miles south of Purcell. There were five of us on the wire contract. George Wilson and two or three of the Bernard boys and some of the Murray boys and I would all go in to Purcell. To get whiskey we had to cross the river to Lexington. On one trip we drew straws, and it fell to me to go get the whiskey.

The South Canadian was up. It was high! I went down to the river and started to ride into it, and some fellows tried to stop me. They said nobody could cross it. I told them, "Hell, I'd just as soon be driving this horse across the river as anywhere!" That horse I was riding, one of the Murray horses, could swim a river just like a duck. We used to swim that Washita to and fro when it was up, and it was tougher than the South Canadian. But I had crossed cattle enough over the South Canadian that I knew it. I could tell by the flow of the water. I could go into the water and pick the best way and cross the river and never wet my feet. I would hold my feet up on the saddle and keep them dry.

I went over and got the liquor, and went back to the place where the other boys were. George Packard was there. His hair was snow white. I asked him, "George, what makes your hair so confounded white? You're not that old."



Courtesy Oklahoma Historical Society

James Thorpe as retiring captain of the 1912 Carlisle football team. Deister knew him all his life.

He said, "Bill, my hair got that way in one night nearly, when I laid up in that Fort Smith jail waiting to be hanged." He had been in the Bitter Creek Cow Fight just east of Chickasha.

Some officers from Purcell came in the house where we were with the whiskey. There was bad blood between the officers and the boys from Erin Springs. A man had better not monkey around Erin Springs unless he had a friend there. They had some pretty tough customers. The only laws that ever came in there and raised any trouble came from Paris, Texas. They were U.S. marshals sure enough!

These officers came into the room, and all at once I heard a fuss. George Wilson weighed 225 pounds, and he was mean. He would hire a man to work and if the man didn't work to suit him, he'd fire him. And then he'd beat him up. He would rather fight than eat. The first thing I knew, he had knocked one officer's hat off and grabbed him by the hair. He had his pocket knife right across his throat. He was cussing him and called him everything in the book. The other two officers just looked around at that Murray outfit. There was a whole bunch of us together. It just happened to be a time when we could get off and go to Purcell to get drunk. Wilson had that man by the hair of the head and with that knife across his throat, and you talk about a monkey begging, he begged; Wilson finally turned him loose. He told him he'd better go about his business and not bother us while we were in Purcell.

I WORKED on a ranch near Tascosa, Texas for almost a year in 1897. Then I came home for a little while and then went back and worked on the XIT for a year. I was just wandering. Then I went back to Indian Territory and was married in 1901. My wife's people had come to Shawnee from Salina, Kansas.

I knew the great Indian athlete, Jim Thorpe, all his life. He was from Oklahoma and lived right there on the North Canadian River. Jim Thorpe died of old age some time ago. He had gotten to be an alcoholic, but he was a great athlete. He had one brother, George, who was older. George had a farm on good bottom land, just west of Shawnee. He has been dead now for several years.

We lived on Little River in that county. I had a hired hand by the name of Arnold Spink. He was with me one day and we were going up the road about three-fourths of a mile to the mailbox. Just beyond the mailbox the road angled off. We saw a buggy with one horse to it coming, and boy, it was flying!

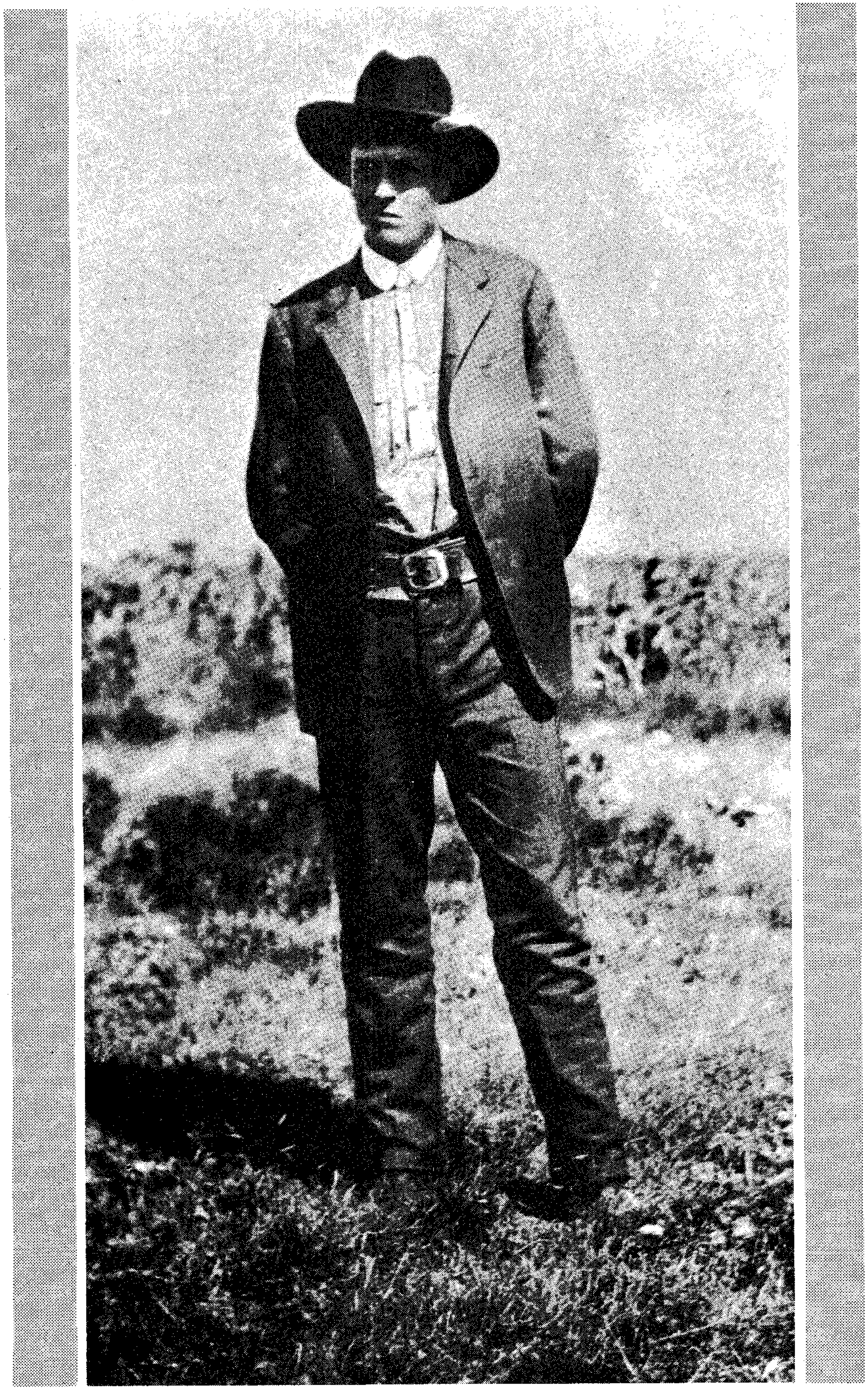
In it were George Thorpe and Charlie Little Bear. Charlie Little Bear was a full-blooded Shawnee, a dwarfish fellow. Little Bear had been in the penitentiary over at Granite, Oklahoma. He was an Indian that if he wanted whiskey and got out of money, he would take anything he could get his hands on and then he would sell it. If you would ask him about it he'd tell you right quick that he had sold it, what he sold it for, and who he sold it to.

Charlie had just come back from Granite. He came to our house. He lived with his mother and father on a farm that adjoined us on the north, and he owned another one on the west and some land besides. The old man and old lady could not talk English at all, but Charlie had a good education.

Charlie had not liked it at Granite much. They had tried to make him pick cotton and he said, "I don't pick cotton for no damn man." They handcuffed him to a barbed wire fence and then whipped him and left him there without any dinner. The guards went there shortly before night and asked him if he was ready to pick cotton and he said, "You can whip this Indian again if you want to, but he's not going to pick cotton." And he didn't. They didn't keep Charlie there long. They finally turned him loose. They couldn't make that Indian work at all.

When he got home Charlie got some money. He bought a race horse and a fancy new buggy with no top and with little slats all around it. He and George Thorpe got into an argument as to which one was the best driver, so they decided that George would drive one line and Charlie the other. Well, here they went with the horse running at full speed down that road. Charlie got to whipping that horse. That was when Arnold and I got to the road. Here they came, just flying. There was a stump cut out by the road, and just before they got to the hired hand and me the buggy straddled the

Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library



Frank A. Hamer, Texas Ranger, posed for this photo in 1906. He and Deister were friends and worked together occasionally.

stump. Each Indian went a different way, the buggy turned over, and the horse didn't even slow down. They had bought a whole case of whiskey and had it in the buggy. It threw those bottles everywhere. Charlie scrambled up and ran to the whiskey. "There it is! There it is! Not a bottle broken!"

"How about your buggy?" I said.

"Oh, to hell with the buggy! The whiskey's all right!" I helped him gather it up. There wasn't much left of the buggy.

I took Little Bear and George on home with me. George was pretty drunk, and he flopped down someplace and went to sleep. My wife had gone down to her folks, so no one was home except just the hired hand and me.

After we got to the house, two fellows came by. They had been to town, too, and when they saw Charlie Little Bear at my place they knew he would have whiskey. They were both old men, but they were bad drinkers. They tied up their hack and came in. They were all standing and talking, and about that time Charlie had a hemorrhage. That is one reason they didn't keep him over at Granite any length of time. The blood gushed out clear across the floor into the hall. Those two old men thought he was dying. They each ran out a door and headed toward home just as fast as they could run. Charlie raised up and directly he got his finger down his throat and coughed up a wad of clotted blood. Then he straightened up and said, "This dead Indian is as good as a dozen live Indians." Last time I was in Shawnee, Charlie was still living. He had gained weight and was married and doing good. He had gotten over his lung trouble.

IN MY early life I could have been an outlaw as easy as a lawman. I have been around outlaws; rode with them; I have done some things I hate to mention. I never was arrested or put in jail, and I never let a criminal escape. After I was married, Pa helped me and I traded stock and farmed and then worked as a peace officer. I started as a deputy in Pottawatomie County in 1921. I worked under five sheriffs as a deputy and was two years with the State Crime Bureau. I also worked as a Secret Service man at different times. I spent about 20 years in all as an officer. I worked through the days of the oil field and I never had a great deal of trouble with anybody.

I always made friends with the outlaws, because I had known a lot of them before I was a lawman. We raided a bunch who were gambling in an old house. They had blankets over the windows, but we could see the money and their guns on the tables. The other officers surrounded the house, and I slipped up to break the door in. Naturally, I drew my pistol. I hit the door with my shoulder and didn't know it was going to come off at the hinges. The door and I landed right among all the tables. I came up with my Colt in my hand with the hammer back. There was a whole gang of Negroes in there and two white men.

When we were bringing the gamblers in, I had a bunch in the back seat of the car. One asked another, "Why didn't you run?" The man answered, "Boss, when I saw that man coming through that door with that Colt with its ear laid back, I could feel that spade tap me in the face."

I couldn't help but laugh.

At times I had to go to Texas to pick up men who were being extradited to Oklahoma. I had a reputation of coming to Texas and never having to stay over waiting for a man. I went to Austin one time and saw a deputy sheriff from Oklahoma City. He said, "You down here after a man, Bill?" I said I was. He said, "I've been here three days and haven't got my man yet. I've got to wait for a trial."

But that man had influence enough that not only did he not have a trial, but they didn't allow him to go back to the State of Oklahoma. I never went to Texas that I didn't get my man and go back the same day.

I went to Texas one time after Bill Camel, a bank bandit. He robbed one bank in our county twice, and he robbed the Hudson Houston Lumber Company. They wanted him in two other counties for robbery. He never worked with but one man when he robbed a bank, and often he worked by himself. He was 6 feet 2 inches

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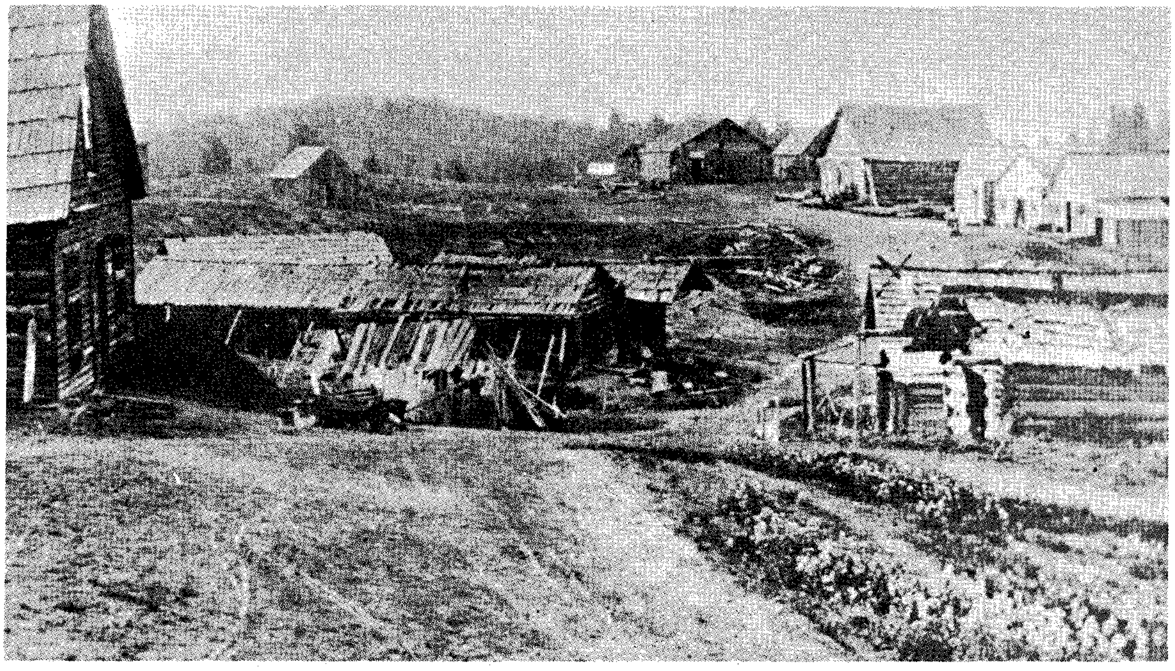
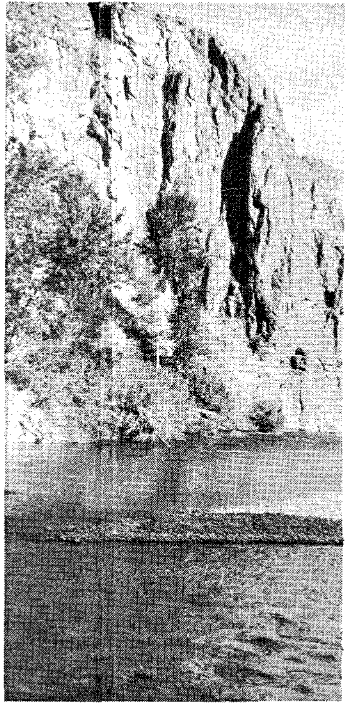
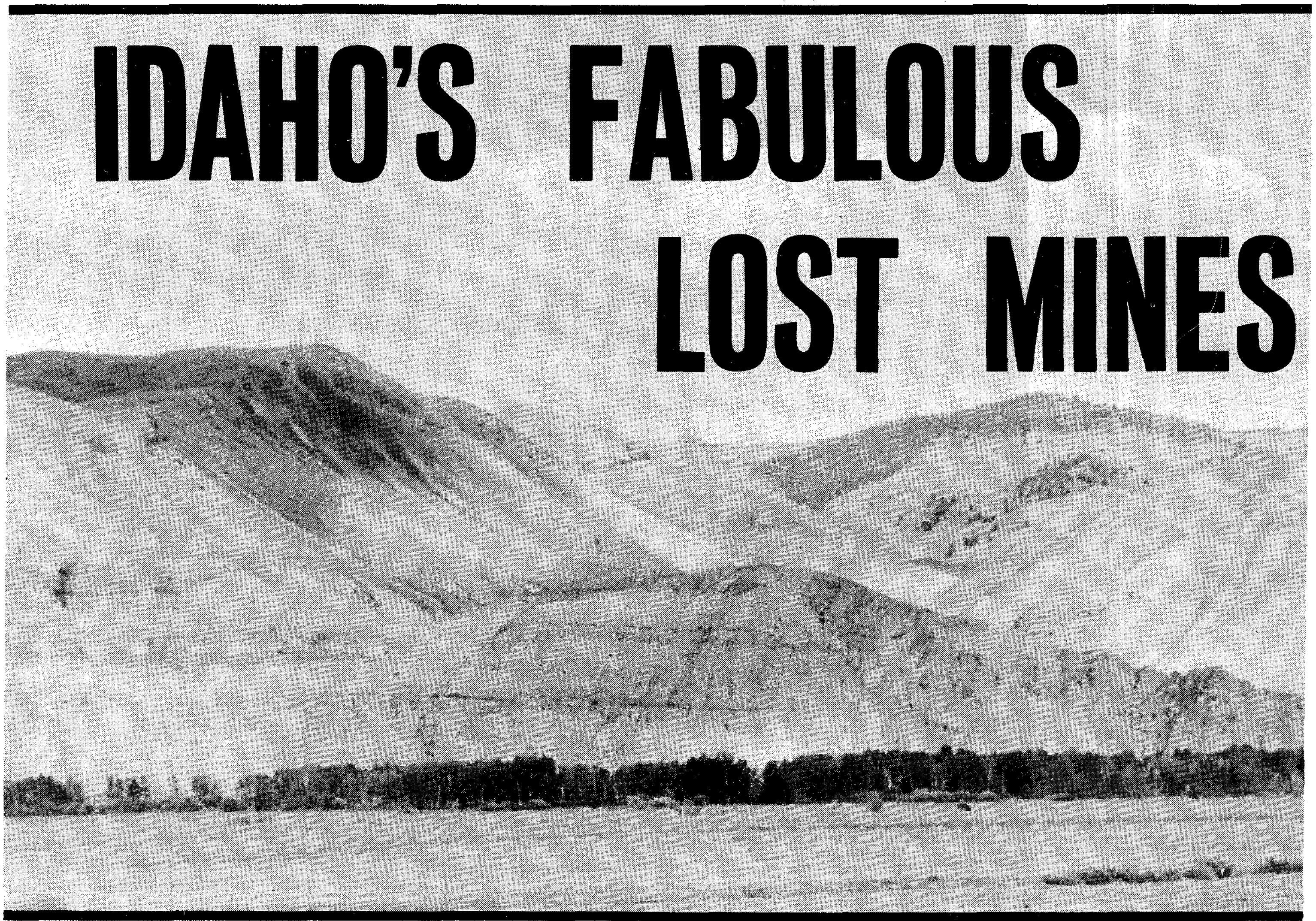
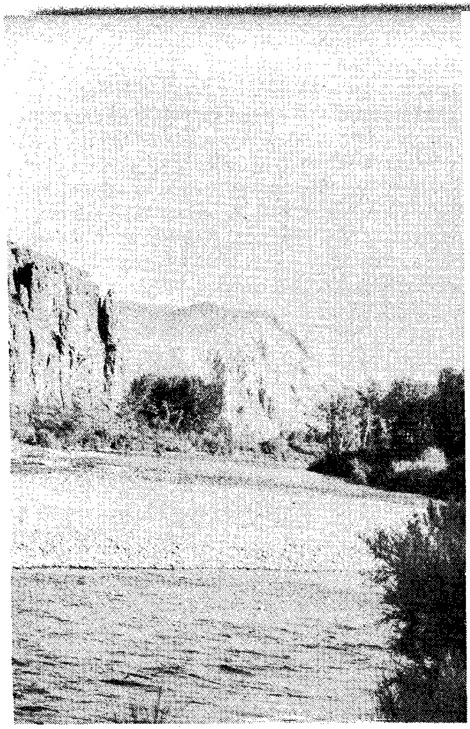




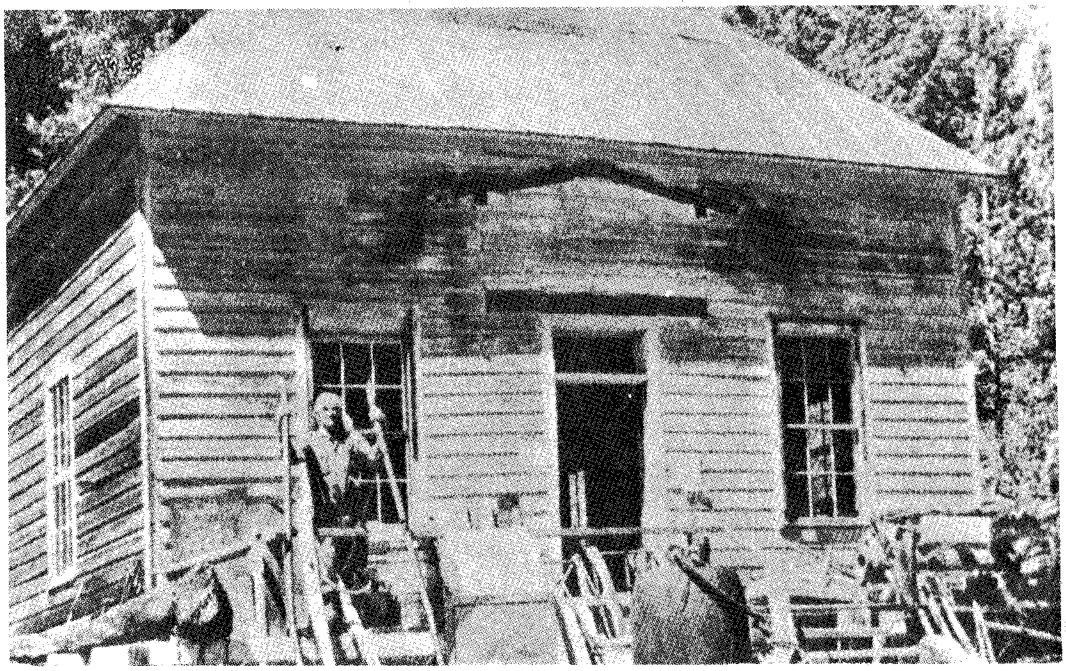
IDAHO'S FABULOUS LOST MINES



Their history has a touch of "black cat" but if you don't believe in such stuff, happy hunting!

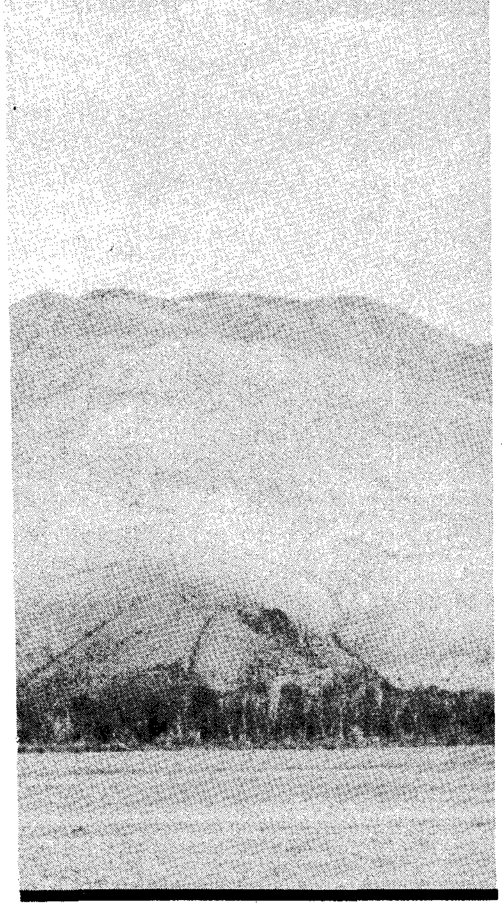


Courtesy U. S. Forest Service



BY MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author



Above: The Lost River Range, keeper of many lost mines and buried treasures. Top (left to right): Florence, Idaho, an early goldrush town where lost placers and lodes abound; the Salmon River Canyon east of Florence; at Custer, Idaho this building was first a miners' boarding house, then a school house and finally, today, a museum.

NOT TOO MANY hunters of lost mines consider Idaho worth bothering about, but this state has a surprising number of lost mines with dramatic histories.

The placers and lodes that were mined are well known. In addition, something over a billion dollars in gold was taken from old Idaho mines that were developed following accidental finds. There were also discoveries that for one reason or another are well known only to a few men. Some of them were "lost" before ever being worked; actually they were only prospects.

One of the more famous and long sought was discovered by a young greenhorn in 1863. He was employed by an Idaho packer running a string of horses and mules to the Montana mines. Unable to get an experienced man and in a hurry for a helper, he hired the youth.

The train, carrying gold and other freight, moved south from Virginia City and down through Monida Pass. Near present-day Spencer, Idaho some of the mules and horses strayed off during the night grazing. The youth, who by then had learned to follow a trail of multiple tracks, was sent to retrieve the stock.

While tracking the animals he came onto a low-lying ledge at the base of which were fragments of rosy, speckled quartz. He filled his coat pockets with the "pretty rocks," then completed his search for the pack animals and drove them back to camp.

The train proceeded on to Salt Lake City, delivered the freight, and loaded up merchandise ordered from Virginia City. It was only then that the packer saw the pretty rocks his helper had gathered. On inspection they so interested him that he had the quartz assayed. He wasn't surprised at all when it ran $25,000 in gold to the ton.

Hitting the trail the packer made straight for the old camp below the Idaho-Montana line. The youth took him to where he thought he had found the quartz, but of course it wasn't the right spot. After a week of futile hunting the packer went on into Montana. In succeeding years he hunted for the ledge of quartz, as did a number of other prospectors.

On upper Raft River George Wilson came onto a ten-inch vein of dark quartz filled with gold. The rotten ore fell apart easily and the gold was recovered in tiny pieces, flat sheets, and nuggets. Gathering up as much as his two burros could pack, Wilson went up to Burley and sold the gold. He kept nothing secret about the strike, telling one and all where it was. Quite a few prepared to return with him to stake their own claims.

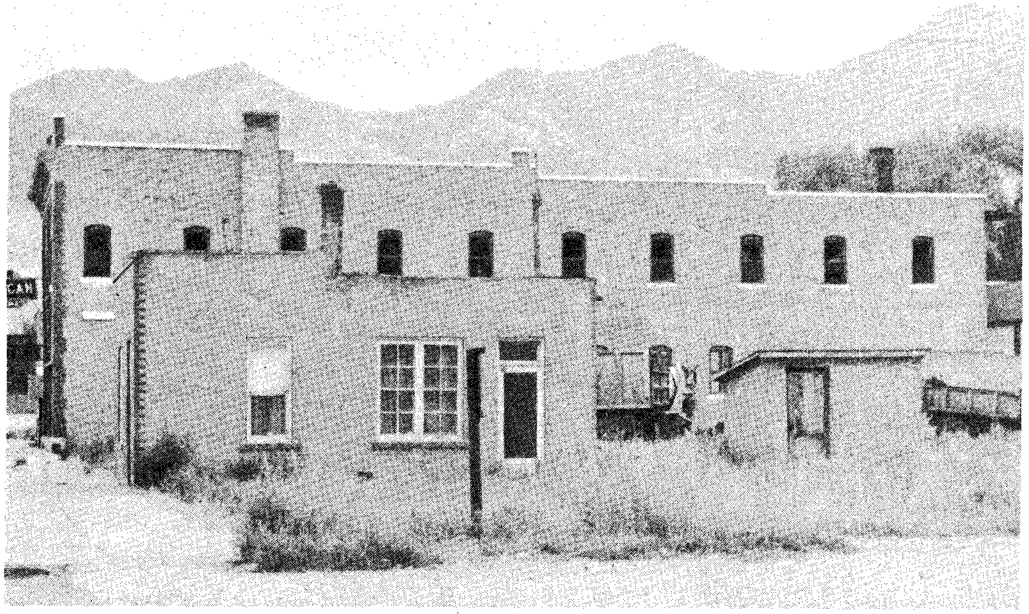
The night before they were to depart, Wilson got into an argument with the dealer in a poker game. The dealer, who had been accused of cheating, shot Wilson twice through the chest. Two friends of the prospector, standing nearby, retaliated by shooting the dealer dead.

After burying Wilson the prospecting party went far southeast near the headwaters of Raft River. But even with the careful description Wilson had given, they failed to find his strike, nor has anyone found it to this day. Most professional hunters believe the Wilson mine is between present-day Almo and where State Highway 30 crosses Raft River.

IN 1888 William (Bill) Tyler and Samuel (Sam) Goddard went on a bear hunt to Birch Creek in the extreme southwestern corner of Clark County from Dubois. Part of their time was spent wandering around the rough country inspecting ledges of rock.

Goddard found a place where the rocks were so heavy they interested him enough to gather up about fifty pounds. He carried them back to camp but Tyler didn't think much of the ore. Nevertheless, the stuff was taken to Dubois and an assay made. It ran 800 to 1,200 ounces in silver to the ton. Elated and sure they were rich men, Tyler and Goddard rushed back to their bear hunting camp on Birch Creek—but found not a trace of the silver ore after three weeks of searching foot by foot.

The Lost Texas Jack mine is probably



Shell of the hotel building in Mackay where Moore and his partner engaged in an argument in the bar that proved fatal for both.

the second most famous in Idaho. John (Texas Jack) Johnson died suddenly in Salmon City in 1886, having come there to spend the winter. For the five preceding years he had been bringing in and selling raw gold in large amounts.

Found in his personal effects was ore that assayed 3,000 ounces of silver to the ton. He had brought in and sold gold, not silver which would have had to be smeltered. Found also was a hand-drawn map of his silver mine, accompanied by detailed instructions on how to find it. From the wording it apparently was intended for an unnamed relative or friend. Johnson seemed to have realized that he was fated to die from tuberculosis.

The map was based on Joseph Richards' ranch as a starting point; then ten miles south to Rattlesnake Peak and twenty-five miles east to Nicola. Despite the elaborate instructions, however, prospectors who went forth to hunt Texas Jack's mines failed to find even one of his old campsites.

There are many "lost burro mines" in the Far West but one in Idaho resulted in the greatest discovery of silver and lead in mining history. N. S. Kellog in Murray was a carpenter and out of work. As a last resort he persuaded two merchants to grubstake him to $20 worth of provisions for a prospecting trip into the mountains.

At one of the night camps his three burros strayed from their grazing grounds. The next morning, while trying to find them, Kellog sat down on an outcropping of rock. Idly picking up a few small rocks around his feet he was surprised by their weight. Certainly they were mineralized. Back at camp he got a sack and filled it with the choicest specimens. During the following week he found nothing else worthwhile so returned to Murray.

When his grubstakers expressed disappointment over Kellog's failure to produce anything, he said lamely, "Here, I've got these."

The rocks he brought back were assayed. They proved to run almost pure silver. Elated, his grubstakers asked where the ore had been found, and Kellog was sure he could take them directly to the spot, since the site wasn't far from Murray. But he could not find the source of the silver ore at all. Desperate, he kept hunting feverishly while his backers began to write him off as a petty crook.

One afternoon when Kellog was about to give up and take the unearned consequences he came onto a ledge that resembled the one he had found before. From it he knocked out enough samples to have assayed. It proved to be high grade silver with a big percentage of lead.

This mine when developed was named the Bunker Hill, and an adjacent one was called the Sullivan. They became the greatest producers of silver and lead in the world. Millions were taken from these two mines. The town of Kellog was named for the prospector, who got nothing from the two mines when he lost a lawsuit filed by his grubstakers on their claimed rights——for $20!

Knowing that his previous discovery was even richer, Kellog searched the mountainsides in hopeful expectation that he would relocate the rich ore. But he never did, nor has anyone else to this day.

HISTORIC Florence south of Lewiston has a number of lost placers and lode mines. Gold was discovered there in 1859. By 1860 the entire Salmon River region swarmed with prospectors from every state and several foreign countries.

One of the most notable discoveries was that made by Pablo Sanchez and Manuel Hernandez, Spaniards from California. Anglo miners made things so tough for them that they packed their four burros with supplies to last a month, then went east—completely away from the goldfields where fortunes were being made overnight. By shooting wild game they extended their food supplies through two months.

Returning to Florence in September 1860, they unloaded sacks of dust and coarse gold from the burros. An accommodating merchant from whom they bought supplies shipped the largest part of their recovery north to Lewiston by pack train.

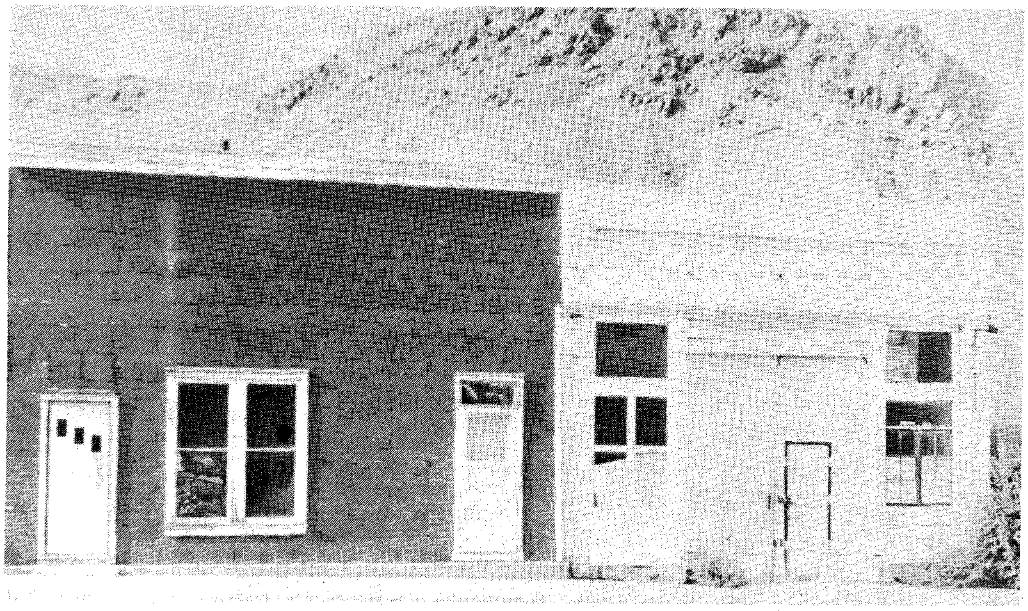
The two prospectors were gone before the news got around of the enormous amount of gold they had brought in. The merchant had no idea where their strike was made. A month later they were back with about the same amount of gold. This time they were fawned on by men trying to obtain information. Sanchez and Hernandez, quite aware of their precarious position, left Florence in the middle of the night.

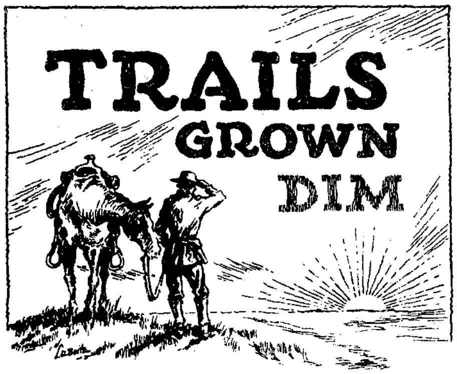
After their first camp the prospectors discovered that four men were coming along on their back trail. Even worse, a large party had held up some distance to the rear of the trackers. The next day Sanchez and Hernandez remained in camp, knowing they were being watched closely. They cooked the night meal and ostensibly bedded down; then shortly after midnight they packed the burros and streaked on east, well north of the Salmon River Canyon.

The trackers, however, had almost caught up to the prospectors by the next sundown, so Sanchez and Hernandez re-

(Continued on page 46)

Old buildings (with different fronts) that were in Challis, Idaho during the mining era.





Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails *have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives* who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Riddle

I would like any information about Tom A. Riddle, Sr., or any of his descendants. He lived around Plano and Wylie in Collin County, Texas. He had one son, T. A. Riddle, Jr., and four daughters, Bertie Cernie (my grandmother) who married Richard Martin Cook; Emmer; Celia who married Joe Willis (I believe they had a son named Charles Willis); and Levinie who married Lee Lloyd.—Dolores Pearson, Box 288, Vernon, Texas 76384

Sherrod

I would like to locate the two sons of William Thomas Sherrod, born near Stephenville, Texas. His mother's maiden name was Lou Nelson; she was my father's sister. My father, J. W. or Alph Nelson, was a Baptist minister, was married and had two sons. About twenty years ago his sister Mrs. Sylvester Stover wrote me he had passed away and the two boys were in California. Have never been able to contact either of the boys.—Mrs. Litha N. Rockwell, 11 Constance Drive, San Rafael, California 94901

Madden

I would appreciate information on my grandparents. Houston E. Madden was born November 9, 1889 either in Illinois or Kentucky. He was part Cherokee. My Grandmother, Margaret Isabell Bagget Madden, was born January 24, 1896 either in Illinois or Kentucky.

My aunt, Bunna Vista, left home when she was about eighteen years old and my uncle, Herschel Jackson, left home when he was eleven years old. Both the children were born in Tennessee.

Any information on these people would be appreciated.—Mrs. J. L. Bennett, 607 Logan, Texarkana, Arkansas 75501

Bysor-Harness-McCann-Smith

I would like to locate any information on any of the following people or their ancestors.

Peter J. Bysor born February 14, 1804 and died February 4, 1883. He moved to Henry County, Missouri in 1839 from North Carolina. Peter's wife, Evoline K. was born May 16, 1808 and died February 10, 1854.

Elizabeth A., daughter of Peter and Lousia Bysor, was born October 17, 1857 and died September 15, 1876. Lousia Bysor came to Henry County, Missouri in 1840, from Kentucky. We know nothing more about her. Peter B. Bysor was born August 16, 1861 and died April 29, 1930. Lucy E. Bysor, wife of Peter B., died October 30, 1885 at the age of twenty-five years and seventeen days.

John A. Bysor, 1881 to 1954; John R. Bysor, September 27, 1859 to November 25, 1925. Nancy E. Bysor, wife of John R., May 4, 1852 to July 27, 1896, daughter of Adam Harness. Nancy L. Bysor, daughter of John and Nancy, born May 18, what year?

Brick Pomroy King and Mary Katherine Rolham—we have no information about them.

Daniel McCann and his wife came to Indiana in about 1860. They settled in Dilly, Oregon. John McCann was born there about the same year. John had two brothers and three sisters: Sam, Edwin, Margaret (Maggy), Elizabeth (Lizzie), and Mary Baker. Daniel died about 1864.

John married Nora Smith in Goldendale, Washington in 1889. They lived in eastern Washington until about 1903 and then moved back to the Gales Creek area. They lived around the Manning-Beaverton area in Oregon until his death in 1937. They had six children: Alice and Mae, both deceased; Margaret Elizabeth, Bruce Fredrick, Earl and Ted.

Any information on these people will be appreciated.—Mrs. Samuel Bysor, 242 Montclair Avenue, #1, San Jose, California 95116

Dukes-Clearwaters

I am looking for relatives of the following Dukes families. David W. Dukes married Sarah Martin. Their three known children were (1) Elizabeth Dukes who married M. W. Clearwaters; (2) James Winfield Dukes who married Amanda Tower. They had three known children: Orvilla Dukes who married Joseph H. Gran; George A. Dukes; and John Frank Dukes.

(3) William F. Dukes first married Jennie Smith. Were there any children by this first marriage? Also mentioned in an old family Bible and church records in Fort Collins, Colorado are: Sarah M., Elizabeth E., David W., Maggie, who married William Tinney, and Ella, who married Leroy Kelly.

The Dukes family came to Colorado from Indiana and church records say most of the family went to Billington, Washington in 1907. Can anyone tell me when Sarah died and where? All information will be received with gratitude. —Mrs. John H. Laycock, Box 143, Burns, Wyoming 82053

Dailey-Barnett

Trying to find families and background on Alfred Dailey and Harriett Barnett of the Springfield, Missouri area. My only knowledge is of their names as the parents of my father, William Eugene Dailey, born in Springfield June 6, 1913 or 1915. They had an older son, Lester Lional Dailey, birth date and place unknown. I believe his wife's name was Ann. Lester was last heard from living in either Mason City or Iowa City, Iowa.

As I understand, Harriett Dailey died (in Springfield?) when William was either four months (1913) or four years old (1917) and he was sent to live with relatives in Eastern Montana until he was fourteen or so.

Albert died in 1951 or 1952, four or five years after the death of his second wife, Hattie, in Alhambra, California. William died in September 1953 in Kodiak, Alaska.

I would like to know about Alfred and Harriett, their people, where they came from, were born, married, died and if they had brothers and sisters.—Mrs. Glenn E. Strombo, S. R. 1, Box 28, Superior, Montana 59872

Davis-Cherry-Dillard-Chapmond

I would appreciate information on the Davis, Cherry, Dillard and Chapmond families.

My great-grandfather, William Jesse Davis, was born May 5, 1873 and my great-grandmother, Mary Bell Brown, was born June 2, 1883. They were my father's (James Henley Davis) parents. James was born May 10, 1902 in Clay County, Tennessee. He died in May 1971 before giving me further information about the family.

My great-grandparents, David Andrew Cherry and Louisa Carter, lived in Clay County, Tennessee. Their daughter Sarah Ellen Cherry, born September 7, 1905 in Clay County, was my grandmother.

Will Dillard and Martha Emmaline Jones, also my great-grandparents, lived and died in Sims, Arkansas. My grandmother, Alice Tennessee Dillard, was born in 1885.

All I know about my grandfather, Ceazar Harrison Chapmond, is that he died November 8, 1920. He is believed to have come from Georgia, but grew up in Sims, Arkansas.—Eunice Chapmond Propp, 604 West Apache, Purcell, Oklahoma 73080

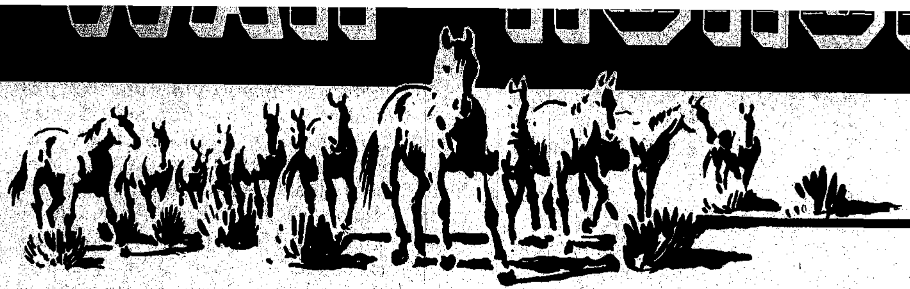
Nave

In an old Bible I find this entry: "James Harvey Nave, born November 15, 1840. Cruelly murdered by the enemy June 1, 1864. Age twenty-three years, eight months. Had no decent funeral."

This man was my uncle and the family story goes he was boarding a train in Saline County, Missouri on his way to Montana Territory when he was shot down with no provocation.

I wonder whether any papers of that time carried a notice of his death and what did they mean "had no decent funeral"? Considering the year, could it have been a guerrilla slaying?

(Continued on page 42)

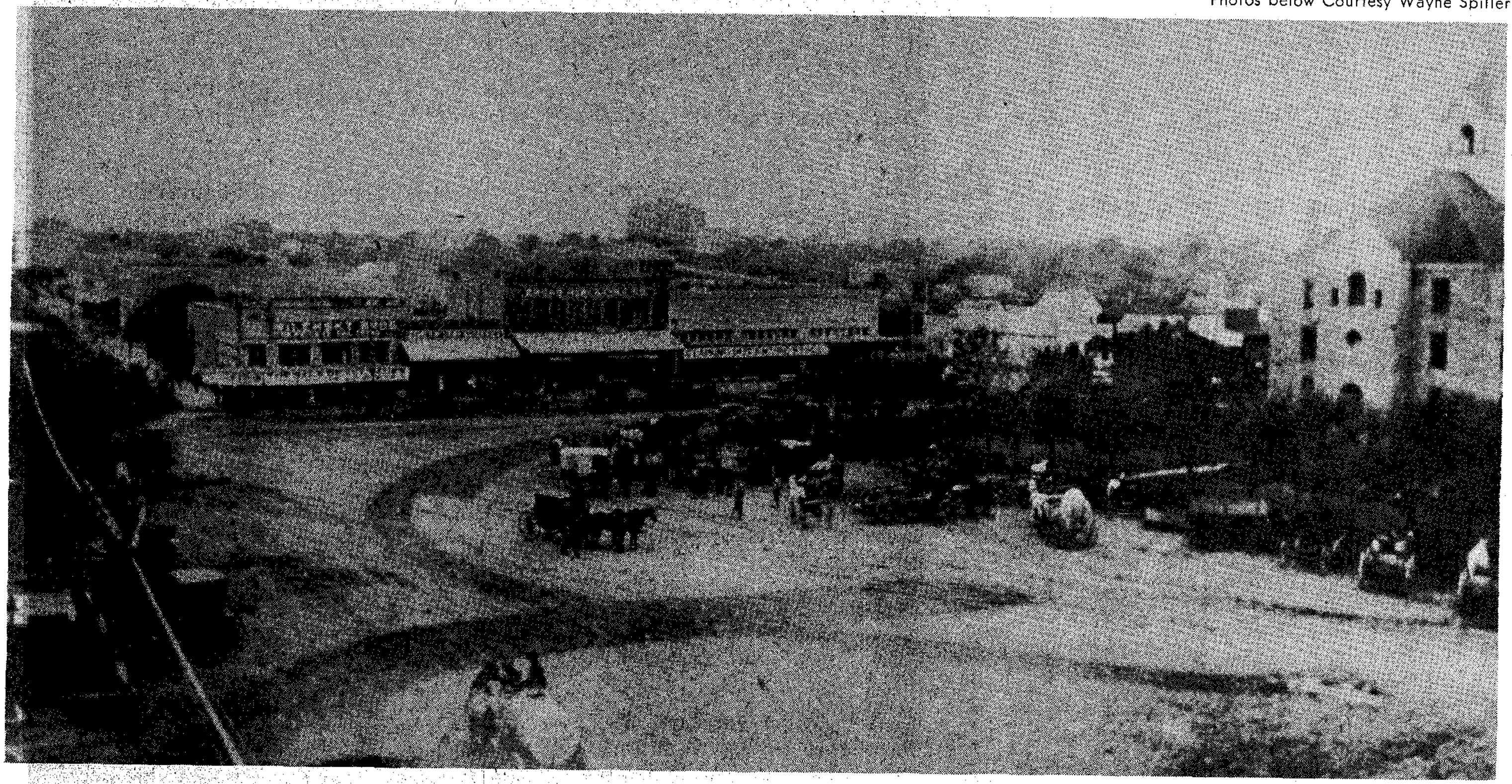


BY WALTER GANN

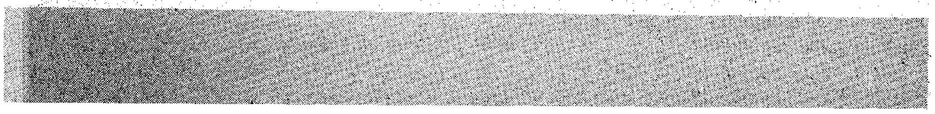
Illustration by Al Martin Napoletano

Rounding them up was a quick way to make money—if you could forget that the life span of an American horse in South Africa amounted to about eight weeks...

Photos below Courtesy Wayne Spiller



Above: The public square in Brady, Texas (circa 1907) as it looked a few years after the Anson brothers contracted to supply horses to the British. **Below:** View of Mason, Texas (circa 1968) the second stop for horses. **Right:** Built in 1890s in Mason, the Reynolds home (now known as the Seaquist home) was standing when the author was there.



THE BRITISH

Courtesy Wayne Spiller

By the blacksmith shop at Voca, Texas in the early 1900s are (left to right): George Spiller Sr., Charley Miller, George Spiller Jr., and Ed Spiller who was ten years old when the horse-buying expedition took place.

THE BOER WAR in South Africa just prior to the turn of the century was fought largely by the cavalry; and when the British ran short of horses they turned to America for replacements. It developed into a major operation. There never has been nor will there ever be another one like it. Thousands of horses were shipped across the ocean from one continent to another to fight a war.

A contract to supply horses was awarded to English-born Frank and Billy Anson, each of whom operated his own ranch in the territory adjacent to Coleman, Texas. In the beginning Coleman was the receiving station. The Anson Brothers secured a half-section pasture a mile south and west of town. They erected substantial corrals, and a small building to serve as storeroom and office for representatives of the British army. These consisted of two colonels and a small retinue of lower-ranking officers and enlisted men.

The Ansons divided their responsibilities. Frank took over the financing and other administrative details while Billy, who was younger, assumed charge of the buying end. He stationed himself in Coleman as the principal buyer, and engaged competent horsemen to scout the surrounding territory for sellers. In a short time horses began showing up at the station.

It was a lucky break for the ranchers in the area. Most of them raised their own animals for riding and driving, and in time they had built up a surplus. Besides finding an outlet for their excess stock, they watched the price of good horses almost double.

The British imposed rigid restrictions, and those colonels knew how to enforce them. To be acceptable the horses had to be geldings between the ages of five and eight years. They had to be between fourteen and a half and fifteen hands and one inch in height, and free of all blemishes. They had to be responsive to bridle reining. No light grays or cream colors were acceptable, because they were easier for the enemy to spot at night.

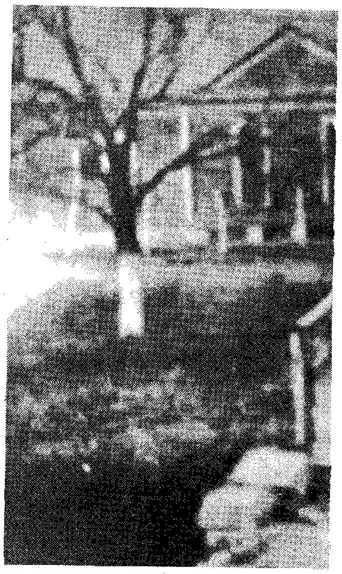
Each horse underwent both standing and moving inspection. The Ansons furnished ropers and riders and saddlers for the purpose. The moving inspection consisted of each animal's being ridden twice—down and back on a course of a hundred yards. The first time he would be trotted down and galloped back; the second time at full speed and back to test his breathing capacity. Many good horses had been wind-broken by running them too fast and too long at a time, and the colonels knew it; not every animal that came up for inspection was accepted.

When a horse was bought by, or for the Ansons he was immediately branded with a small open A on the left shoulder. In cases where the British rejected an animal and he was sold by Anson to someone else, the brand served as a warning to the potential buyer that the horse had been up once for inspection and turned down. If the British accepted a horse, he was marked by a number burned into his right front hoof about halfway down from the hairline. It is noted in the British soldier's version of Queen Victoria in Kipling's poem, "The Widow at Windsor"—

There's a nick on 'er calvalry 'orses,
There's a mark on 'er medical stores,
And 'er troopers you'll find,
With a fair wind behind,
That takes us to the various wars.

Approved horses were put in a separate corral and kept under guard day and night. They had eaten their last bite of range grass in America. When enough had accumulated for a boatload,

STORAGE & FORWARDING
JOHNSTON & HILL
COTTON
Wool Hides &c
GRAIN
COAL
GROCERS



Photos left to right; Courtesy Southwest Collection, Texas Tech University

they were shipped by train to the port of Galveston and loaded onto a waiting ship for the long voyage across the ocean to Capetown, South Africa.

BESIDES the regular buyers on the Ansons' payroll, independent speculators got into the game. That was all right with the Ansons. Every horse that passed through their hands and on to the British represented a profit. My dad handled horses both ways. He made at least one trip on a per diem salary basis and bought sixty or seventy head in the San Angelo area and drove them through the country to the receiving station at Coleman. Besides selling many of our own animals, he bought others for speculation.

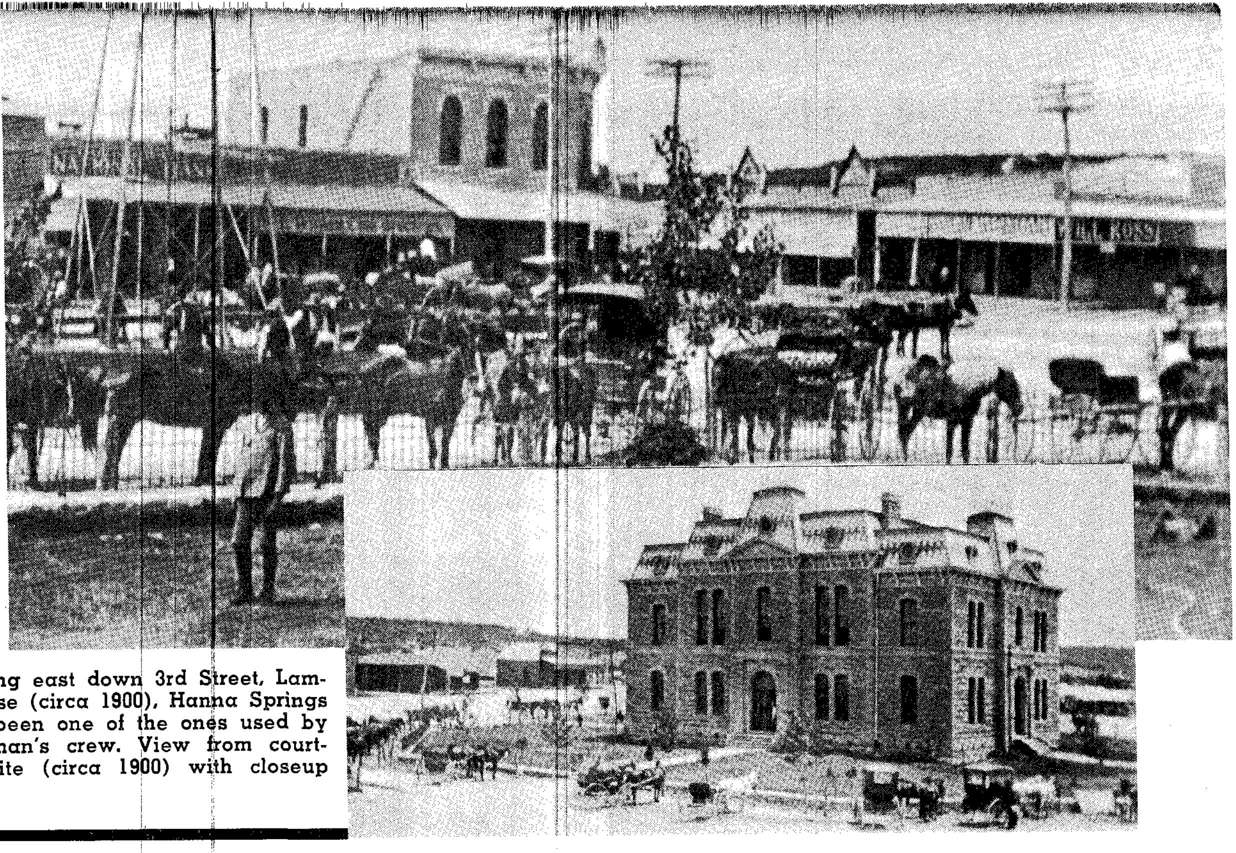
When the Concho Land and Cattle Company had closed out their holdings such as land, cattle, and stock of breeding horses, they had left their remuda of ninety or a hundred head of saddle horses. Papa bought them all. We drove them to our ranch in McCulloch County where we cut out approximately ten per cent because of over-age, blemishes and off-colors which he thought would not meet the British standards. His judgment proved correct. Billy Anson did not reject a single one out of the bunch that we showed him. We used the unsalable horses on the ranch in our regular work.

My Uncle Gene Gann and my brother-in-law Sam Woodward embarked on their own speculative venture, one which came close to being a financial fiasco. Uncle Gene didn't like Billy Anson and Billy liked him less. Anson turned down the first two or three horses he looked at and Uncle Gene made the same kind of a mistake I have made lots of times. He talked when he should have listened. He said some things that Anson didn't like, and Anson got mad and refused to buy any of their horses. He also went far enough to tell his buyers not to accept any horses from Uncle Gene or Sam. That left them with fifty or seventy-five head with no place to go. They got out from under eventually—you might say by bootlegging. They got some of their friends to sell them—a few at a time. If Anson knew the difference he probably didn't care. He had saved face—and there was that profit for him to think about.

In time it became necessary to give the operation wider scope—even to other states. The receiving station was moved to Fort Worth because of better railroad facilities and because of a more central location. It was after the change was made that I played my part—indeed a very small part—in the program. Regardless of how trivial, it was a grand and glorious adventure for a thirteen-

Below, left to right: This photo of Thomas Jefferson Spiller and his wife, of Voca, could have been the way the author's father and stepmother met him at the depot on his return home. Some of the crowd waiting the coming of the first Frisco train at Brady, Texas (March 11, 1903) might well have been at the depot then too.

Bottom photos Courtesy Wayne Spiller



Above, left to right: Looking east down 3rd Street, Lampasas, 1883. The bath house (circa 1900), Hanna Springs in Lampasas could have been one of the ones used by members of "Teek" Dunman's crew. View from courthouse lawn of Goldthwaite (circa 1900) with closeup (inset) of the courthouse.

year-old kid who had never seen anything, and didn't know anything, and who had never done anything except ride horses and drive cows.

THEO DUNMAN was a long-time friend of my family. Most everybody called him "Teek." He was the most productive buyer on the Ansons' staff. In the summer of 1900 I persuaded my father to let me go with Teek on one of his horse-buying trips. He also took along a man named Roy Beaver to help with the horses he expected to buy.

An intinerary of the places where he intended to call included Brady, Mason, Llano, Burnet, Lampasas, Goldthwaite, Hamilton, Gatesville, McGregor, Belton, and Killeen. Ten days or two weeks ahead of time, Frank Anson's office had notices published in the local newspapers and handbills distributed around town under Theo Dunman's name stating the dates he would be there to buy army horses. The ads also contained the specifications as set forth by the British colonels.

We started out from Coleman on a Sunday morning in the first part of July, bound for Brady fifty miles to the south. We traveled in a two-seated hack driven by an employe of the Coleman livery stable. Our saddles and personal belongings and equipment were piled in the back. From Brady we would be horseback riding some of the horses we'd bought.

Our belongings consisted of a change of clothing and a slicker in case we got caught in a rainstorm. The weather was warm enough that we didn't need coats. Besides our ropes, our equipment consisted of a short-handled, open A stamp branding iron which I carried tied to the left side of my saddle fork. The standard for measuring the height of the horses was hinged in the middle so it could be folded, and Roy Beaver carried it swung under his right leg like a saddle gun. We reached Brady late that evening, left our saddles at the livery stable—and I spent my first night in a hotel.

The next day was a busy one for us. Horses for sale began arriving early. When a deal was made for one, Roy Beaver and I would lead him to the blacksmith shop and brand him with the A iron which had been heated on the forge. The horse was then confined in a rented lot at the livery stable.

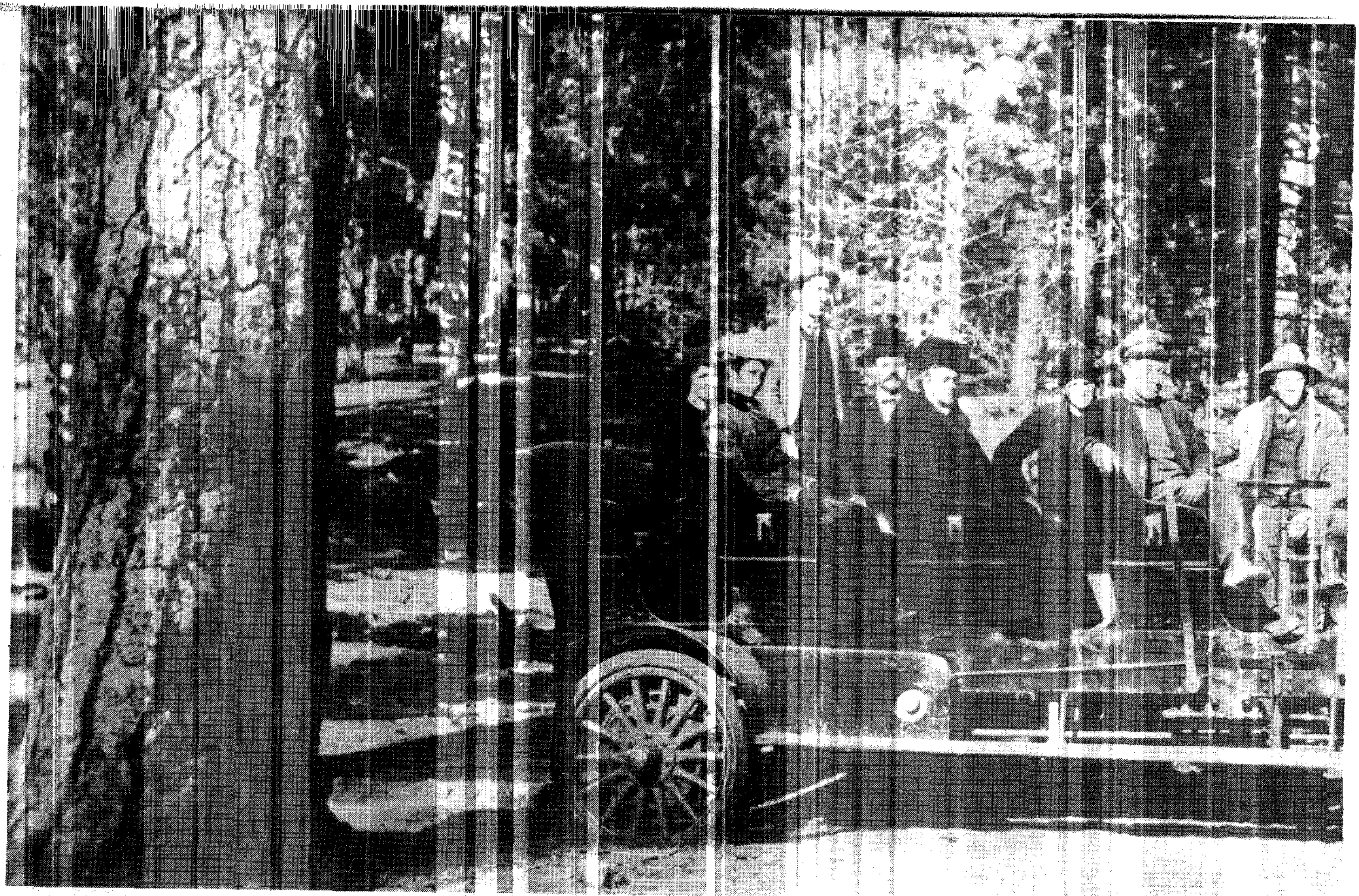
I learned a lot about human nature on that trip. It was both educational and amusing for me to see the schemes some of these crafty horse traders used trying to work off sorry horses onto a man whom they mistook as a gullible sucker. They didn't get very far with Teek Dunman. He knew all the tricks too. He had the quickest and keenest eye of appraisal of any person I ever saw. He could spot a blemish such as a cataract eye, a deep wire-cut scar, ring bone, side bone, splint or spavin at a glance.

The usual method of determining a horse's age was by his teeth. At the age of five all the colt teeth would have been shed and replaced by a permanent set with dark depressions in the crowns. Such a horse would be designated as a full-mouth. At the approximate age of nine, the teeth would have grown in length and the crown depressions worn away and he would be called a smooth-mouth. Once in a while an overaged horse would come up with his teeth filed down with slight depressions burned in the crowns with a hot iron. If this bit of deception had worked—which it never did, as far as I ever knew—there were other marks of old age as tip-offs. Sunken eyes, edging of gray hair around the eyes, and receding gums were dead giveaways. The "doctors" could do nothing about that.

NO HORSE was ever bought without being ridden out a short distance and galloped back. None was ever bought without first having the saddle removed. Many otherwise good horses were afflicted with incurable sores on their back caused by long and hard rides on a hot day with a nonporous blanket. Those sores were appropriately called "set-fasts." Mr. Dunman seldom ever used the standard in measuring the height of a horse. He stood six feet himself, and in most cases he could judge the height by chinning the horse at his withers. It is well that he didn't rely on the standard altogether. There was a story about one buyer who did. One night somebody cut off an inch from the bottom and he bought some undersized horses the next day before he discovered the trick.

After buying a full day in Brady, we had two days to make Mason which was

(Continued on page 68)



Drivin' A Dogs-and-Chickens

—it would seat sixteen victims if they weren't too broad!

PASSENGERS had to hold on to their hats with one hand and the seats with the other as the huge, open automobile bounced and bumped through the sagebrush of Central Oregon.

The year was 1905, and the custom-built auto-stage was on its regular run from the railroad terminus at Shaniko in north-central Oregon to Bend, ninety-five miles to the south. Its passengers (what there were of them) were landseekers who had heard news of some marvelous tracts available on the high Oregon plateau just east of the Cascade Mountains' Ponderosa pine country.

Although the car was not notably successful in its declared purpose of opening up the Bend country, it did have some claims to fame. It is thought to have been the first motor vehicle in the United States built specifically as in intercity "bus." It featured air brakes, one of the first automobiles to do so, and it had a contrivance for filling the radiator with water while the car was in motion—the only car then or later to have such a feature.

The auto-stage was built in Portland, Oregon by a manufacturer of marine engines—and that was not its only nautical tie. During its several-months' run to Bend, the car was driven by a former riverboat captain and licensed master pilot, who used the air whistle off his old Willamette riverboat to warn freight wagons of the approach of the horseless carriage.

These facts were supplied by William (Dewey) Tyler of Portland, the ex-boatman who piloted the car and also helped design it at the Gill Gas Engine & Machine Company in Portland. Interviewed before his death on February 7, 1972, the ninety-one-year-old Tyler reminisced about the old car.

"I was supposed to make two round trips a week, but it got so we never knew if we were going to have enough passengers or not," Tyler said. "We did have one famous passenger, though—the governor of Ohio, who had a Pinkerton man following him on horseback."

The auto-stage was built on special order for the Central Oregon Transportation Company, which had been set up by the Deschutes Irrigation and Power Company (known locally as the D.I.P. Co.). The latter firm was interested in getting buyers for its newly irrigated lands or lands it planned to irrigate from the Deschutes River in the future.

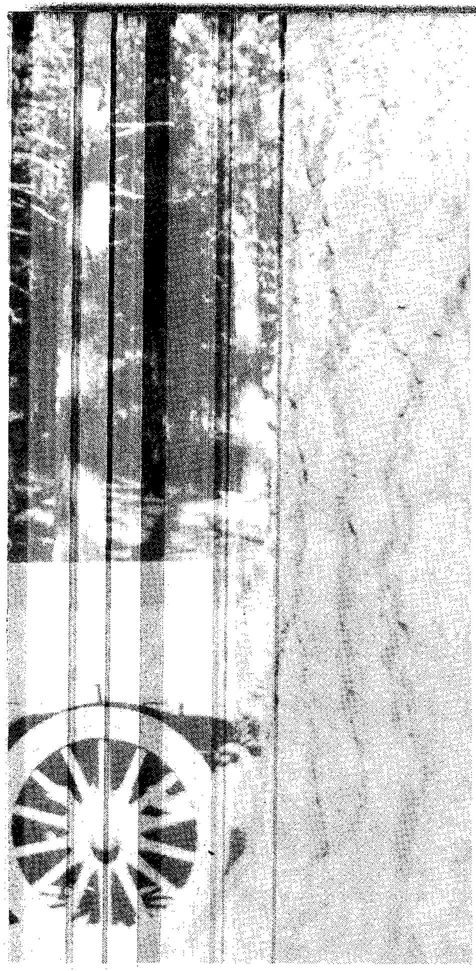
For some months the company had been advertising the Central Oregon country, but the people who responded to the publicity often became discouraged when they got to Shaniko and the end of the railroad line. There were lengthy waits for stagecoaches or wagons to complete their three-day trip to Bend.

While they waited the travelers heard unnerving stories of rutted roads, the steep grade down Cow Canyon, and the ascent from Crooked River, a tributary of the Deschutes. There were tales of runaway rigs, and wagons that had to be double-teamed when they got mired in the mud.

This was too much for many of them, particularly Easterners who had never been out of the big cities before. Some decided to go no farther than Shaniko; others were in no mood to look at land, still mostly captive to the sagebrush, by the time they got to Bend. All they wanted was a return-trip ticket to Shaniko.

The situation plagued D.I.P. officials who, in desperation, finally decided they needed a big automobile to meet the train and whisk landseekers to Bend before their ardor cooled. No car being produced in 1905, however, quite fit what they wanted for an auto-stage—or as some people were wont to call it, "a road train."

THE COMPANY asked for bids for the construction of a one-of-a-kind car that would be capable of carrying sixteen persons and their baggage to Central



Oregon. William A. Gill of Gill Gas Engine & Machine Co., was the low bidder with a bid of $2,500. Construction of the vehicle started in the fall of 1904.

Now the gorges and canyons that had discouraged the horse-conveyed investors became the worry of Gill and "Dewey" Tyler, a jack-of-all-trades in Gill's shop. The men wanted brakes that would hold on the steep canyon roads, not tire the driver when he had to use them often, and would be "something a little different."

Gill wrote to George Westinghouse, inventor of the air brake for railroad cars, and asked him to develop brakes for the car. Back came a design for brakes that weighed in the hundreds of pounds, according to Tyler. Certainly not the thing for a car that eventually was going to weigh 7,200 pounds as it was.

"Gill turned to me," Tyler recalled, "and he said, 'Dewey, you get up in the crow's nest (where the draftsmen worked) and see what you can figure out.' Well, finally, we came up with brakes that only weighed two and one-half pounds and would lock the back wheels with ten pounds of air. We used an air compressor we'd made that would hold 100 pounds of air."

Wheels on the auto-stage were turned by a double-chain drive, rather than a drive shaft. With this system a jackshaft with sprockets on both ends ran out from the transmission to either side of the car. As the shaft revolved, each sprocket turned a chain which circled a rear wheel, turning it.

Tyler's air brakes consisted of a cylinder on the jackshaft, two oak blocks and a diaphragm that could be filled with air. When the diaphragm expanded, it forced the blocks together. They clamped against the cylinder like a vise, stopping the jackshaft and the movement of the chains around the back wheels.

The brakes, made in Portland with the help of a patternmaker and an iron works company, were among the first to be put on a car. It was not until 1921, seventeen years later, that George Westinghouse's Air Brake Company introduced pneumatic brakes for automotive vehicles. However, a 1900 Oldsmobile did have some form of air brakes, and a 1906 Northern advertised "completely air controlled brakes and clutch," according to the curator of transportation collections at the Henry Ford Museum and Greenfield Village in Dearborn, Michigan.

The steel frame for the Bend auto-stage was measured out and built in Gill's shop. Of standard width, it was eighteen feet long. A carriagemaker made the four wooden seats for it, and Gill's firm built its own engine which had four 7-inch bore cylinders with a 9-inch stroke.

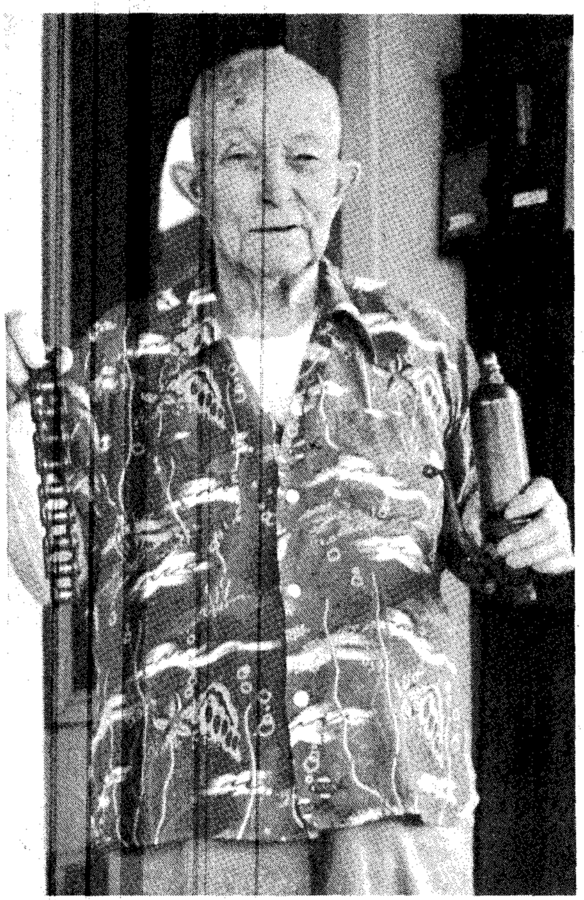
"The engine was pretty heavy," Tyler said. "It was just like our boat engines except it had a clutch. For boats we used a direct shaft into the transmission, but the auto-stage had three speeds forward, plus reverse."

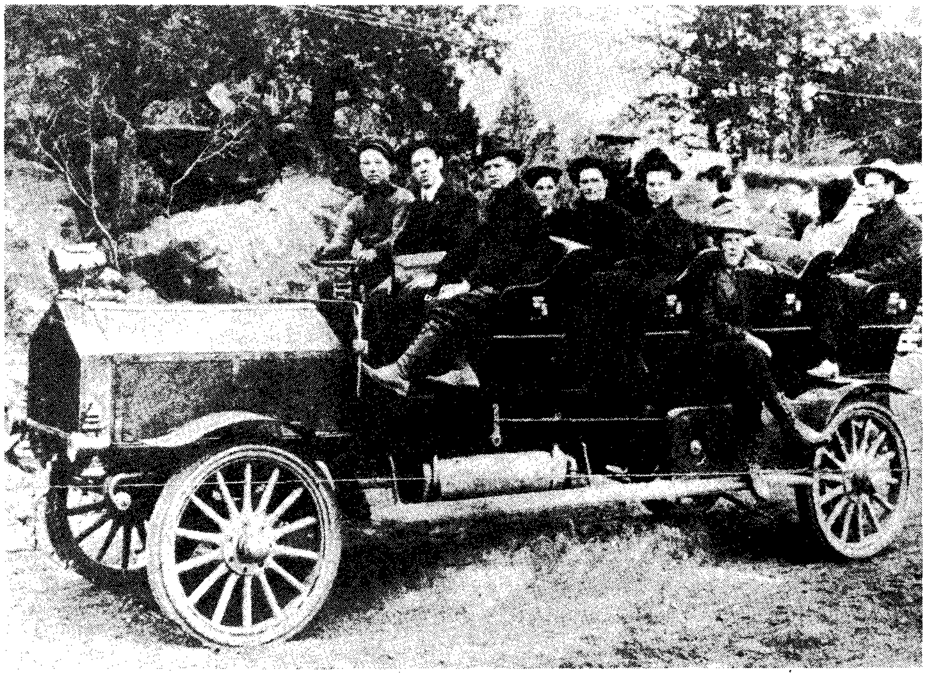
Scatterer

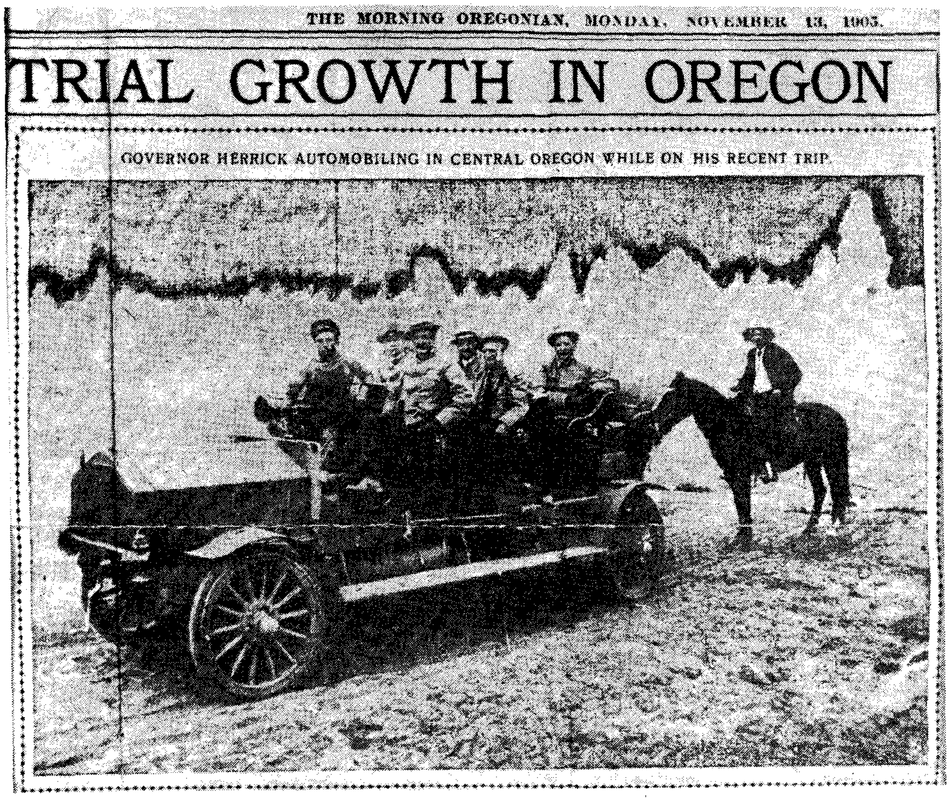
BY DOLORES JOHNSON

Photos Courtesy Author

Opposite page: The Shaniko to Bend auto-stage, dwarfed by Ponderosa pines a few miles south of Bend The driver William (Dewey) Tyler is third from right. Left: Tyler, photographed in early 1972, is shown with the air whistle (at right) which he removed from the auto-stage when he resigned as driver. It earlier had been used on his Willamette River boat. In his other hand is a piece of chain, used in repairing breaks in the double chain-driven car. Below: Dignitaries go for a ride in 1905. Tyler is at the wheel (left); seated next to him is William Gill, owner of the firm that built the car.





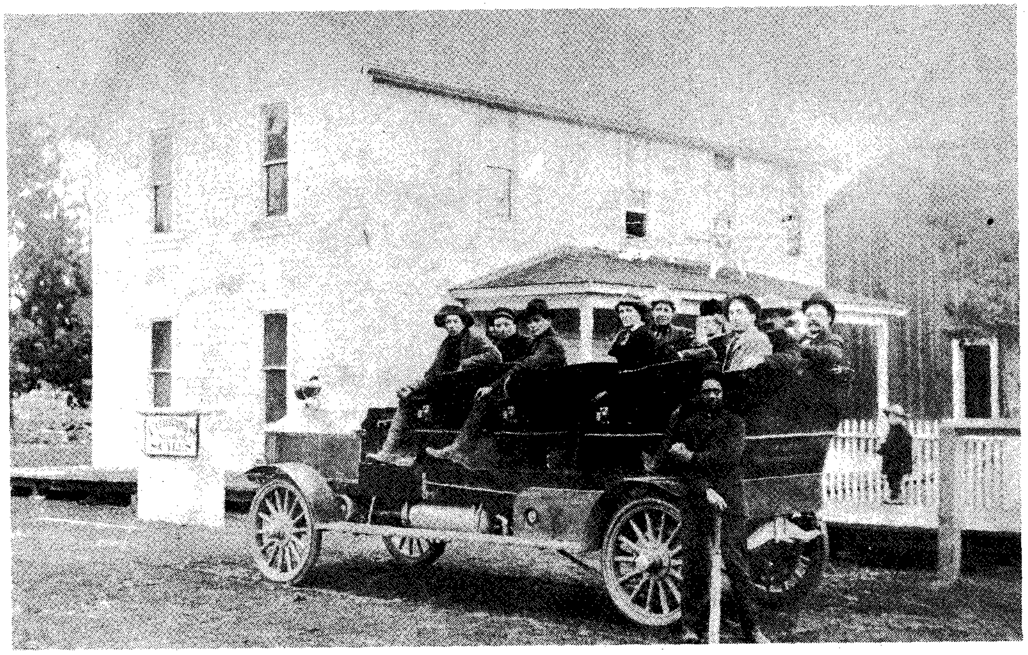


THE MORNING OREGONIAN, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1905.

TRIAL GROWTH IN OREGON

GOVERNOR HERRICK AUTOMOBILING IN CENTRAL OREGON WHILE ON HIS RECENT TRIP.

Above: Ohio Governor Myron T. Herrick takes a two-week tour of Central Oregon in the fall of 1905. Pictured in Portland's *Morning Oregonian* are (left to right): Tyler, Dr. T. W. Rankin, Governor Herrick, W. F. Burdell, George W. Sinks, H. D. Turney, and on horseback (name unknown) the governor's bodyguard. Below: Another view of the 7,200-pound auto-stage taken in Bend, Oregon.



Gill sent east to Michigan automakers for the transmission, the 42-inch wheels, a radiator and the chains. But he and Tyler were still not through with their own inventions for the car.

Taking into consideration the long, dry trips ahead, they put a thirty-gallon tank under each seat. The two forward tanks held sixty gallons of gasoline, and the two aft tanks held sixty gallons of water. To make sure that the radiator didn't boil dry on hills, the men figured out a way to fill the radiator out of their water tanks while the car was moving.

"When I was driving along and saw steam start to come out of a drilled hole in the radiator, I'd just slow down and open a gate valve and pump water out of the water tank into the radiator," Tyler recalled. "When the radiator was full, water would squirt out the hole."

Tyler said chain-drive cars didn't stay on the market long because they had several features motorists didn't like. Sticks and twigs sometimes got stuck in the chains, and the chains made "a terrible racket" as the dust settled on them.

Gill and Tyler solved this last problem, at least, with another in-transit bit of maintenance. They put a glass lubricator on the dash and connected it by copper tubing to the sprockets on the jackshaft. As the car moved, oil would drip on the chains, lubricating them so they made very little noise.

"Later on, the Thomas Flyer came out with an oiler for chains but, with it, you had to stop and put the oil on with a squirt gun," Tyler said.

Before the car was finished and while it was still without fenders or running boards. Gill and Tyler would take it out on test runs around Portland—usually treating local schoolchildren to free rides.

Finally, after five months, the car was finished. The coal oil sidelighting and carbide frontlight were in place. Tyler affixed the air whistle off the boat he'd owned back in 1898—the *Dewey* (from which he derived his nickname).

THE AUTO-STAGE was placed on a flatbed car and taken by train to Shaniko. Officers of the Central Oregon Transportation Co. and the Deschutes Irrigation and Power Company formed a reception committee. When the car was unloaded, the VIPs climbed aboard, and Tyler mounted to the driver's seat—on the right side of the car in the manner of wagons and stagecoaches.

Tyler started the car, turned the steering wheel—on a column that came straight up from the floor—and moved the car out for a celebration ride to the nearby community of Antelope. With this fanfare out of the way, the auto-stage was ready for its big test—its maiden voyage to Bend on April 13, 1905.

The first hurdle was Cow Canyon, only twelve miles from Shaniko. There was scarcely an inch to spare as Tyler drove the car down the fender-scraping grade. (The next year the fenders were ripped off a two-cylinder Holsman that used the same road; the mangled pieces of metal lay at a stage station at the bottom of the canyon for years—testimony to the difficulty autos encountered on the wagon trails of Central Oregon.)

Central Oregon Transportation Company was supposed to have built a sixteen-foot roadbed all the way to Bend for the auto-stage, but only fifteen miles of it were ever completed. It was just as well. The first time Tyler drove the car on the newly prepared roadbed, it sank in the dirt to its hubcaps.

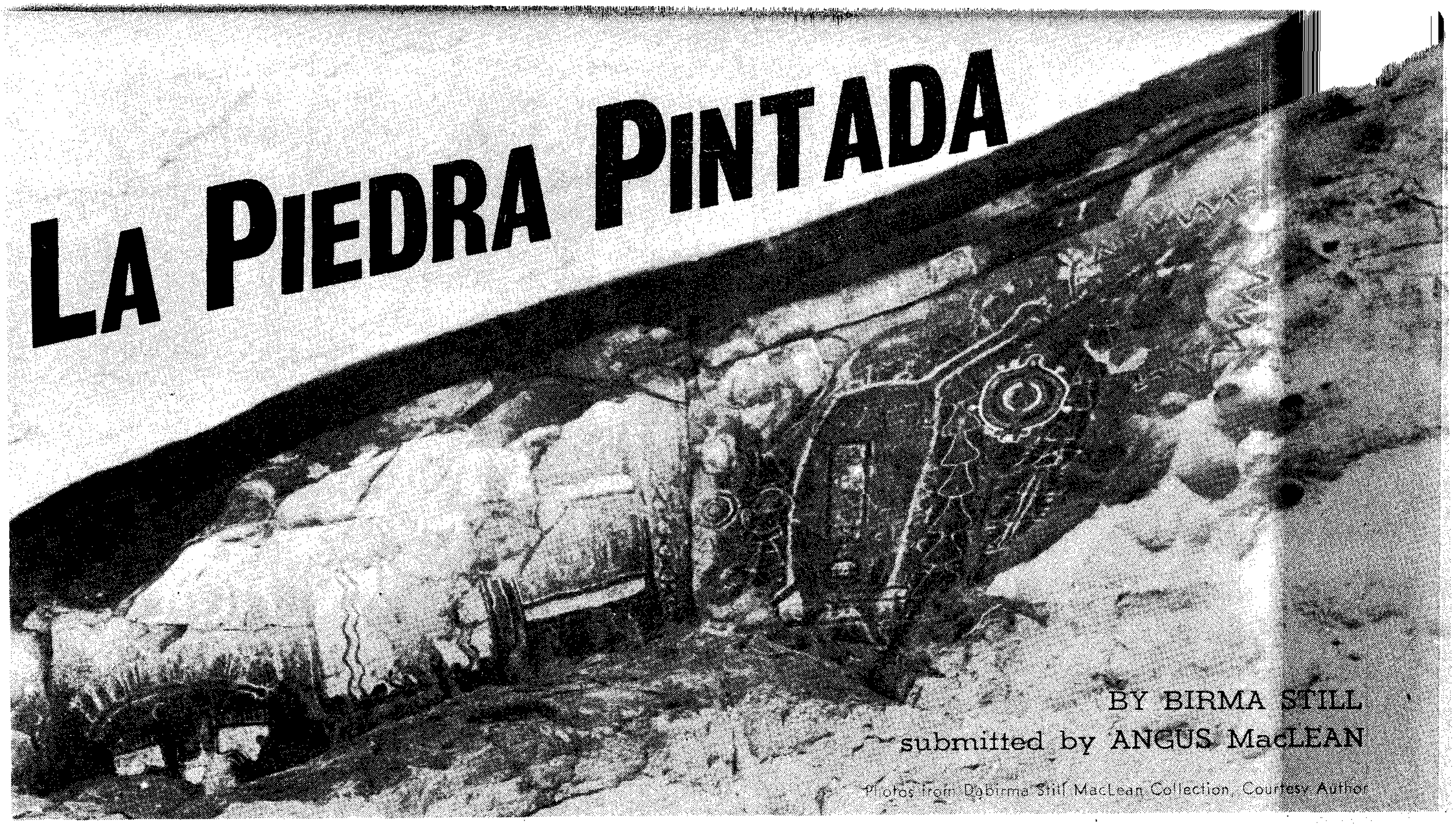
"The road was just too soft," Tyler said. "So we had to use the sagebrush route packed down by the freight wagons. Whenever we saw a wagon, I'd pull the string to the air whistle as a warning to the driver. Then we'd have to wait while he blindfolded the team or got the horses out of sight."

Eventually the auto-stage—bouncing on its solid rubber tires and pulling an iron-tired trailer to carry the baggage—made its grand entry into Madras, about mid-way to Bend.

The Madras *Pioneer* of April 20, 1905, recorded the event: "Coming with a rush down the hill north of town and giving a series of warning toots which aroused a general exclamation from dogs and chickens, the big gasoline automobile belonging to the Central Oregon Transportation Co., arrived in Madras Friday. It was commanded by M. W. (Dewey) Tyler, accompanied by W. A. Gill, Don P. Rea, and Frank Lucas. The monster was

(Continued on page 62)

LA PIEDRA PINTADA



BY BIRMA STILL

submitted by ANGUS MacLEAN

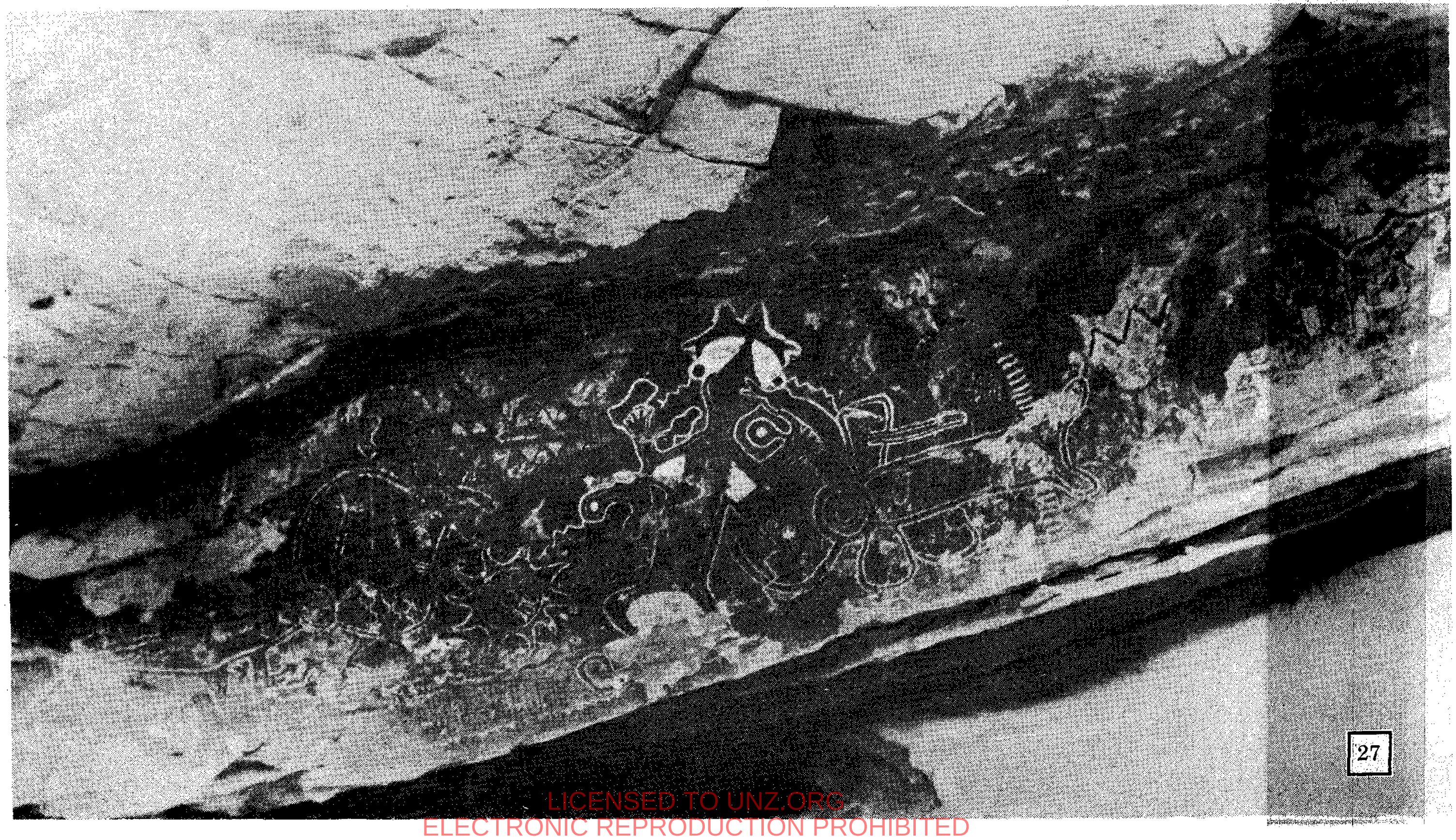
Photos from Dabirma Still MacLean Collection, Courtesy Author

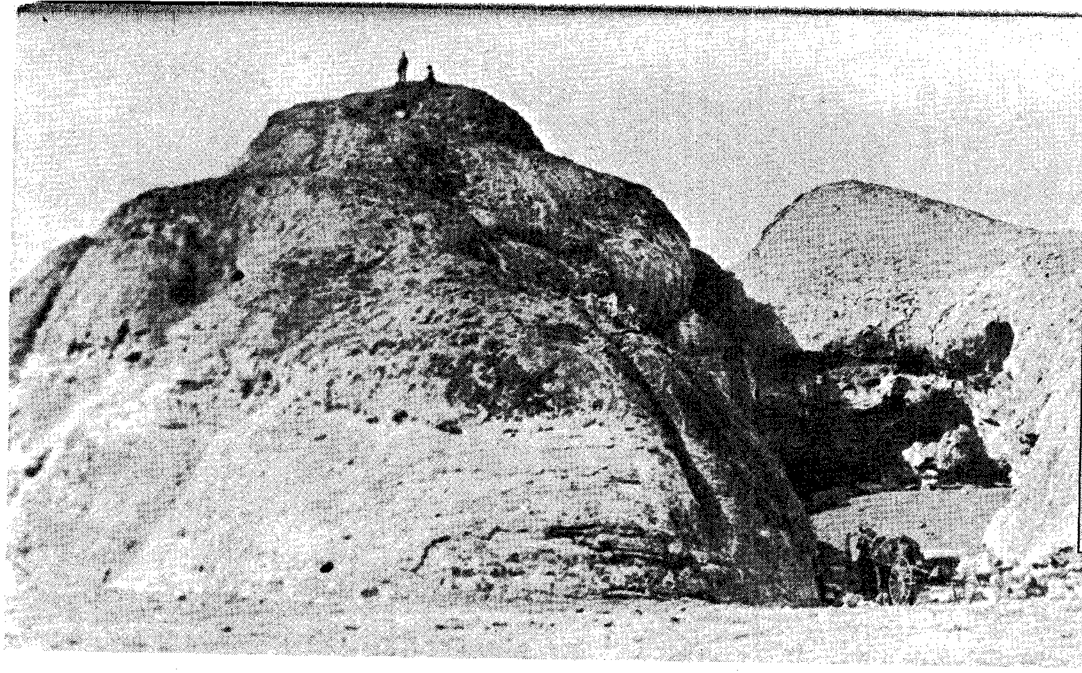
Souvenir hunters haven't left much of Painted Rock—it fared much better when it served as shelter and lookout for sheepmen and outlaws

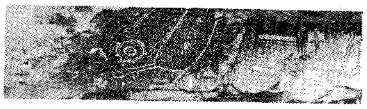
IN CALIFORNIA'S eastern San Luis Obispo County, bordered on the east by the Temblor Mountains which cut it off from the San Joaquin Valley, on the west by the Caliente Range which separates it from the LaPanza-San Juan Valley, lies a long upland valley named by the early settlers The Carrisa Plains. This valley, running in a southeasterly direction, is about forty-five miles long, and perhaps twenty miles wide at its widest point. About half-way down these Carrisa Plains, and situated on the west side close to the foothills of the Caliente Range, is an ancient landmark of note—*La Piedra Pintada,* as the Spanish explorers called this rock with its Indian hieroglyphics.

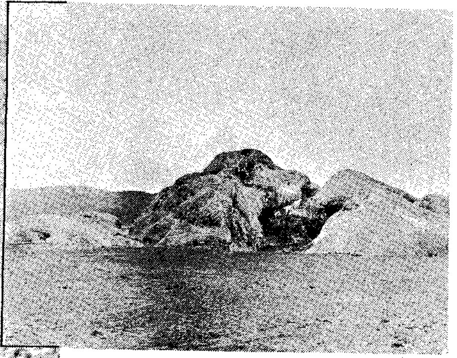
The Painted Rock is a natural outcropping which at its highest point rises about 200 feet above the surrounding ground level, and is approximately 1,000 feet across at the widest point at its base. It is somewhat like a horseshoe in shape, with a twenty-foot opening facing the east. Within this horseshoe of natural rock is a large open-topped inner court or chamber,

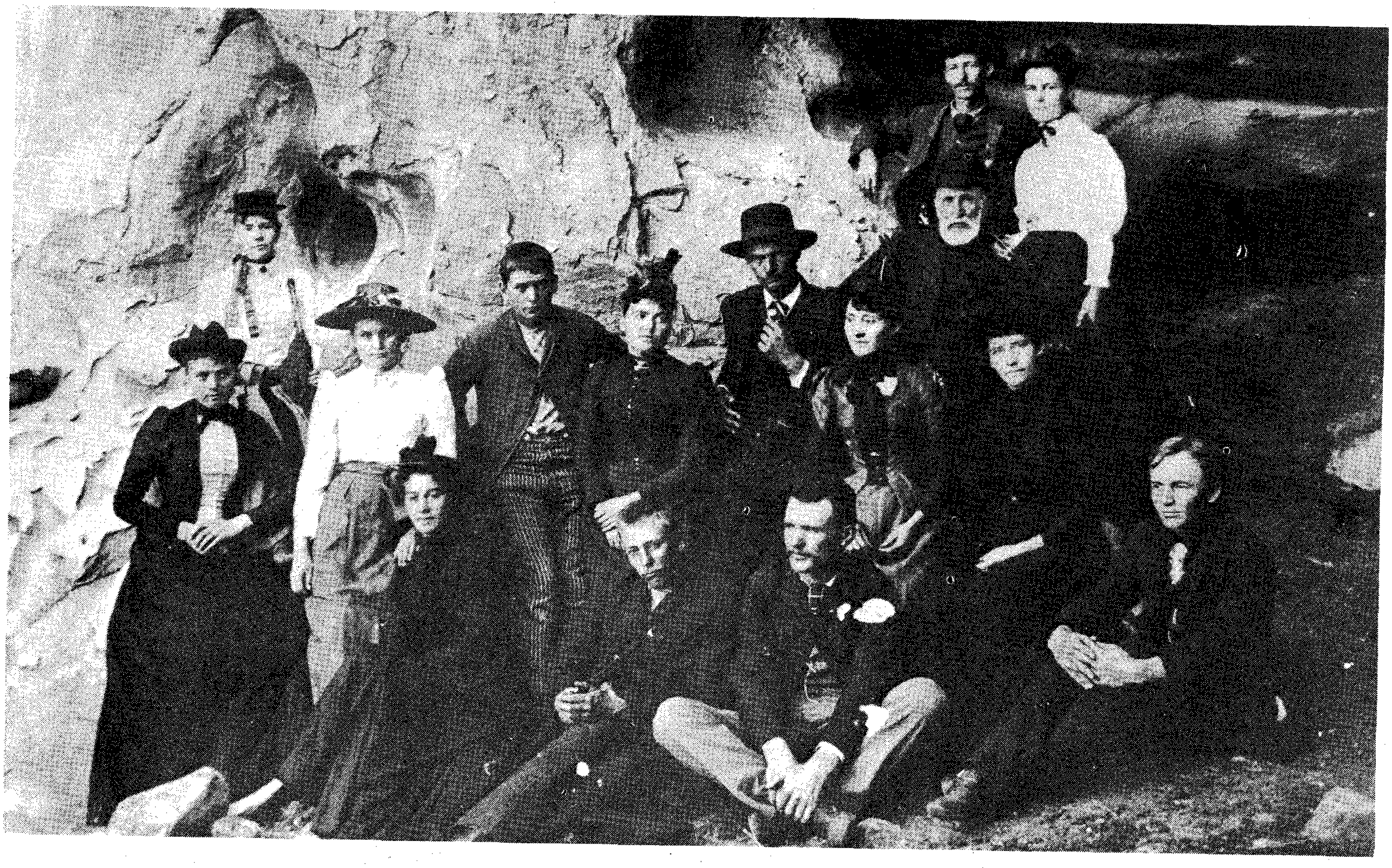
Top and bottom: Indian hieroglyphics within the Painted Rock taken November 11, 1892. These are copies of the original photos taken on glass negatives.







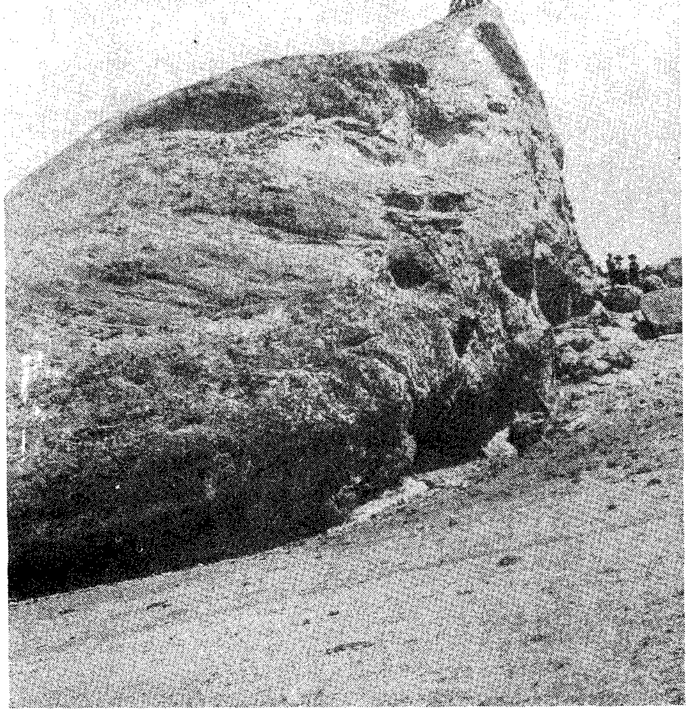


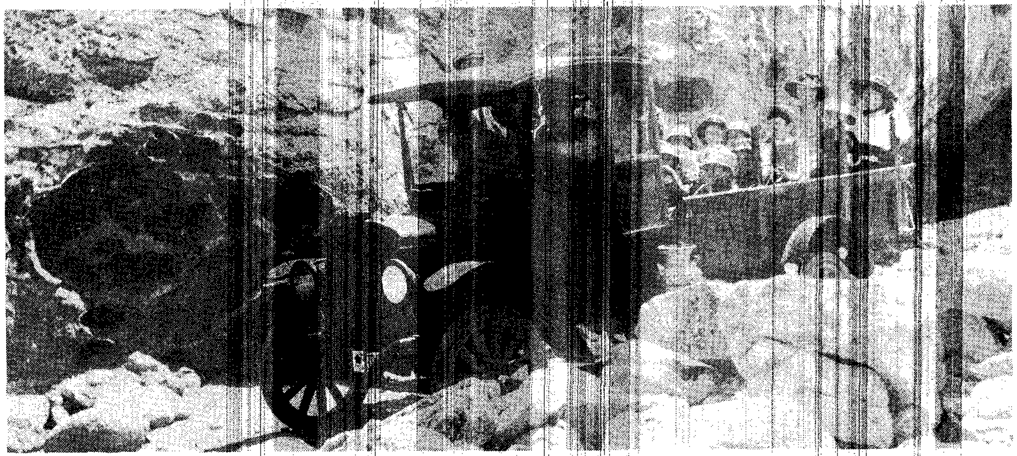


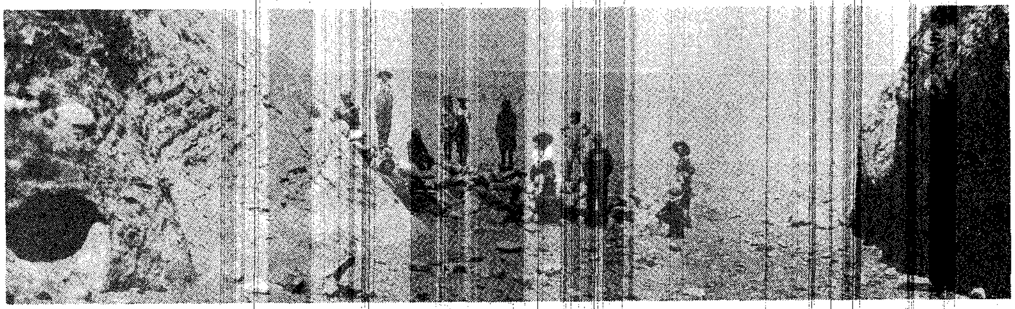
running back perhaps 300 feet, and possibly 200 feet across. Surrounding the inner court are sharply overhanging walls, rising to 100 feet or more from the floor towards the back. Along this inner wall, protected from the weather by the overhang of rocks, is a series of shallow caves or ledges; and it is here along this protected wall with its ledges that an ancient race of people left their painted hieroglyphics, suggesting that the Painted Rock had been a gathering place for many years. Possibly the Painted Rock once served as an open-air temple for the religious rites of these people—but this is only conjecture.

The California Indians found by the Mission Padres who came to convert them in the late 1700s professed not to know who had made these pictographs, or the meaning of them. Presumably there had been a tribe of Indians of an earlier, higher civilization who had once lived in the area of the Carrisa Plains. Possibly they were of a culture similar to that of the cliff dwellers of Arizona and New Mexico; but what became of them no one seems to know. Wars or famine could have driven them from the area, and their descendants could have scattered and mingled with other tribes; or perhaps they died out completely.

Though the origin of the paintings on *La Piedra Pintada* has been obscured by the years, the more recent history of the Painted Rock is in itself colorful. From the time of its first discovery by Spanish explorers, *La Piedra Pintada* was an easily described landmark, so it was often mentioned as a center from which other places could be located. It was a favorite rendezvous for the outlaw bands from the day of Joaquin Murrieta to that of Tiburcio Vasquez; its horseshoe inner court furnished shelter from the heavy winds and storms, and the summit of the rock commanded an excellent view of the plains and the hills to the back, making a surprise attack almost impossible. Sheepmen also found the shelter of the rocks to their liking, and when grazing







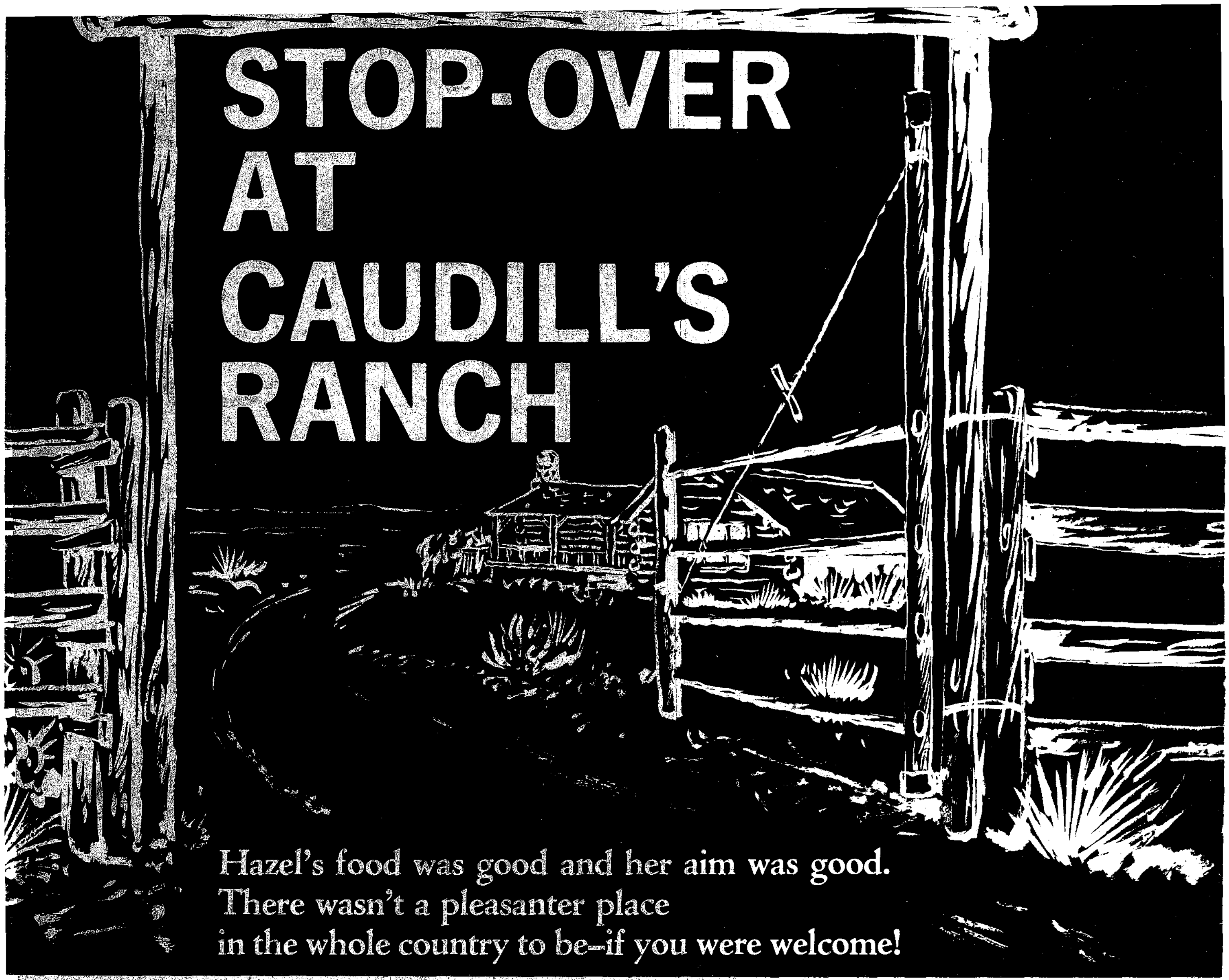
Opposite page, top: Painted Rock on the Carrisa Plains, California. People on the Rock and horse and cart in foreground give some idea of its size. A more distant view (inset) showing the full shape and the hills in background, taken about 1900. Bottom: Group picture taken inside Painted Rock on the picnic described in the essay. In the front row, seated (left to right): Miss Rebecca Blackwood (teacher), Bob Jones, Tim Sullivan, and Mr. Clayton. Second row, standing: Birma Still (far left), Mrs. Sweeney (seated on rock above), Lizzie Hubbard (white shirtwaist), Billy Hubbard, Maggie Sullivan, Sam Hubbard, Mattie Sellers, and Mrs. Clayton. Harry Mitchel, who was an early settler on the Plains, is the older white-whiskered gentleman; behind him are Bob Sellers and Ellen Hubbard. Both far left photos are copies of original glass plate negatives taken November 11, 1892. Above: Back view, taken August 1919. Right, top to bottom: July 4, 1914 photo inside the Painted Rock, (left to right) Fred Bethel, Mentley Still, Anna Ross, Lizzie Dotey, Jim Bethel (behind), and Ted Davies. En route to a school picnic, August 1919. Another photo of the 1919 picnickers standing on remains of the stone wall built in the 1880s by sheepmen, with Salt (Soda) Lake in the distance. Closeup of 1919 picnic group (names unknown).

their flocks on the plains quite often used the rock as their camping ground. (Remnants of the sheepmen's rock walls could be seen at the mouth of the rock's inner chamber.)

In the late 1880s and the 1890s, the Painted Rock came to be a favorite picnic ground; then with the coming of the auto, it became a tourist attraction. During the days of the Indians and the Spaniards, the Painted Rock was viewed with a degree of almost superstitious reverence, and it came down into the early 1900s in fairly good preservation.

(Continued on page 54)

STOP-OVER AT CAUDILL'S RANCH



Hazel's food was good and her aim was good.
There wasn't a pleasanter place
in the whole country to be—if you were welcome!

I LIVED in Catron County, not far from the Adams Diggings, and knew the Caudills, Oscar and Fred. My uncle, Sam Goodson, had known them long before I got acquainted with them, and he told me much about them. Among other things, he told of their liberal hospitality, and their kindness to any and all who came. Uncle Sam once told of Oscar's having two hungry men show up just as he was putting his last steak into the Dutch oven. He was alone and hungry, but he invited them to get down and fill up. They got, of course. And when the meat was done Oscar invited them to help themselves. One cut off a thin sliver about like they serve in a restaurant and Oscar said, "Oh, hell! Cut yourself some steak. Take damn near all of it."

In the spring of 1936 I helped move a herd of cattle from Oscar's ranch to the Adams Diggings, New Mexico. There was a store and a post office there until a few years ago, and it was named that because some people thought that it was near the canyon of that name, the canyon for which hundreds of people have searched hoping to find free gold.

The story was that this man Adams and some men went in at a narrow entrance, found gold nuggets in the bed of the little stream, and picked up a huge quantity. They were warned by Old Nana, who came to the top of the waterfall with his fierce Apaches, that so long as they stayed below the fall they would not be bothered. But they were not to go above the fall. Anybody would know what they did and what happened to them. And so people have haunted that place since. A great nephew of Old Nana a few years ago went to Adams Diggings, and from there to the canyon. James Kaywaykla looked the place over and said, "It wasn't this canyon."

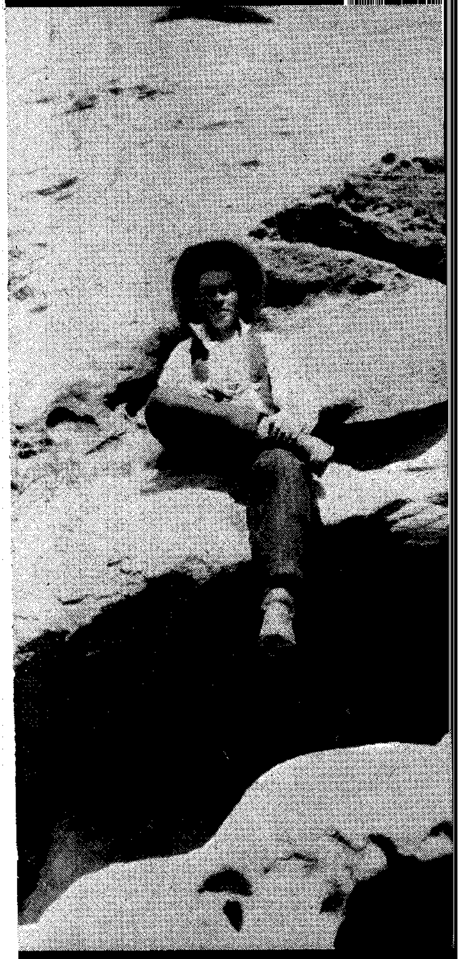
The Caudill ranch was a small one as ranches go in western New Mexico, but it was a very good one. Well watered, it lay along the Rio Largo northwest of Quemado. Oscar and his wife Hazel had come to New Mexico in the '20s, with her driving a wagon, and Oscar a small herd of cattle. Oscar had lost everything he had, including his first wife, but had the courage to marry a beautiful woman, much younger than he. And Hazel had to have had great courage to marry Oscar, for they started from scratch. They filed on a homestead on the Largo, and for a time lived in their wagon until they could build a dugout.

Before the second winter they built a comfortable home, and in later years, as the children came along, they added rooms until there were several, each with a fireplace. Hazel helped Oscar cut and haul the logs from the national forest. They dug ditches for the foundation, stood small logs upright on both the inside and outside lines of the trench, filled the space between them with soil, making an outside wall for the structure about thirty inches thick. The roof was made by laying poles across the walls, covering them with brush, and adding a foot of clay. For some time they used dirt floors, and smoothed them with a hot shovel till they were slick.

Much of their furniture—such as bedsteads, chairs, and couches—Oscar built of pine poles with the bark left on, then shellacked. For window hangings and couch covers, bedspreads too, they used beautiful Navajo blankets. And they tanned the hides of bear, mountain lions, deer, and even cattle for floor coverings. With Indian pottery and baskets stuck

BY BUD GOODSON
as told to
EVE BALL

Photos Courtesy Author



Bud Goodson, Bard, New Mexico 1928.

around they had a very attractive and comfortable home. It was rustic but suited to their mountains and pines.

OSCAR built good stables and sheds for his remuda and cattle. The buildings opened toward the south, and between the house and stables he had a bunkhouse. Adjoining it was the windmill and a huge circular tank that extended through the corral fence so that animals in the pasture could water, as well as those he kept up. So Oscar lost few cattle during those long cold winters around Quemado, when many ranchers suffered heavy losses.

To make the work even more pleasant, he put in a walk from the house to these adjoining structures, one with a covered roof. He and Hazel could feed and water the stock without being exposed either to north wind or snow. Those were the days when any hard-working, ambitious man could have a good home without any red tape and interference from the government. But those days are gone forever.

Smoky Hayes was hiring me to help take a herd to Adams Diggings, and I was delighted when I found that we were to make our first stop at Oscar's. I hadn't met his family but had heard much of their hospitality, and of what a wonderful cowgirl Hazel Caudill was. And there was sure no better cowboy than Oscar, although he had enough cattle by this time that he rated as a cowman. Hazel could ride, rope, and shoot as well as her husband; in addition, her cooking was famous.

"Does old Oscar know we're coming?" I asked Smoky.

"Nope. But he'll find out."

He did. He invited us to turn the herd into a pasture where there was ample water and good grass, and to make ourselves at home in the bunkhouse. The men ate out there, and Hazel Caudill sent out enough food to last two or three days. They had a grown daughter, recently married, and her husband, Archie Mannix, helped her boys carry the food out. They had three. I think, all named Oscar, but only one called that. Besides Oscar Jr. there was Oscar Debs, and Oscar Lewis, I believe. They were all black-eyed and black-haired like their father, and almost as good cowboys as he. I didn't see the ladies.

There had been no question of a welcome, but there wasn't a place in Catron County at that time of which that couldn't be said. If a Mexican family had one room with one bed they would gladly give it to stranger and sleep on the floor. So when Oscar insisted upon our staying over a day or so, Smoky Hayes decided to do so.

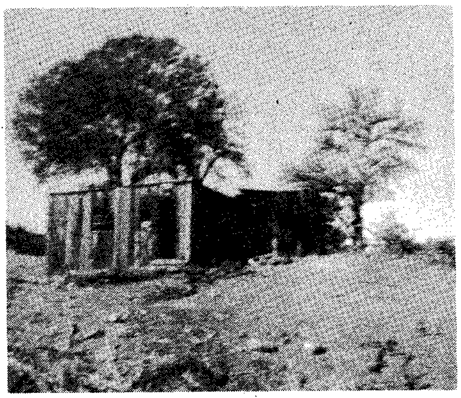
One of his mounts had lost a shoe and he could take care of that the following day. Every rancher could do a little blacksmith work, and Smoky did his own. He had bought a new bridle at Quemado the preceding week, and he put it on the horse he was to shoe. The horse was bronco, and he spooked, breaking the bridle. Unfortunately, Smoky had an ungovernable temper. He grabbed the rasp he'd been using on the hoof, cursed, and beat the animal unmercifully. Archie Mannix came running from the house to remind Smoky that there were ladies inside, and told him to stop using such language. Rough as the men of that time might have been, there was an unwritten law against such things and men obeyed it.

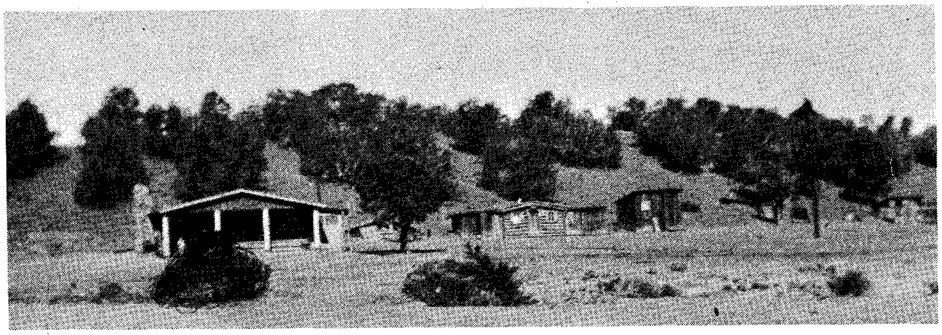
But Smoky was angry. I was in the bunkhouse when the ruckus started, but when I heard fighting I ran out to find them going after each other hammer and tongs. Young Mannix started for the house, we thought to get his six-shooter, and Smoky went for his and got it. His nephew, Marvin Hayes, and I took out after him. Marvin bulldogged Smoky and we both sat on him till he cooled off a bit.

Mannix must have seen that we had Smoky, and did not come back. I had taken Smoky's gun, and I kept it. Supper was sent to us as it had been the evening before, and we ate in the bunkhouse. In fact, everything seemed serene along the

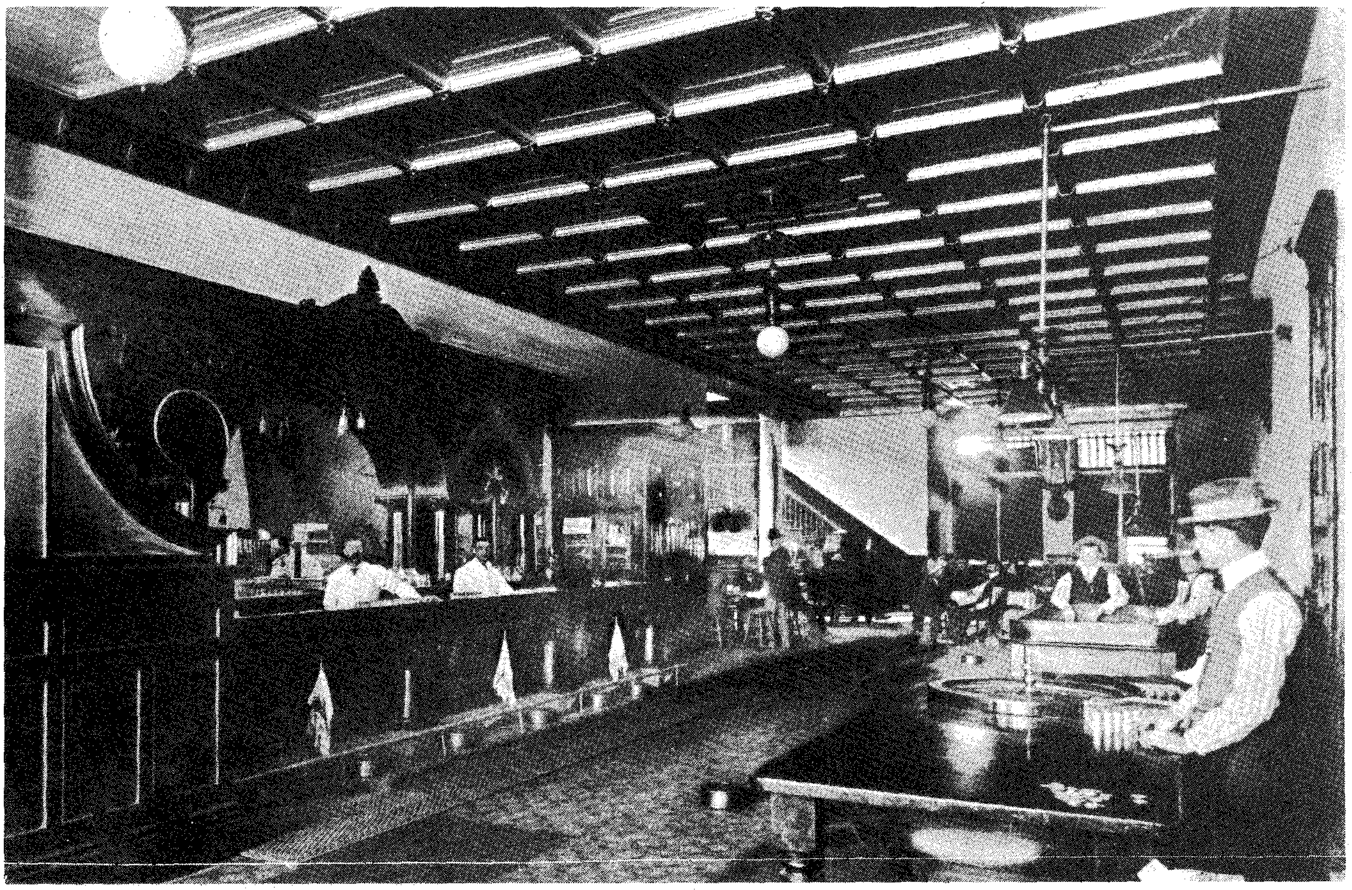
(Continued on page 54)

Right, top to bottom: Remains of the Goodson homestead, north of Adams Diggings. Adams Diggings, Catron County, New Mexico was once a store and U. S. post office. Homesteaders, about 1918, near Adams Diggings.





Courtesy Arizona State Library and Archives



Old Palace saloon and gambling hall on Montezuma Street (Whiskey Row), Prescott, Arizona.

When Algernon Dove was back in town, folks knew it was summer and the call went out to

DRAW ONE FOR BABE

BY R. ROLAND SCHMIDT

PHOENIX, ARIZONA around 1900 was a little desert town but it was still the same, pleasant place to be in during the winter and early spring that it is today. From December through March, with most of the rest of the country up to its eyeballs in snow and nasty weather, people eagerly journeyed to the Valley of the Sun.

Their numbers weren't nearly as great in those days and they couldn't wing in on giant jetliners from the East in a matter of hours so it was a foregone conclusion that a Phoenix winter visitor was either a member of the idle rich, or simply a member of the idle who preferred to spend the winter in town. If you were a member of the idle rich you took the Santa Fe or a stage to Phoenix, or maybe you even drove your own buggy. If you belonged to the other kind of idle you got there any way you could. But, regardless of your circumstances, once in Phoenix you eventually found yourself on Washington Street, because that's where all the action was.

So it was that day in 1903 when a few rosy-cheeked tourists spotted a big fellow walking down Washington Street near Central. He was wobbling a little and it was obvious that he was suffering from an overdose of something alcoholic. Suddenly he spun a sharp, 90-degree turn, stepped quickly across the sidewalk, and plowed through the swinging doors into his favorite saloon.

Very shortly now his friends in the police department would be dusting off his bunk at the city jail and it would only be a matter of time until every citizen in Phoenix would know that Algernon Dove was back in town.

ALGERNON DOVE usually spent the fall months in Prescott but he always returned to Phoenix around Christmastime. You could count on seeing him during the hot summer months, too, when he felt it extremely difficult for any saloonkeeper to refuse a man a beer, the weather being what it was outside.

Algy was in his sixties in 1903. He had spent nearly forty years in Arizona by then, most of them in building himself a reputation as a ne'er do-well, lovable drunk. Although work was something that never scared him, he looked on *steady* employment as something that cut drastically into his drinking time and therefore avoided it whenever possible.

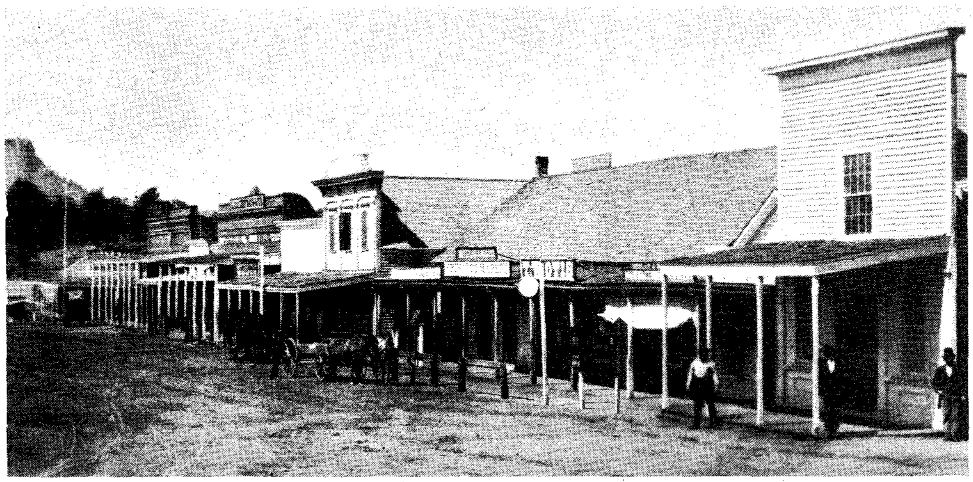
Somewhere in his wanderings he had acquired the nickname "Babe" and he responded amiably either to "Babe" or to "Algy." However, if a fellow drinker decided to poke fun at Babe's full name or to refer to him simply as "Old Babe" the jokester quite likely would wind up the evening missing a few front teeth. Algernon Babe Dove was definitely no sissy—even at sixty years of age. He stood over six feet tall and weighed about 250 pounds.

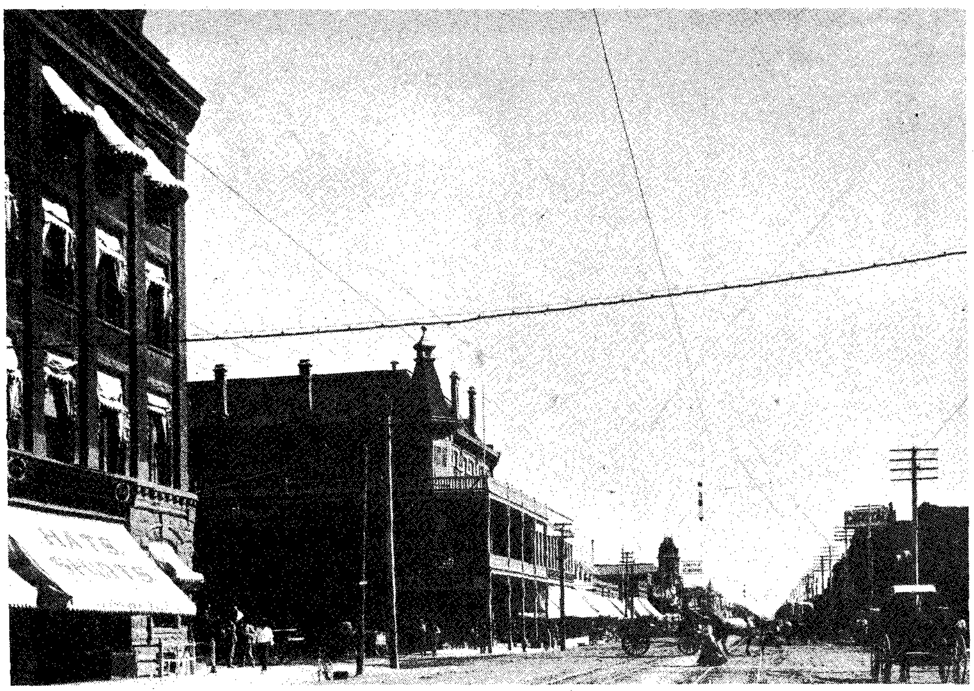
As a young man, Babe served in the Confederate Army. Following surrender he decided to head west. In Phoenix Babe got his first look at one of Arizona's famous sunsets and concluded that he had gone west far enough. Arizona would be his home from then on.

At first it seemed as if Babe Dove were headed for outstanding success; he was able and willing to work hard, had the courage to go with his strength, and didn't appear reluctant to tackle anything.

As a carrier of the mail, Babe was the only courier with guts enough to volunteer to make a trip from a station near Wickenburg to the next station on the way to Prescott. This was at a time when discontented Indians were everywhere. And, if the Indians didn't get you, there was a good chance that murderous robbers would. Babe stood up and offered to make the run, knowing the odds full well.

Photos below Courtesy Arizona State Library and Archives





Above: Prescott, 1864. Note the old Capitol Building second from right. Below: Washington Street, Phoenix, in 1912.

He got the mail through that day, even after his horse had been shot out from under him and killed on a hillside en route. When Babe walked into the mail station and unshouldered the sacks, his superiors also discovered that he had taken two bullets through the mouth during his trail-side shootout. He never mentioned the fate of his attackers. But this was just about the last really serious attempt at good, steady employment that Algernon Dove would ever make. Even though he was a fairly young man at the time, he set about building himself an irrefutable reputation as the town drunk (in two towns, no less) and became the center of many interesting and humorous episodes over the years.

BABE walked into his Washington Street hangout one day to announce that he was so thirsty he could drink beer out of his high-topped boot. A stranger, wondering if the insides of the boots could possibly be as bad as the outside, offered to buy Babe all the beer he could swill down in this fashion.

Babe removed one of his boots and instructed the bartender to keep on pouring beer into the footgear until ordered to stop. When the 17th glass had been emptied into the boot, Babe said he felt that that would be sufficient for one sitting. He walked to a nearby chair, tipped the boot to his lips and drained it dry. Then, with a giddy kind of smile on his face, he collapsed in the chair for the rest of the day like a busted six-pack.

The big fellow was in and out of jail so much that lawmen eventually didn't even bother to book him. When he came to town, and during his stay, sheriffs merely watched until he went limp and then assisted him to a spare bunk in some cell to sleep it off. One day in 1908 he strolled into Marshal Moore's office in Phoenix and asked to know in advance the number of the cell he was to occupy!

Dove was the victim of thievery in 1892. He had been to Tempe for a short time and had returned to Phoenix with $84 in his pockets, enough for a top-notch rip-snorter. Babe decided to square himself with the law beforehand by inviting them all to an oyster supper.

The party was a rousing success but before he reached the point of no return, Babe found that his pockets were empty and he was broke. A guest solved the mystery when he announced to all the lawmen there that another guest named James Robinson had been observed picking Dove's pocket. Robinson denied the accusation but as Justice Wharton locked the cell door behind him, Robinson remarked that he felt it served him right for associating with a drunk such as Babe.

In 1882 the Phoenix *Gazette* reported

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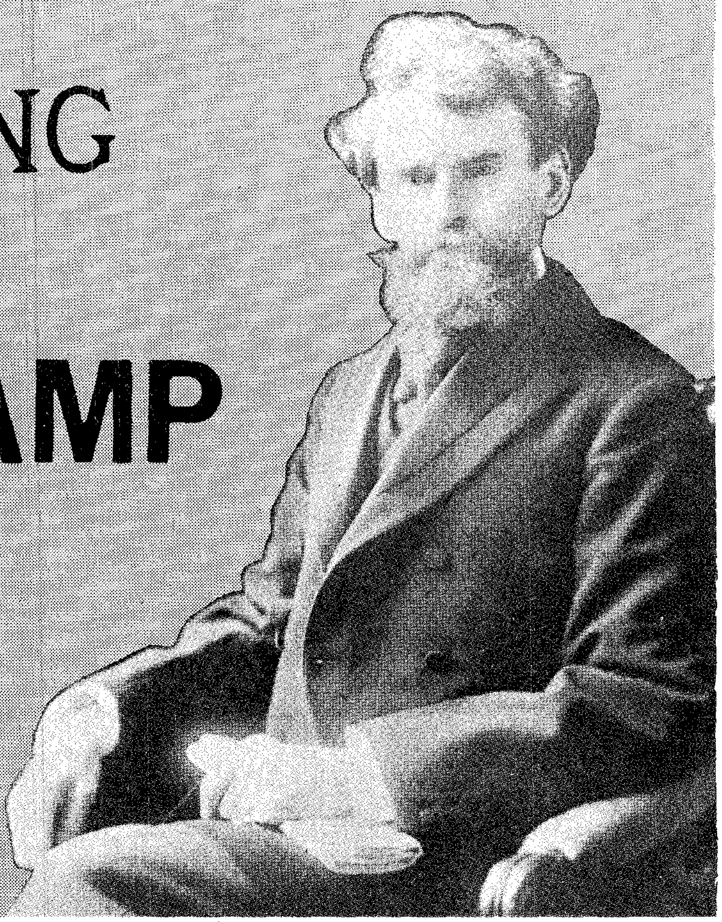
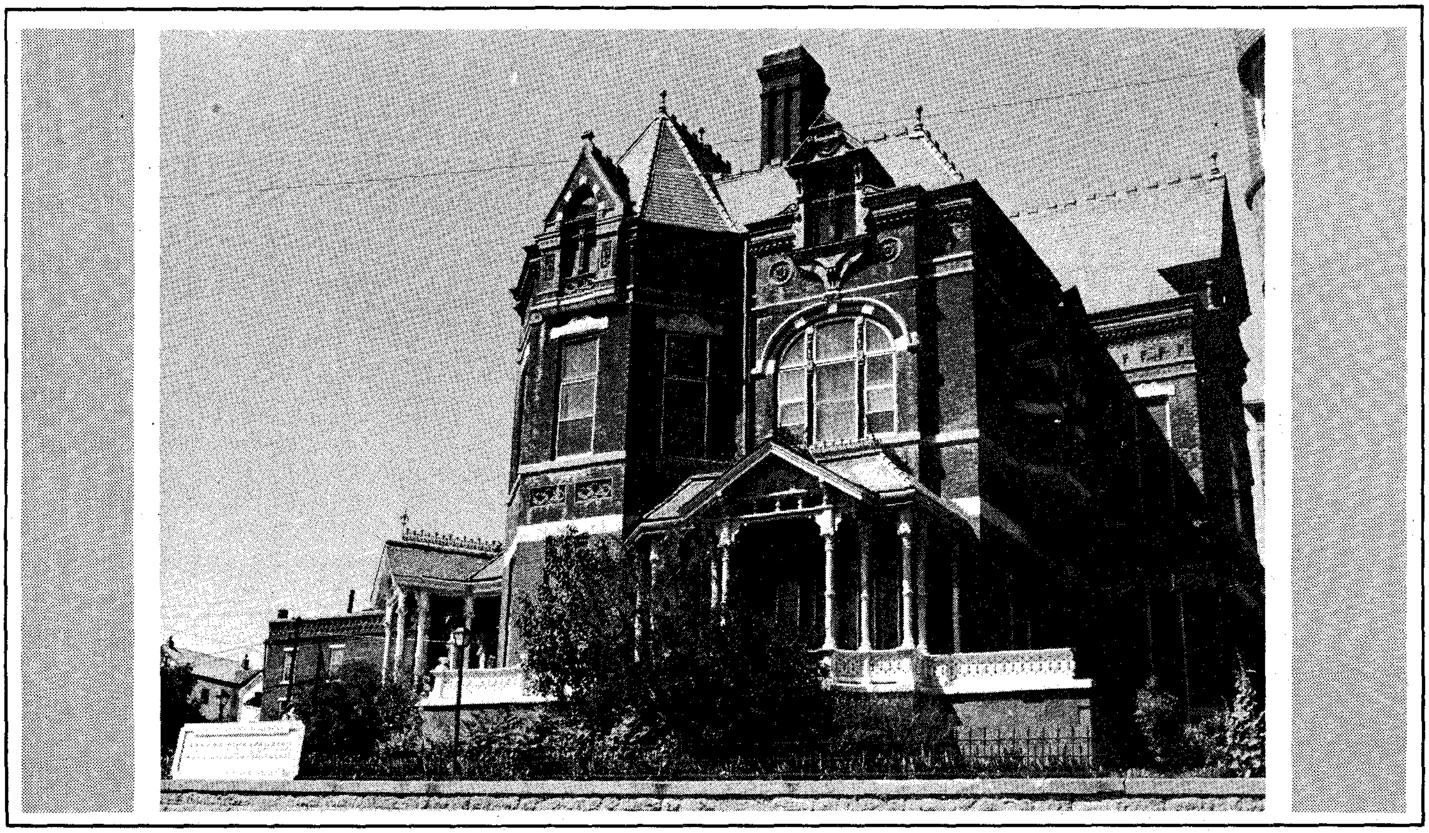
COPPER KING IN A MINING CAMP

In the Eighties a rich man could live very, very high in Butte, Montana. W. A. Clark hung his hat in a palace!

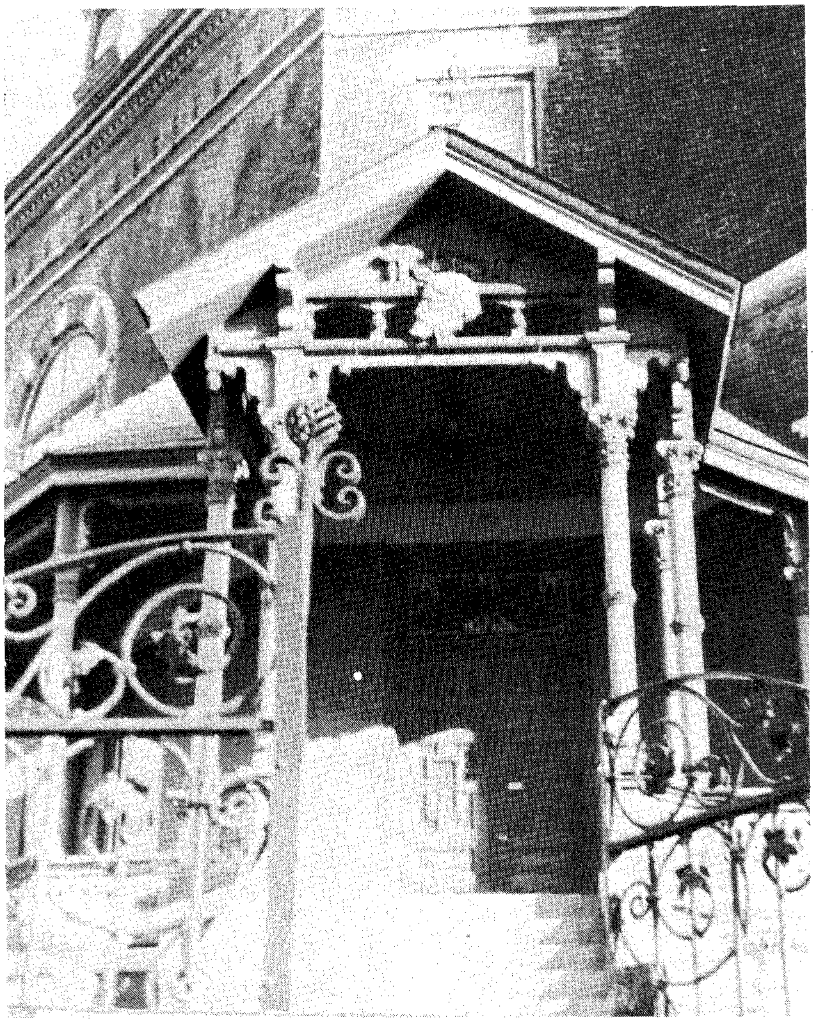


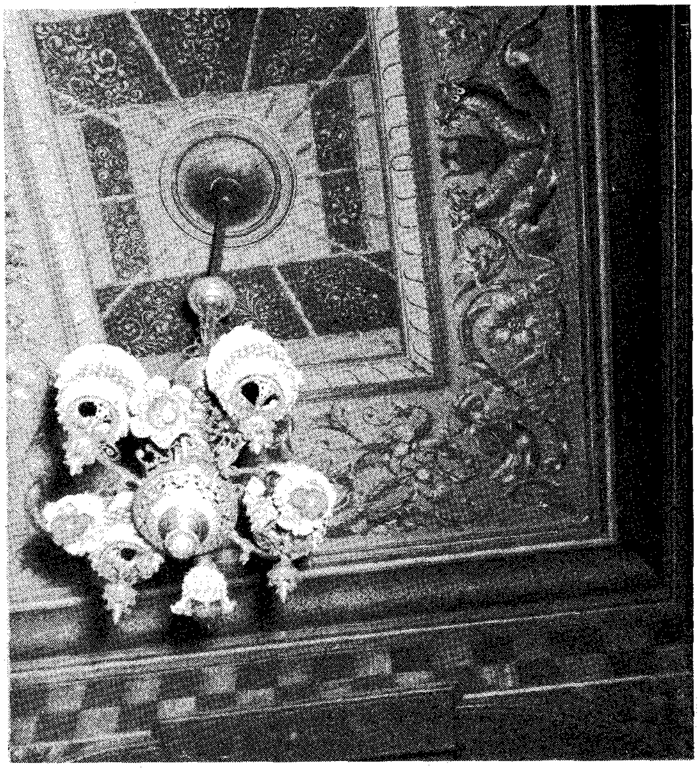
Copper king William A. Clark, a distinguished looking man. His hair was red and his eyes blue. A great lover of the arts, he invested millions of dollars in exquisite oil paintings and sculpture. The mansion he built (below) as it looks today.



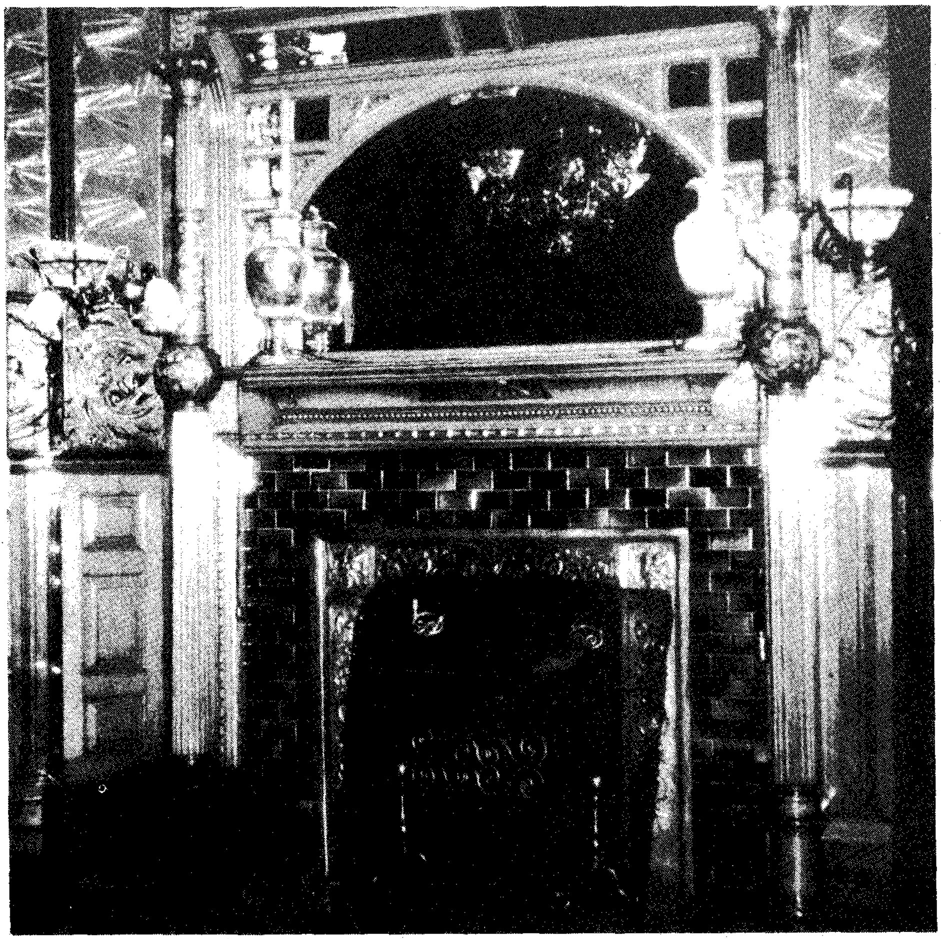
BY HELEN CLARK

Photos Courtesy Author





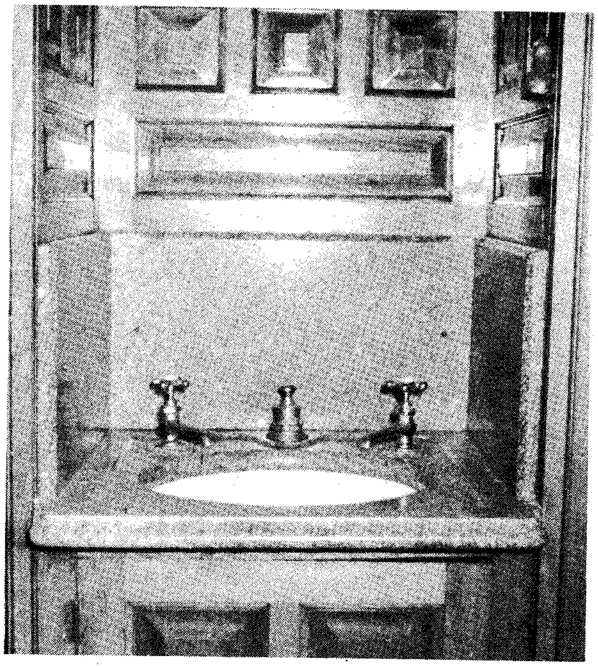
Left: Part of the ornate iron fence which surrounds the Clark mansion. Notice on the portico the likeness in profile of W. A. Clark. It was done by sculptor Jack Weaver, originally of Butte. Above: One of the hand-painted ceilings and chandeliers. Below left: An elaborate fireplace on the first floor. Gas lights on either side of the mantel are of cranberry glass.

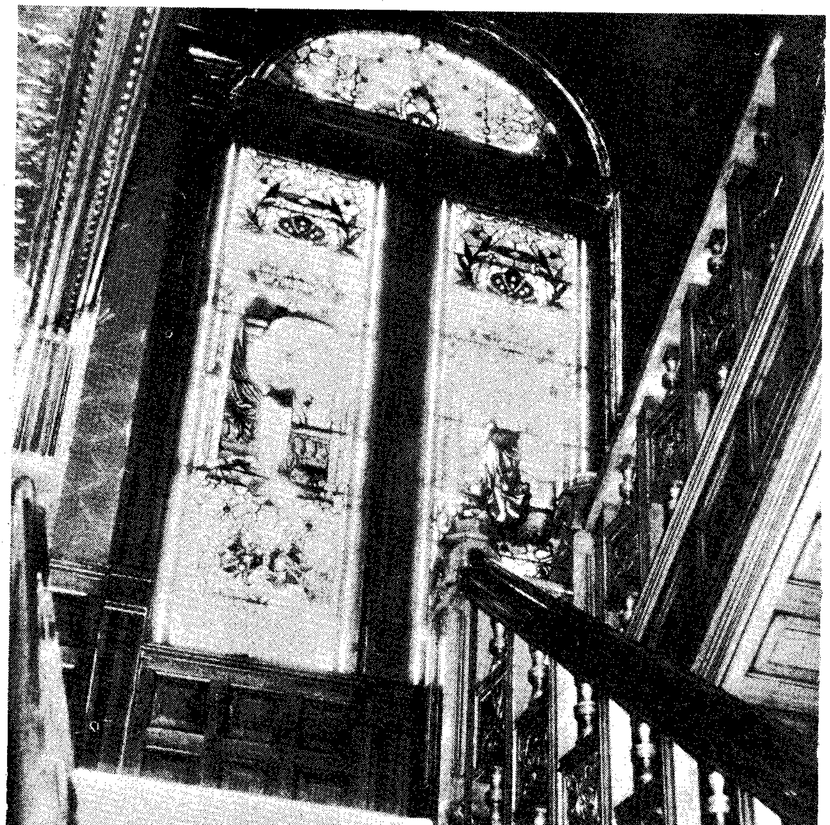


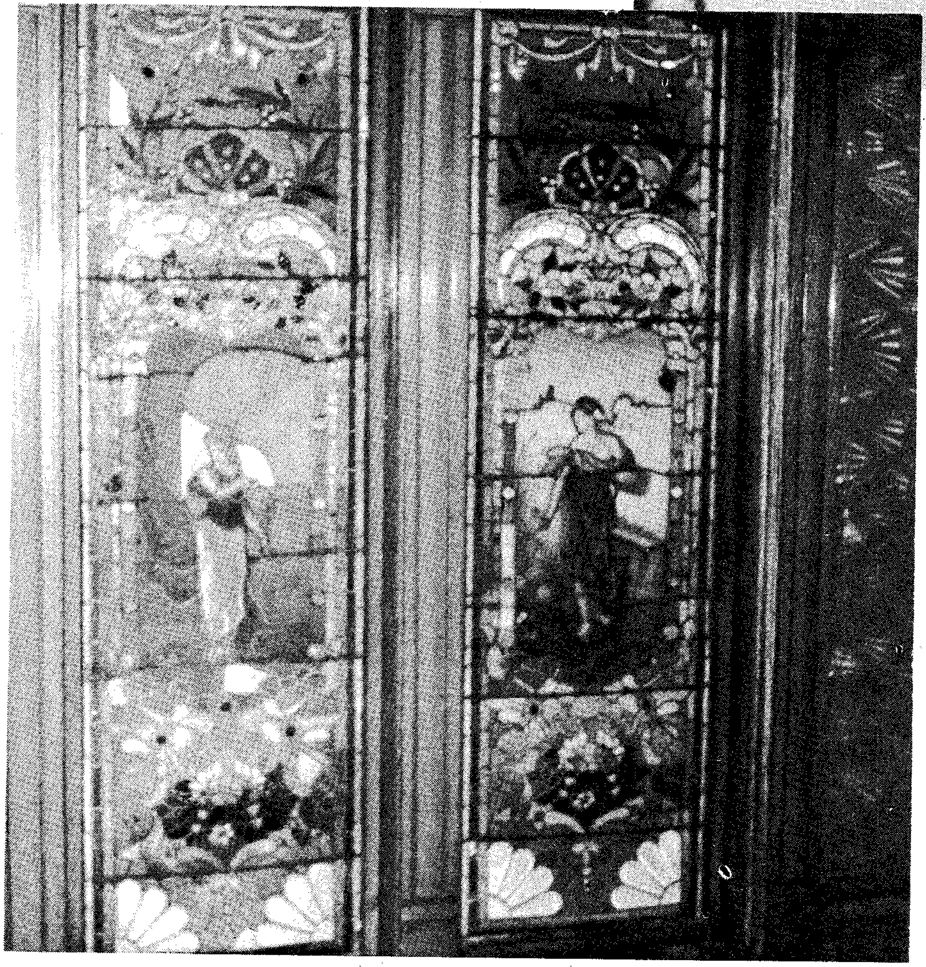
ARCHITECTURAL relics grace many landscapes in the West, but few were as elaborately constructed as copper king W. A. Clark's three-story mansion in Butte, Montana. One of the ten first billionaires in the nation, Clark had great artistic taste and he hired renowned architect C. H. Brown of Los Angeles, California to design his home on the Butte "hill." It is to Brown's credit that the home still stands massive and beautiful, epitomizing the lust for life of an earlier era.

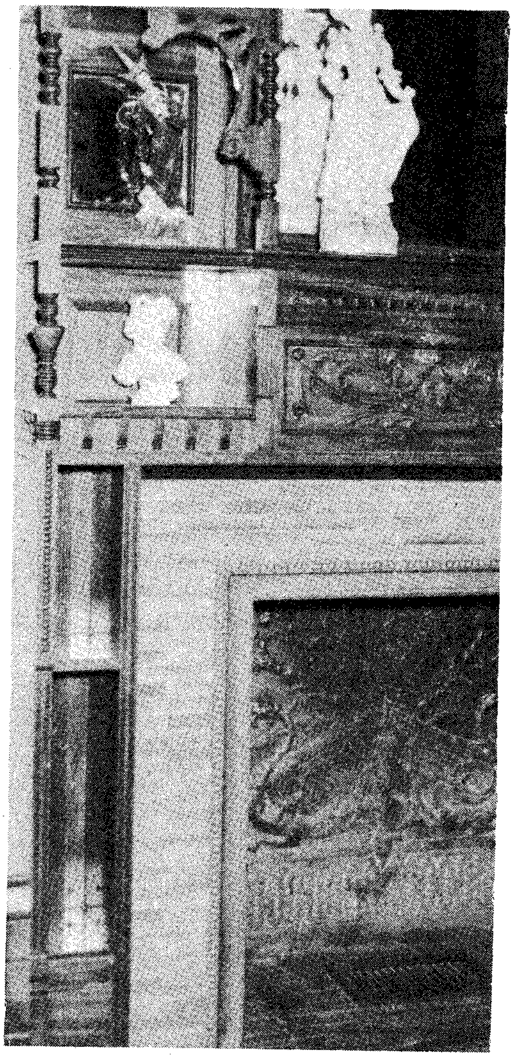
Visitors sometimes inquire what a "French chateau" is doing in the West, but early-day newspaper descriptions of the house pronounce its style as "modern Elizabethan." This showplace, visited annually by thousands of tourists, has been designated as a State Historical Landmark and a National Historic Place. It is completely furnished with antiques, and some of the tycoon's personal belongings, including his beautifully hand-painted porcelain steins, still grace the manor.

The brick mansion of over twenty-four rooms, with nine fireplaces imported from France and a ballroom on the third floor, was completed around 1884 at a cost of approximately $250,000. A French woodcarver was in residence four and one-half years creating the ornate carving that constitutes part of the spectacular decor. On the base of the hand-carved stairway which leads to the second landing, the Frenchman fashioned the symbolic bird of some country on each separate paneled edging of the steps. The

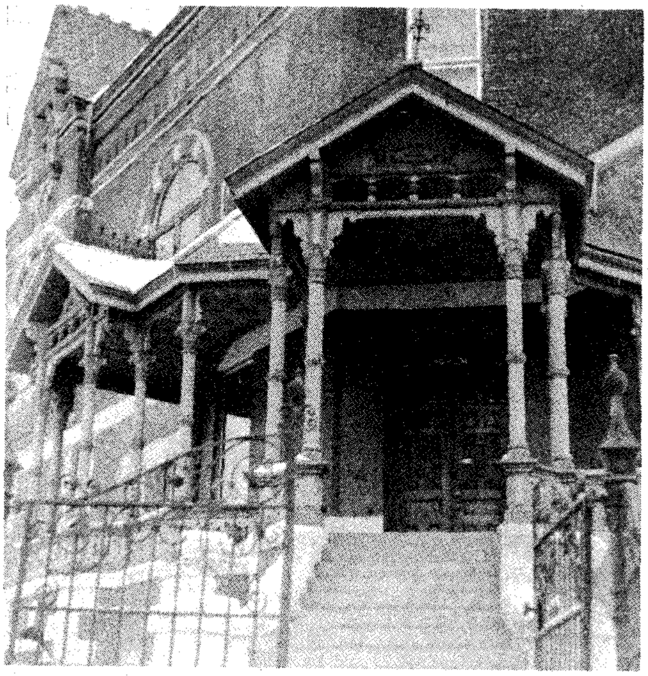


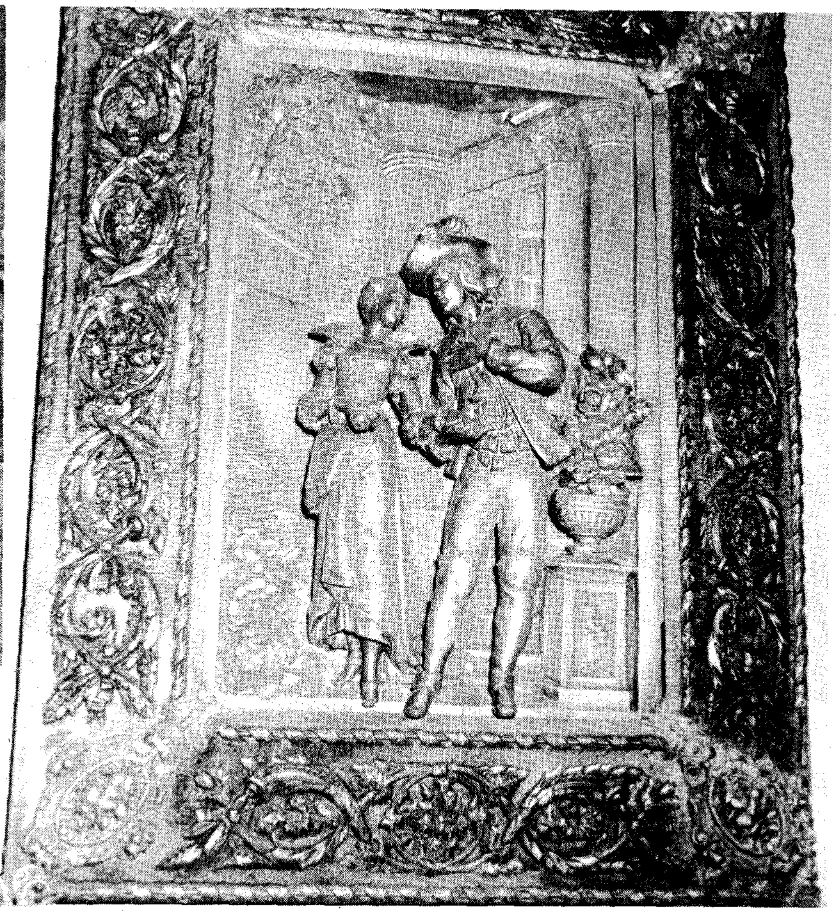




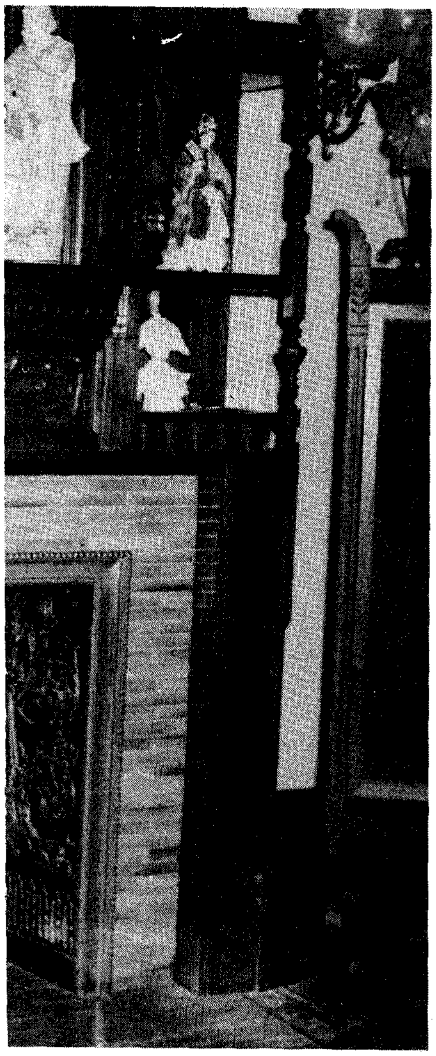


Top left: Basin in a French-style bathroom. Top right: The first landing with its beautiful stained glass windows inlaid with precious stones. Closeup (inset) showing more detail of the windows. Bottom right: One of the many tile fireplaces with hand-carved mantels.

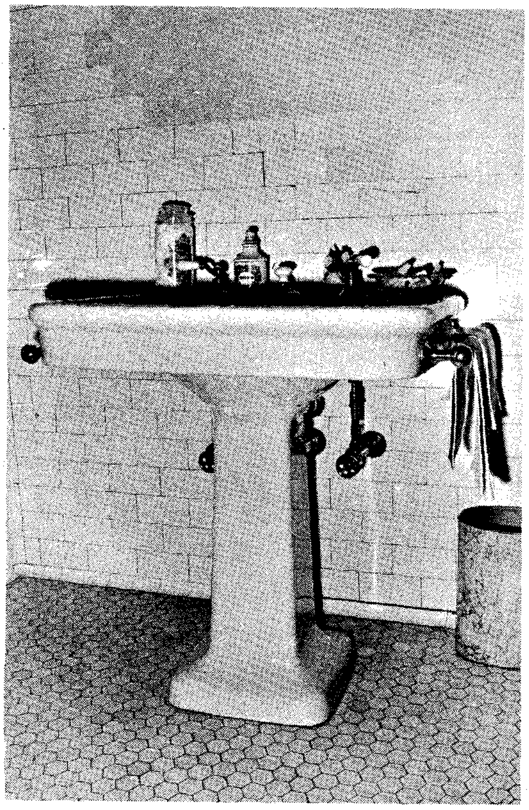




Above: Front entrance to the Clark mansion at 219 West Granite Street, Butte. The red brick home was built in 1884 at an estimated cost of $250,000. Today it is still one of the show places of the mining city with its current population of 40,000. Right: A French fresco, believed to be one of the original pieces remaining in the mansion.



Below: Typical basin in the mansion.



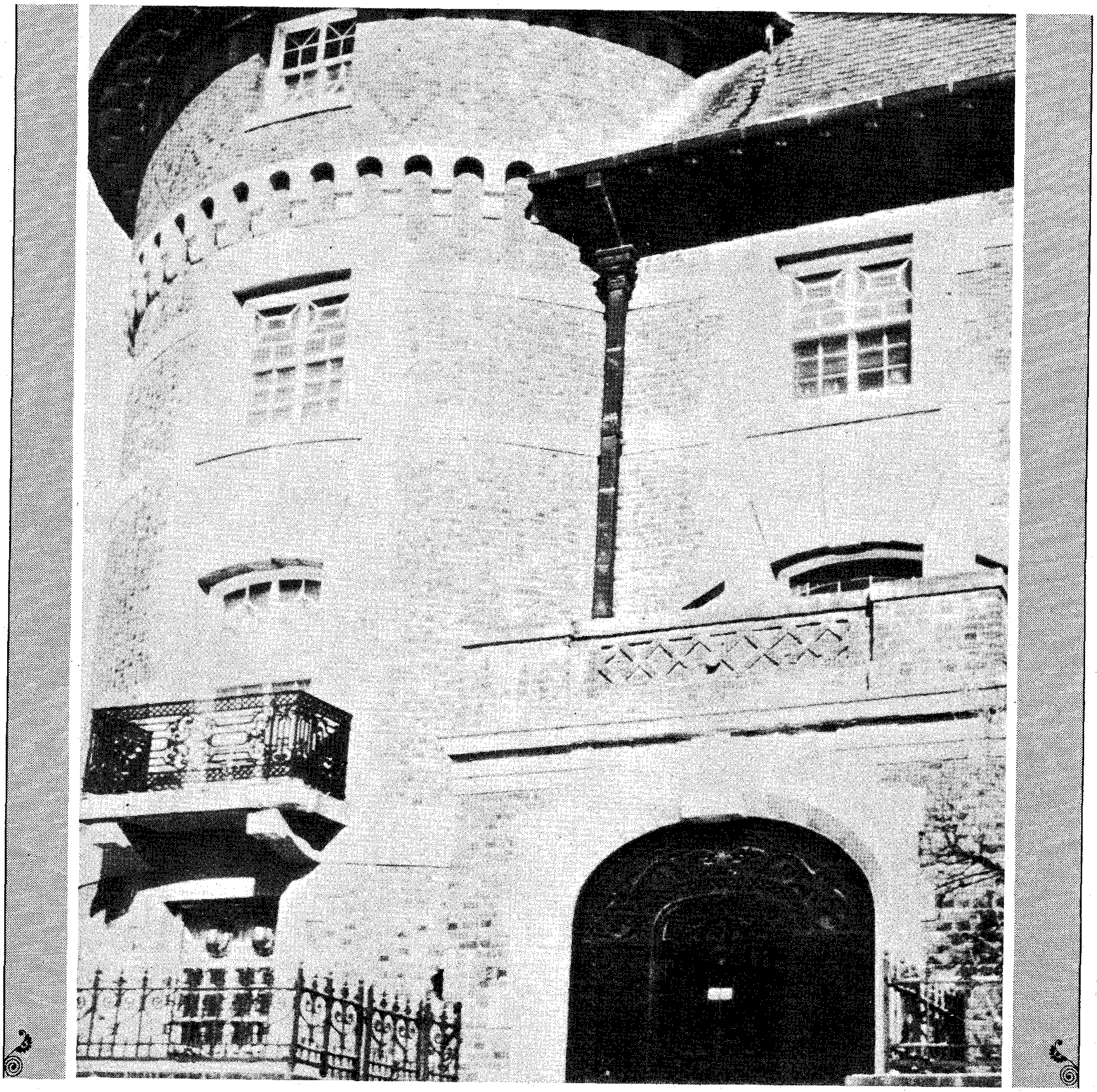
birds, in abundant plumage and ranging from pheasants to falcons, are exquisite; the present owners of the mansion, the Bob Smiths, refer to the steps as "the staircase of all nations."

Nothing of the house's original construction has been changed with the exception of the kitchen and butler's pantry, and these slight modifications were made for the family's convenience since the huge dwelling is their home.

Tours are conducted the year around unless winter conditions in January necessitate closing the entrance for a few weeks. The house was long ago converted from gas lighting to electricity, and gas heating gives winter comfort to the many rooms. Twenty-three elaborate chandeliers hang from hand-painted ceilings. During the years a few rooms have been added to the house, so that today they number thirty.

The variety of wood used in the building—white oak, ash, walnut, bird's eye maple, cherry and mahogany—lend a particular charm. Many of the floors have five different borders and are beautiful examples of marquetry. Stained glass windows adorn the house, and its beveled glass windows are protected on the inside by louvers. All of the doors are three inches thick and of two woods—oak on one side, solid mahogany on the other. Jewels are inlaid in many of the stained glass windows, and the front inner entrance doors of stained glass are valued at $2,500.

The hallways, dining room and billiard room in the Clark mansion have a two-foot wide encompassing panel with ornate flower and leaf motif which is coated in copper. The gaming or gambling room has a center chandelier which pulls down



W. A. Clark's son, Charles, built one of Butte's most unique homes about two blocks away from his father's. The son's home for years has been called the "Charlie Clark Castle." When first built it even had a moat, with a small drawbridge over it, lined with imported stones. In time the moat was torn up, and the stones, originally costing a great amount, were carted away to the dump. Today the castle is owned by the Fez Club of the Masonic Order. It has a ballroom on the third floor, with murals of an English hunting scene painted by the Butte artist Meinhart. The castle does not have as many rooms as the W. A. Clark mansion.

almost to the level of the table, and also possesses a tiny closet that houses an old-style burglar alarm which in Clark's day had a direct line running to the police and fire station. Clark was carefully guarding his guests against unwelcome visitors.

AT ONE TIME this home belonged to Catholic nuns. They installed their own chapel, which is maintained by the present owners. Much of Clark's Victorian furniture was sold to Hollywood, but photographs, reproduced on silk, show what his home looked like with its original furnishings.

A slate roof slants steeply to dormer windows and gables, and the outside of the mansion is decorated by slender white columns supporting small porticoes. Red chimneys reach high into the sky. The red brick home with its white trim can be seen for blocks around in all directions. When editor Tom Reay of the *Register-Republic* (in Illinois) visited Butte, he praised Bob and Ann Smith, saying: "They are actually antique buffs who relished the idea of attempting to restore the famous old home to its former splendor. Their success, over the years, attracted first the neighbors, then some out-of-town visitors and eventually a steady stream of tourists curious to get a glimpse of a flamboyant age in Montana."

One of the most interesting rooms of all is a small octagonal parlor. It measures 17′ x 17′, with a 12′ ceiling. Facing south, it gets marvelous natural lighting and serves as the reception room for visitors.

Paintings and frescoes adorn all the rooms and are a testimonial to the fine taste of Ann Smith's mother, Anna Cote, who willed her daughter this house. Mrs. Cote was a lavish entertainer, and many clubs held their meetings and banquets at

(Continued on page 44)

Author mounted on pinto "Patches."

STRANGERS and STRAYS

BY RUSSELL V. GUNTER

Photo Courtesy Author

Nine times out of ten somebody was looking for both!

THE BIG COULEES along the International Border just east of the Port of Entry at Monchy, in Saskatchewan, Canada at Highway No. 4, have seen many exciting things happen since the beginning of this century. No one has ever taken much time to record the fun we had or the many happenings that called for investigation by the Montana police and the Mounties of southwestern Saskatchewan.

Township No. I bordered the 49th parallel. In Range 14 the proud pinnacle of White Water Butte stands as a landmark to any pioneer cowboy who remembers this range before the P.F.R.A. pasture of the Canadian government took it over.

Across the border in northern Montana the country was much the same, the only difference being that Montana had open range regulations. Livestock could run at large there and anyone who cared to till the soil for grain growing was obliged to fence his crops.

In 1921, when I was a young buckaroo, the International Border had not yet been fenced, and it was hard for a rider to know when he had crossed into Montana. It was even harder for the range stock on either side of the border to tell their boundaries. Every spring at roundup time we had the difficult job of separating Canadian brands from American. Many of the range horses were as wild as the antelope and deer that grazed with them. If a cowboy didn't receive pleasure from his kind of work one can be sure he didn't stay a cowboy very long.

On most ranches the day started about five o'clock in the morning. Saddle horses were wrangled before breakfast, and other chores done for the day. Coffee, bacon and hotcakes seemed to be fairly standard for a cowboy's breakfast. Sometimes in faraway places we missed our dinner or just postponed it until suppertime. If a rider chanced to reach a ranch at mealtime the door was always open to him. Those good old days we will never forget.

The headquarters of the ranch where my buddy and I rode the range fifty years ago was a few miles east of White Water Butte beside a large spring and windmill on the rolling prairie. A few thousand acres of this ranch were fenced while several thousand were yet unfenced. The large tract of open prairie range was in Township 1 in Range 14 against the Montana State border. The brand that was used on the horses was A4 on left hip while the cattle brand was ASS in block letters in the left side.

Merril Waddle had been raised in southern Alberta where horses were snuffy and the longhorn cattle used to roam. Early in his life he had been called Shorty. In Alberta and Saskatchewan this name had clung to him like a burr. He was a good ranch hand.

I was a pioneer of southern Saskatchewan. My parents had named me Russell, but owing to a curly head of hair I was nicknamed Curly before I was one year old. I was one of the Gunter boys of the Val Marie district.

In the spring of 1921 during calving season Shorty and I had to put in mighty long days and in our spare time we broke out more saddle horses. About seven horses each were needed as the saddle stock were almost entirely grass fed.

The owner of this stock ranch was Albert S. Smith of Monchy. His age was crowding sixty. He had his own special saddle horses but did very little riding for the ranch. He used a Model T Ford over the range trails and occasionally had to be towed in by a couple of horses.

ONE sunny morning about the middle of May, when the prairie grass seemed to grow by inches, the boss gave orders to his riders for the coming week. He said, "We have more than a hundred horses that are spread out east of here as far as Rosefield and as far south as the Lone Tree Springs in Montana. Pick up all that you can find on the Canadian side first because the pound will be open here within a day or two. Afterwards the balance will be across in Montana. Every horse bearing the A4 brand must be found and put into the east pasture. All strays must be left on their prairie range as we do not want extra horses to be sorted around the ranch."

That night at the bunkhouse Shorty and I made some plans for the next few

(Continued on page 62)

Silver spur made in Yuma, Arizona prison.

WITHOUT A JINGLE

Everything can be imprisoned except imagination...

BY ROBERTA M. STARRY

Photos Courtesy Author

"THE BID goes to the party over there!" With that announcement we became the owners of another pair of spurs; but these were not just a different western-style spur. The auctioneer had tried for a top price with the claim that they had been made in Arizona's Territorial Prison at Yuma.

The prison pitch seemed like a gross exaggeration when one recalled that Yuma was known as the "Hell Hole" of the Southwest, for the spurs were of hand-worked silver and iron that was unique and beautiful.

Large and heavy, they showed the Spanish-Mexican influence of the nineteenth century, with large rowels and points extending an inch and a half. Lined with iron, the thick layer of silver on the outside made a workable surface for an ornate leaf and flower pattern on one side and a uniformly geometric design on rowels and the less conspicuous side of the spurs.

With the spurs was a horsehair quirt, relic of the past when "hair art," using human or animal hair, was all the rage. Though composed almost entirely of two colors, white and black, there were narrow lines of faded blue and red which probably had given colorful accents when the object was new. The black and white pattern braided around leather resembled the design in a Yaqui Indian basket we have. Even the starting point of the braiding gave the impression that it was started the same as an Indian basket. Fastened into the leather that made the base of the handle portion were strips of leather with a tooled pattern on one side. The entire twenty-six inches of quirt, from the horsehair braiding to the tip of the leather popper, was a work of art.

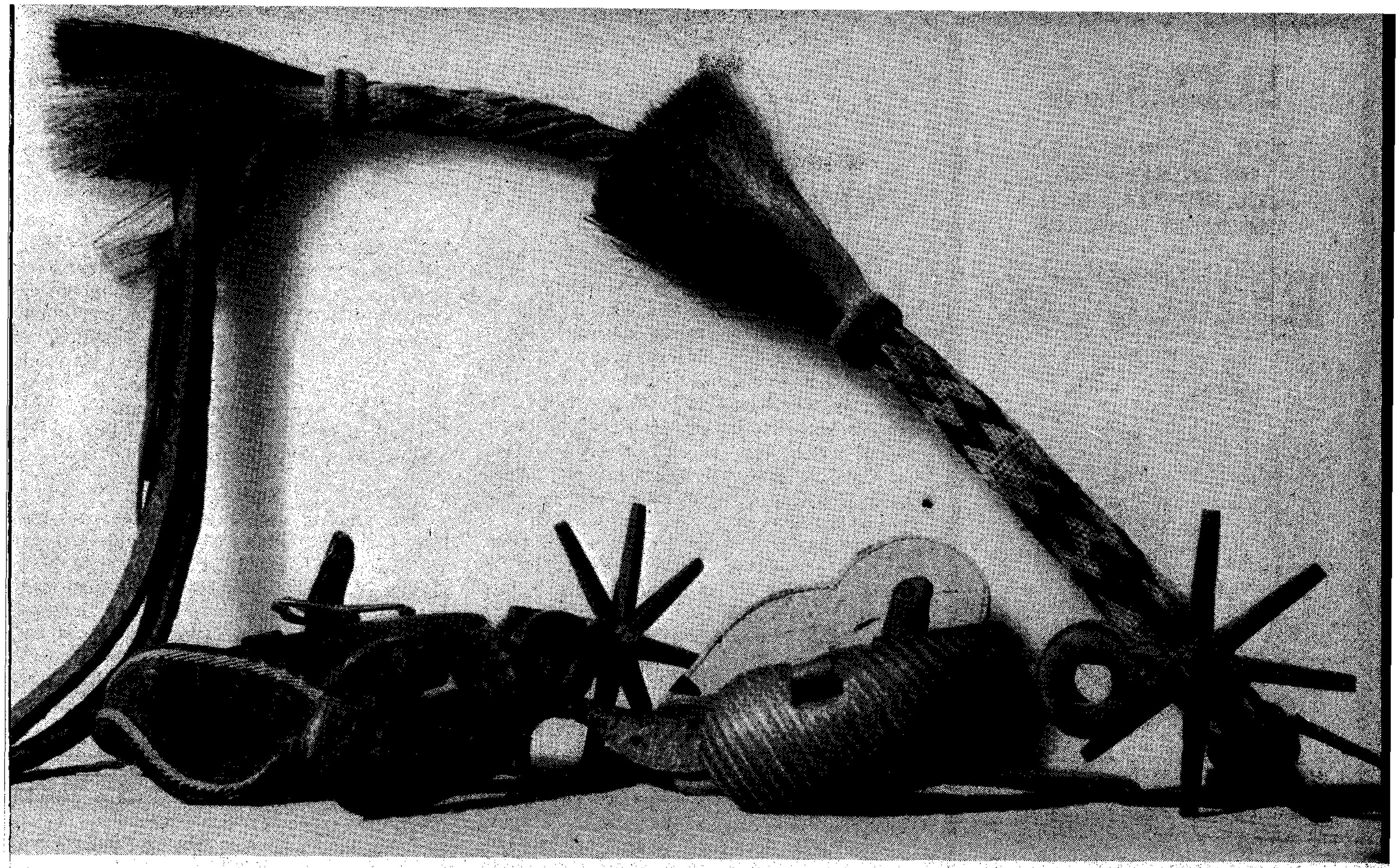
Since verification of the "produced in Yuma prison" story would add much pleasure to our ownership of the spurs and quirt, we proceeded to search for someone who could give us the true background. Fortunately, a middle-aged gentleman, grandson of the original owner, was keeping an eye on the sale and was not too difficult to locate.

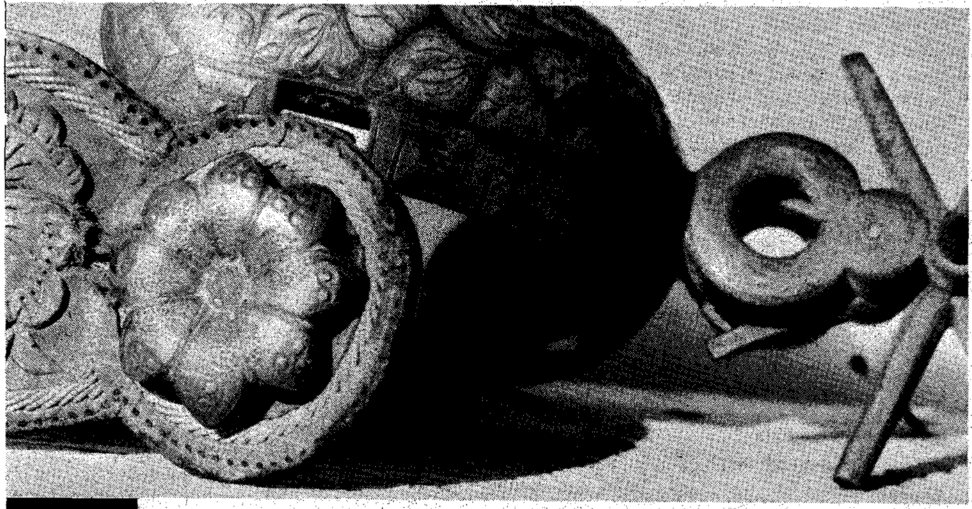
"Those were sent to Grandfather as a gift from a relative who was a prisoner at Yuma in the late 1800s," the grandson said. "The man was unjustly confined but there was nothing he or the family could do about it. Grandfather highly prized the work and the spurs hung on the wall by his desk for as long as I can remember. We're settling the old man's estate now and none of the present family cares for that sort of thing."

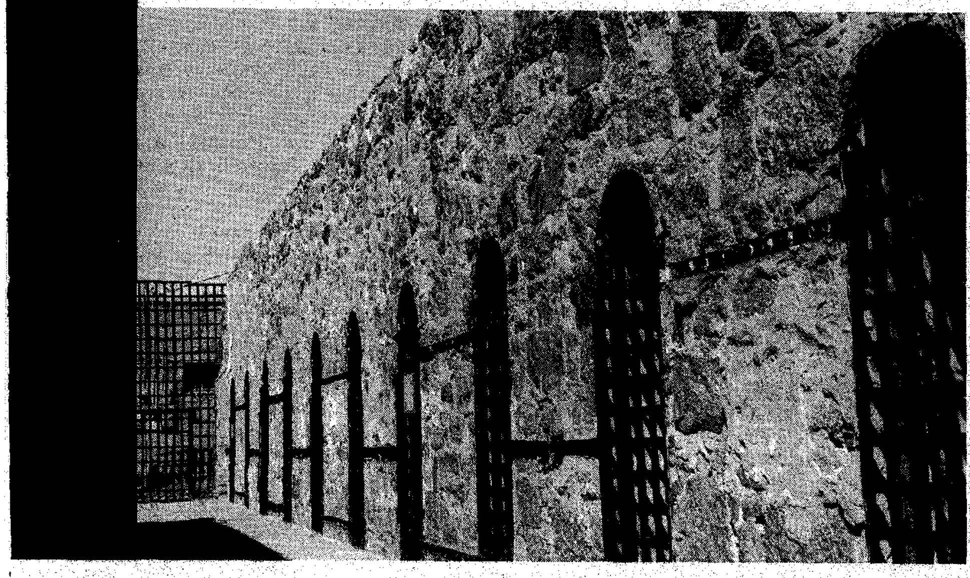
We expressed our appreciation for the explanation so freely offered and surmised that the "unjustly confined" relative had been one of a number of Mormons imprisoned for polygamy. "Could you give us a written statement covering what you have just told us and the name of the prisoner?"

The man shook his head in the negative and then conceded to a degree. "I'll be happy to sign a statement as to their being made in the prison and the date as near as I can, but no name. That fellow paid what society demanded and that is far enough for the matter to go." His viewpoint was understandable, and proof of the place of origin was really all that was needed.

ANY OBJECT produced during the wild Territorial days when the prison was nicknamed the Hell Hole would be a treasure to a collector. Yuma prison had a reputation for confining some of the wildest desperadoes in the Southwest







Above: Hand-tooled leather strap with edge laced in horse hair (left), the ornately decorated side of outside of the spur compared to the plainer, silver-coater inside. No decoration appeared on inside of the rowel. In back is the horsehair quirt, 26 inches long including the leather popper. Left: Detail of the strap stud; design is worked in silver. Bottom left: Part of cell block of the Territorial prison. Six men occupied each cell. Known as the "Hell Hole of Arizona" it was located in one of the hottest spots in the United States.

during the era when tough men were a part of the country's growing pains. It was also considered one of the hottest, most uncomfortable places to be confined, *with daytime temperatures running* above 100 degrees most of the year and humidity making matters worse in August and September.

Built on and into a rocky bluff overlooking the unpredictable Colorado River at the southwest corner of Arizona Territory, Yuma prison reputedly housed murderers and thieves of mixed races. One would assume that the type of inmates plus the climate would create a situation *demanding* tight security. The possibility of a man making spurs which could be used as a deadly weapon seemed a bit out of character. Even a horsehair quirt could give guards a bad time and just where on that hot rocky hump would a prisoner find horsehair?

All unanswered questions and haunting doubts about the silver spurs and the braided quirt have been cleared. A visit to the old prison grounds and the mu-

(Continued on page 48)

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(Continued from page 19)

I do hope someone will have run across some mention of the Nave family. I know they lived in Saline County for many years and many of them are buried there but it's a long way from Portland, Oregon.—Ruth N. Duff, 4816 S.E. 61st Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97206

Auldridge

Two brothers, James and John Auldridge, left England in the early 19th century. James Auldridge was my grandfather. He was in Illinois, probably about 1830. The records of that state show that Grandfather was married there—no name or date were available. From this marriage four boys, and maybe five, were born: Tom, Dan, and Frank—the names of the other two are unknown. No record of my grandfather's first wife's death was available.

I do know that my own grandmother, Sarah Jane Elliot, was born February 14, 1834 in Illinois. About 1853 they left Illinois and came to Hill County, Texas where my father David Dudly Auldridge was born on July 7, 1865. Another brother, named Nath, was about four years older than my father.

About 1873 my grandfather and twelve-year-old Nath left Bosque County, Texas to go to Kansas with a herd of horses and maybe some cattle. They reached their destination and camped. Grandfather left Nath at the wagon yard, explaining to him that he was going to see about the disposal of his stock. Although Nath waited, my grandfather never returned. Grandfather carried a heavy solid gold watch and somehow Uncle Nath recovered it and took it back to Grandmother Auldridge.

I very much would like to know my grandfather's date of birth, his full name, and where he settled after he arrived from England. Also, his parents' names, the names of any brothers and sisters, and whether he was married a second time before he married my grandmother, and if so the number for this marriage and their names. Did anyone see him after he left Bosque County with Nath?

Grandmother raised her children alone. She homesteaded in Bosque County and farmed the land with one horse and an ox. She died January 23, 1919 and was buried in the Spring Creek Cemetery.—Mrs. Ann Lee Auldridge Casey, Box 341, Topock, Arizona 86436

Bird-Smith

Would like to know what happened to Sabina Bird and her husband Edwin C. Smith, who were married in Iowa County April 16, 1857. Sabina was one of the seven children of Mary A. Bird (Byrd), and they and their mother were all members of the Willie Handcart Company that left Iowa City July 15, 1856 and arrived in Salt Lake City November 9, 1856. On the way, Sabina and Anne, her sister, ran away from the Company near Homestead, Iowa. Anne married John Mitchell and Sabina, Edwin C. Smith.

Will appreciate any and all information about Sabina.—Mrs. Beal Fann Gasher, P.O. Box 397, Cedar Ridge, California 95924

Shaw-Lennen

Would like to hear from anyone who has any information about John Peter Shaw, born in or near Zanesville, Muskingum County, Ohio, in June 1857. He was in McPherson, Kansas on February 14, 1889 when he and Martha Young were married.

Also, does anyone have any information about Peter Bradford Lennen before 1831? He was born in Kentucky in 1784, married Barbara Rash in 1810, served in the War of 1812 and died in Nobelsville, Indiana in 1862. Father Charles was born in Virginia and served in the Revolutionary War. Great-grandfather Samuel came from Ireland, and many have spelled his name Lennon, Lennin or O'-Lennen.—Harold M. Lennen, Box 212, Yorba Linda, California 92686

Short

Can anyone help me? My brother-in-law, Cole Short, was a mail route driver and farmer from 1914 to 1922 in McHenry, North Dakota. He left on business the fall of 1922 and was not heard from again. If he is still alive, he would be seventy-seven years old.

Cole had five brothers—Bill, Dan, Ruthford, Melvin and Aubrey. Bill, Dan and Aubrey are dead. Ruthford lives in McHenry, North Dakota. I would appreciate any help in locating Cole.—Rachel Short Nelson, Route 1, Sand Gates Road, Mechanicsville, Maryland 20659

Cornelious

Can any of your readers help me in tracing the Cornelious family who came to Tennessee from Georgia, probably in or around the time of the Civil War? They came to Rutherford or Cannon County, Tennessee.

James Richard Bowen and Mary Cornelious were married around 1872 or 1873. There were five children: Mattie, Will Fain, John, Calvin, and Sarah Bowen Long (my mother). Her mother (my grandmother) Mary Jane Cornielus (or Cornelious) was born September 7, 1856 in Rome, Georgia. Her father was a Baptist preacher—in those days he was called a circuit rider as he rode a horse over an area preaching in homes, school houses, or brush arbors. His name was Albert Cornielus, and he taught the elderly to read the Bible.

Grandmother died in January of 1886 and neither my mother nor any of her brothers or sisters ever knew any of her family. Does anyone know who my grandmother's parents were and if she had any brothers or sisters? Any information will be greatly appreciated.—Mary E. Long, Route 6, Box 30, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73119

Weaver

Someone in Missouri must have heard of William A. Weaver and I am trying to find out all I can about him. He was a Pinkerton detective in Jasper County, a jailer in Carl Junction and Carthage, a photographer in Carthage, a member of Modern Woodmen of America, and president of the Missouri Anti-Horse Thief Association for six years.

He lived in Jasper County, Missouri from 1870-1917. He married Mary Etta

(Continued on page 49)

BONUS VIGNETTE from Hunter's Frontier Times

TRAGEDIES I HAVE WITNESSED

By J. Marvin Hunter

(From the January, 1941 FRONTIER TIMES)

I VIVIDLY remember the first killing of a man I witnessed at close range. That was the shooting of John Vaden at Fort McKavett, Texas in 1886. Vaden was a dangerous man and had the reputation of having killed several men. Just after the Civil War he became notorious at Sulphur Springs in Hopkins County, where he killed a man by the name of Lige Reynolds and skipped out. The murder of Reynolds was a most cruel and coldblooded one, and if Vaden had been captured at the time he most likely would have been hanged by the angry citizens.

Vaden drifted west and joined the Texas Rangers, serving in Company D for a time. After Vaden left the Ranger service he located in Fort McKavett. He had a wife and several children.

One day while drinking, Vaden proceeded to raise a rough house in a saloon by breaking the mirrors and creating a disturbance generally. When Ben Daniels, the bartender, remonstrated with him Vaden became greatly incensed and swore he would go home, get his gun, and return to kill Daniels. Knowing that Vaden was a dangerous character, Daniels closed the saloon and sought a hiding place in a side room of Sam Wallick's store, where he remained for a greater part of the day.

Vaden's wife saw him coming home and suspected by his actions that he was coming after his gun, so she hid all of his firearms. Not being able to secure a gun of any kind, Vaden went back down in town and obtained a pole that had a steel point and hook on the end—a pole which all old-timers will remember as being used in most stores for lifting articles from the ceiling. Tinware, horse-collars, and many other articles were suspended from the ceiling, and when a sale was made the pole was used to take the articles down. Vaden secured such a pole and went to a blacksmith shop, where he used a grindstone in sharpening the steel point and make a formidable pike of it. Then he went about town looking for Ben Daniels, swearing he would kill him on sight. Not finding Daniels he amused himself by prodding horses ridden in by cowboys and making them pitch, and seemed to take great delight in the sport he was having.

During a lull in the late afternoon Daniels, thinking all danger was past, stepped from his hiding place. Vaden, who was standing nearby with the pike in his hand, immediately spied him and made a rush at him. Daniels side-stepped and started across the street with Vaden following and cursing him, and getting closer he made another rush with the pike pole. Again Daniels jumped to one side and as Vaden went past him Daniels suddenly pulled a pistol and fired two shots, one of which struck Vaden in the side and passed through his body. He crumpled to the ground and died in a very few minutes. I was just a little boy, and did not fully realize that I was witnessing a tragedy right there.

Ben Daniels, cool and composed, walked to a hitching rack in front of Wallick's store, where a number of saddled horses stood hitched. Looking these horses over he selected the best of the lot, and asked some men who were standing on the store gallery whose horse it was, and when one of the men said it was his horse, Daniels remarked: "I am borrowing it for a few days. I will send it back to you within a week," and mounting the animal he rode off at a gallop. He never came back, but he did send the horse back to its owner within the time specified. His reason for flight was probably due to the fact that he feared some of Vaden's friends or relatives there would seek to avenge his death. Ben Daniels was never indicted for the killing of John Vaden. He went to Arizona and remained there. Later he became a very efficient officer of the law and made a good reputation for himself.

ANOTHER man-killing I witnessed occurred at Mason, Texas in 1889, when I stood on the street there and saw Sheriff John Butler and his deputy, P. C. Baird, shoot and kill John Simmons and his brother Jesse Simmons. John Simmons owned and operated a saloon on the east side of the public square in Mason. He became involved in a difficulty with a man whose name I have forgotten, and knocked the man down with his six-shooter. The officers ran across from the courthouse and commanded Simmons to drop his pistol.

Just at this instant Jesse Simmons, who was a stranger there, having arrived a few days before to visit his brother, appeared in the door of the saloon with a double-barrel shotgun, and the officers opened fire. John Simmons was shot through the head and Jesse Simmons was shot through both legs, the former dying within thirty minutes. Jesse Simmons died from blood poison a few days later. In an attempt to save his life Drs. Gatliff and Beck amputated his legs, but gangrene had set up and he succumbed to his wounds. No doubt Jesse Simmons not knowing Butler and Baird were officers and thinking his brother was being attacked by enemies, picked up a shotgun he found in the saloon and went to his assistance, and the officers, mistaking his intentions, opened fire.

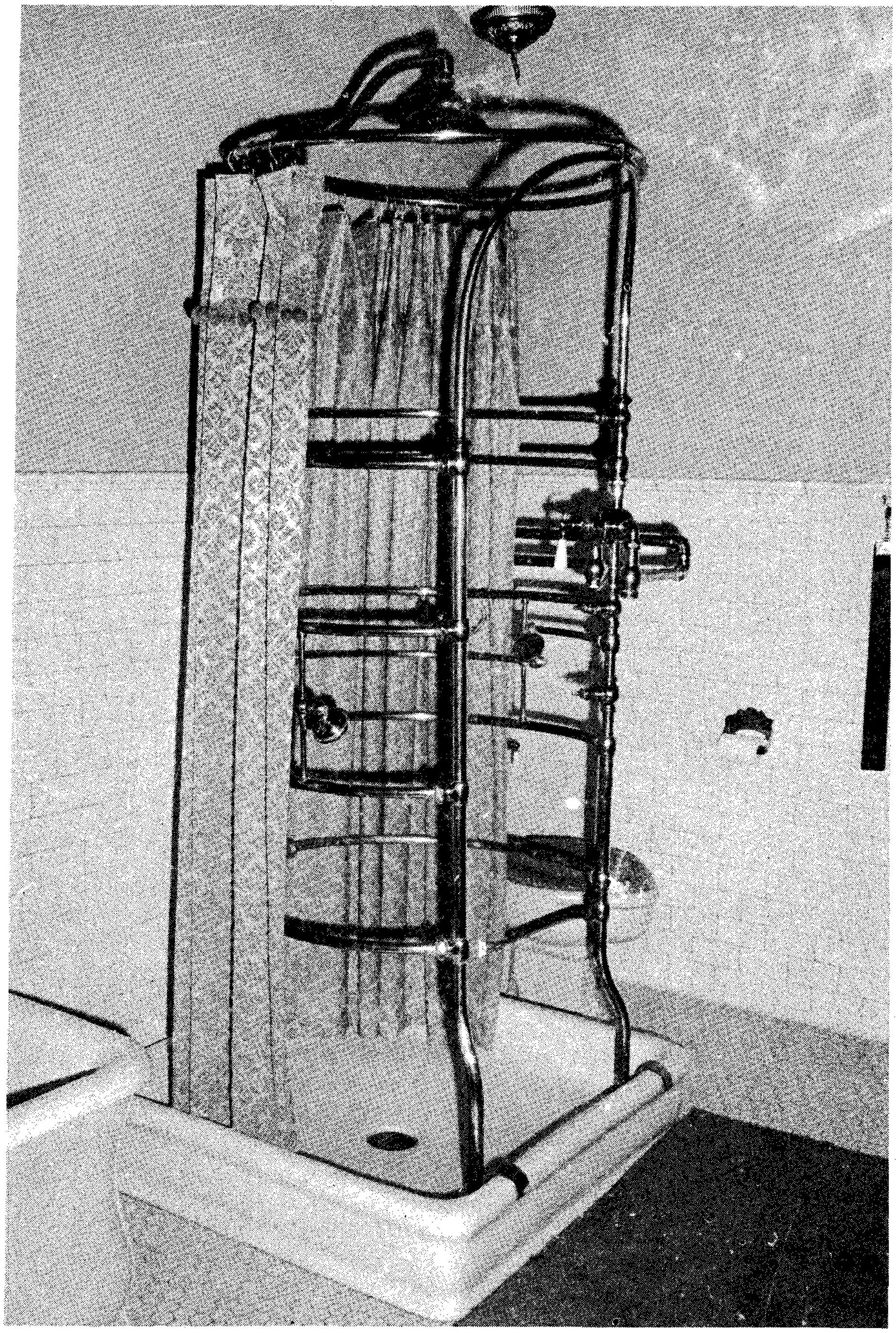
Once more I was an eye-witness to one of those realistic dramas that happened in a frontier town, and I did not realize that it was a tragedy. Late one afternoon in 1898 I was walking up the street from the *Devil's River News* office to the Decker Hotel in Sonora, Texas, in company with Jim Hunter, another young man about my own age. Just as we were at the door of Mayer Bros. & Co.'s store we heard a shot fired in a saloon across the street. We stopped to see what was going on. A crowd of men came rushing out of the saloon, one of them on his hands and knees, hopping like a frog. Other shots rang out, and just as the doorway to the saloon was cleared a man backed out of the saloon, ran to a front window, which was open, leveled his pistol inside and fired it, and another shot inside the saloon boomed out. The man outside staggered, but did not fall. Two men rushed to him and helped him away.

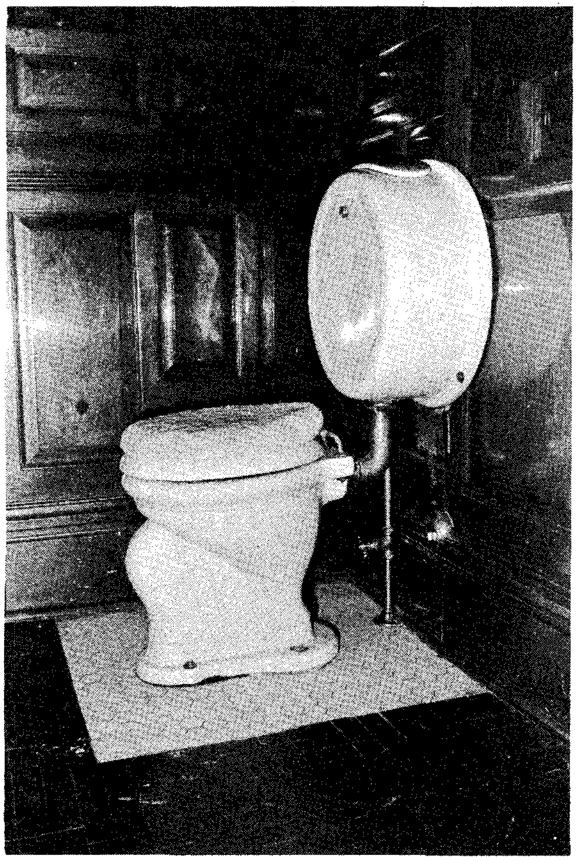
As the shooting seemed to be over, Jim and I went into the saloon and found Walter Sapp, a gambler, seated in a chair with several men around him. Sapp said he was going to die and asked that he be taken outside for fresh air. Willing hands assisted him to the back of the saloon where he was laid on the ground, and to make him more comfortable I took off my coat and placed it under his head. He was shot through the stomach and died in about thirty minutes—died praying that God would have mercy on him, a poor sinner. His brother Ollie, who had arrived in Sonora only a few days before to visit him, was present as he breathed his last. And his last words to his brother were: "Tell Mother I died game."

Frank Johns died three days later, at the home of Charlie Adams. Johns was the man who came out of the saloon and then fired at Sapp through the open window. Sapp's last shot struck Johns just above the heart, and probably would not have proved fatal but Johns, against the advice of physicians, got up the third day and moved about and within a few minutes he died.

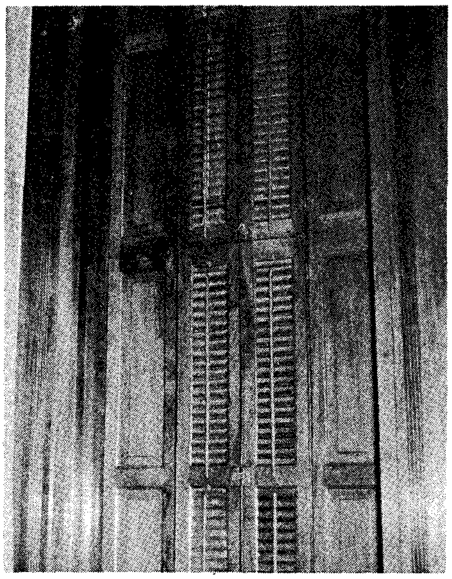
Johns and Sapp were professional gamblers and had been lifelong associates. On the day of the killing a quarrel arose between them and grew bitter; but friends interceded, and they agreed to shake hands and forget the trouble. This they did, and went to the bar to drink together, when suddenly, it is said, Johns drew his pistol and shot Sapp in the stomach. In the excitement and rush to get out of range of bullets the crowd in the saloon rushed pell-mell into the street. While Jim Hunter and I were standing in front of Mayer's Bros. store looking on we did not realize that bullets were coming close to us and embedding themselves in the door of the store in front of which we were standing. This was later found to be the case. This affair, to which we were eye-witnesses, we did not think of as a tragedy, but rather as one of those exciting pistol fights which were of frequent occurrence in frontier towns.

See
Inside Front Cover





Left: This needle-point shower (above) is a French import in the W. A. Clark mansion. The bather is covered by water from head to toe from dozens of little sprays in the circular pipes. Shuttered louvers (below) protect the windows inside throughout the mansion. Above: Notice the unusual round water tank.



Copper King in a Mining Camp

(Continued from page 38)

her large dining room table, using her antique crystal, china and rare silver. Mrs. Cote was waked in the small octagonal parlor.

Fashion models often pose in the mansion, the stairway being especially suitable for bridal scenes. At some future date the Smiths hope to turn the basement into a bar, and if gambling is ever again legalized in Montana the downstairs might well accommodate this diversion.

Butte is rarely mentioned without including its copper king, W. A. Clark, and the home he built. Its construction was supervised by D. T. McDevitt, called "one of the most experienced builders and mechanics in the West." Clark also built a mansion in New York of imported white marble which contained 121 rooms, 4 art galleries and 31 bathrooms, but it has been razed and its great art treasures scattered to all four corners of the earth. Only the mansion at 219 West Granite Street in Butte, Montana hints of the days that were, and tourists leave convinced that in the mining city are treasures above ground, as well as below.

"Draw One For Babe!"

(Continued from page 33)

that Babe had attempted to end his life and "move on to another world for better or worse." The story told that Babe had deliberately pulled the trigger on a shotgun but had succeeded only in burning his face badly when the powder ignited. The newspaper implied that Babe might be insane and would be examined later with this in mind but for the present he was simply retained until he could sober up.

Babe never saw the inside of a mental institution that time but he did a few years later when a friend decided that a short period of confinement might straighten him out after a particularly strenuous binge. Babe became part of a work detail on the hospital grounds. The guard placed a hoe in his hand and ordered him to work. Babe shot a disbelieving look at the man in charge of the detail and countered with:

"Work, hell! You can't make me work. Don't you know I'm crazy?" Babe threw down the hoe.

His guard turned his back, and Babe

hopped the fence and made tracks for Prescott and a vacation. He took a longer stay in Prescott that year, fearing his return to Phoenix would mean further confinement in an asylum, and perhaps punishment for "escaping."

BABE'S great strength and good nature always assured him of employment with ranchers and cattlemen. None of these men would refuse him a job because they knew he would work hard and do a good job—but only until payday. Then it was time for a party and a night in jail.

Algernon Dove probably spent as many days and nights in the Phoenix jail as any man on the books. He was a gentle sort, even when he was blind drunk, and this was a fortunate thing because, with his size and strength, he could have been a living terror if he had had a mean streak.

Once, in a spirit of fun, City Recorder T. C. Jobs gave Babe a life sentence in jail and further instructed his jailers that the big fellow could be allowed to serve out his confinement in two-and three-day periods.

Babe returned from his winter trip to Prescott in 1908 to announce that police officers in the Mile High City had extra cold hearts that year. Officers in Prescott had insisted he go to work, he told a reporter in Phoenix. Babe kept the job a full day. He declared that he had moved enough building blocks in that one day to last him the rest of his life and, when the boss fired him at six o'clock that night for being lazy, he had already made up his mind to quit anyway. He received $1.50 for his day's efforts which he immediately computed to represent fifteen beers in Prescott. At the rate of one beer per minute, Babe estimated that he was broke again exactly a quarter of an hour later.

During the Christmas season in 1908 Babe put forth a stiff warning to boozers in an interview which appeared in the Phoenix *Gazette.* "I am reminded that the season is again here for the booze fighters to begin hoisting the stuff that killed Father and, pouring it past their ruby lips by the bucketful . . .they can climb upon the wagon the first of the year and be good."

Algernon Dove was being interviewed by the press while reclining on his bunk in jail. Babe told the reporter that he'd like to have the opportunity to tell all of mankind from the street corners about the dangers of booze but that he would probably be confined to an asylum if he tried it. But he did have a few printable thoughts on the subject and the rest of the news story expounds on them.

"Along about the second week in December," said Babe Dove, "saloonkeepers begin setting out their best lunches. They polish the brass rails a little brighter than usual and they buy cuspidors of a more fancy variety. Why? Cause they know the busy season is getting ready to increase his daily allowance of drinks and he'll whoop it up bigger than ever. He feels he'll reform on the first of the year and follow the cows for keeps. Only milk for him, even if it does cost seven and a half cents per quart. It don't make any difference if he has been doing the same thing for the last twenty years. He forgets all about the times he's reformed and then backslid."

Babe went on to warn his readers that the first of March was the crucial date. The reformed person begins to lounge around the saloons again, Babe said, even venturing in and sipping on a glassful of ginger ale. Danger lurks in ginger ale, the warning continued. It is fiery to the taste and the Babe was telling his audience that this one fluid has pulled more men off the water wagon than any other liquid.

He said he knew the personal struggles that a man could endure fighting booze and also felt concerned for the wives of men who felt compelled to drink during the Christmas season. "I hate to see a man fighting booze worse in December than any other month. I know what it means to be on constant combat with the demon rum. December is the month for wives and children and it seems to me that a man could get all the souses that he needs in the other eleven months without butting into December. Before this month is up there'll be many a sad heart in the breasts of women.

"The man without a home may have some excuse for a 'skate'," he added, "but not the man with a family. A woman can stand and smile over her husband's jag on the Fourth of July, but she'd cry over it at Christmas."

PERHAPS one of the better-known stories concerning Babe Dove occurred in Phoenix sometime before the turn of the century. It was told at dedication ceremonies of a new city-county building in 1927, by Arizona's recent elder statesman of the U.S. Senate, Carl. Hayden. Senator Hayden had served as sheriff of Maricopa County from 1907 until his appointment to the Senate in 1912 when Arizona achieved statehood, and in his former capacity Hayden had steadied Babe many times. In its earlier days Phoenix boasted the same kind of summer heat that it does today but it had a much smaller jail. Temperatures inside the building went to an unbearable level in the daytime. Authorities felt it would be much more humane to their less violent prisoners if they could be confined, somehow, on the outside of the building during the summer months, so they brought in a huge log. It was twelve feet long, according to the story, and two feet in diameter, and city fathers placed it under a shade tree near the jail.

When a peaceful sort of citizen got out of line he was chained to the log to await his court appearance. This method placed him under scrutiny of his fellow citizens and subjected him to a certain amount of chiding by any youngsters who passed the lot, but it was a lot more comfortable than being out of sight on the inside of the building during the heat of the day.

It came to pass that Algernon Dove arrived in Phoenix that year and wasted no time getting cranked up down on Washington Street. When the good people of Phoenix had had just about all they could stand of him for one evening, Babe was escorted to the lot beside the city jail and chained to the log to sleep it off.

In the morning it took Babe a few minutes to get himself back to reality and bring his eyes into focus. He had a terrific headache, his stomach was upset, and he had enough fuzzy-wuzzies in his mouth for three men. Babe realized he was suffering from a king-size hangover, but he also remembered that it had been a great homecoming the night before.

Then he spotted the chains and the twelve-foot-long log which were restraining him. And the whole picture just went to make him thirsty. The big fellow stood on his feet, even though he was a little shaky.

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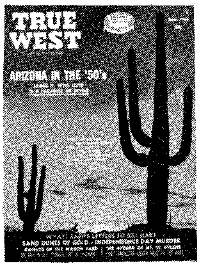

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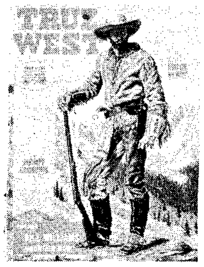

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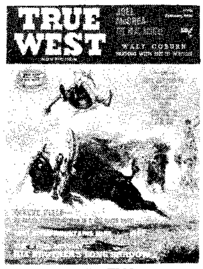

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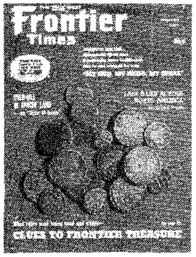

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picked up the log and hoisted it to his shoulder. He started off afoot with the log on his shoulder and carried it more than two blocks to his favorite tavern on Washington Street, managing to cross a drainage ditch full of water en route.

Babe was staggering a little when he entered the saloon but the bartender hardly noticed.

Quite calmly he declared, "I'm fixin' ter trade this hyer log for a drink. How's one for one?"

The bartender never said a word. He just uncorked a bottle of whiskey and set it on the bar. Babe took the bottle by the neck, tipped it back and drew a long, slow drink to settle his nerves. One more long, slow drink and Babe had apparently satisfied his need, at least temporarily. Without further ado, he re-shouldered the log and proceeded to carry it back to his starting point where he promptly curled up for another snooze.

IN 1915 when Babe came to Phoenix at Christmastime he received a kind write-up in the Phoenix *Gazette*, or maybe he just met up with a reporter who felt he should be charitable in view of Babe's seventy-seven years.

The story indicated that Babe had been a two-gun man in the early days and one of the most feared men in the Southwest. It added nothing about his drinking escapades over the previous half-century but commented that Babe was a quiet and peaceful person except when called upon to defend himself. "Babe has roamed the hills and deserts, working here and there and always independent, as is the way of old-timers. He is still making his own way working in field or mine, on the cattle range or in the mountains. And 'Babe' will always work, so long as there is life in his bosom."

It's quite possible that the writer was a newcomer in Arizona and wasn't aware of Algernon Dove's reputation. Or, it might have been a case of the West trying to protect its own, which it very often does.

The last mention of Algernon Dove came in 1919 when he voluntarily checked himself into the Arizona Pioneers' Home in Prescott on January 6. This is a place where old-timers go to live out their days in peace and quiet on a hill overlooking the City of Prescott and with a view of the mountains and hills which surround the city. The air is clear there and mixed with a tingling scent from the acres of pine trees which blanket the general area. Babe stayed there three weeks before checking himself out again and dropping permanently out of sight.

It wouldn't be fair or honest to say that Algernon Babe Dove had never contributed anything to the State of Arizona. Here was a man who prided himself on enjoying life as he saw it and who was unbridled by the usual cares that generally slow down other kinds of people.

In the fifty years or so that Babe lived in Arizona it would only be fair to say that he contributed *everything* he had—but he was very careful not to do it at a rate which would exceed about 10 cents per glass.

Idaho's Fabulous Lost Mines

(Continued from page 18)

mained quietly in camp and then went on east leisurely after sunup. While skirting the deep defiles of creeks running south into the great river, they saw a chance to escape. A hazardous trail near the headwaters of a creek led them through the canyon and beyond to safety.

The tracking party after three weeks returned to Florence in a very angry mood. They reported it as certain that the placer of Sanchez and Hernandez was in one of the canyon creeks emptying into the Salmon. In less than a month the Spaniards returned to Florence, picked up their money from the merchant, and traveled on to Lewiston. There they took a boat downriver and went overland to their homes in California. When he was questioned, the merchant said that if the amount of gold they took to Lewiston was even half as much as that brought in on previous trips, Sanchez and Hernandez had surely taken half a million dollars from their secret placer.

The figure stunned the local miners, although some placers had produced considerably more. But Spaniards getting half a million? Absolutely unthinkable that it should be allowed!

That winter several parties of prospectors went to the north creeks of the Salmon hunting for the bonanza. A crude, one-room cabin with the usual flat dirt roof was found on a creek near Blowout Mountain. Sanchez and Hernandez had obviously stayed there from time to time. But careful prospecting of the canyon brought no color to light. Perhaps the cabin was only an overnight stopping place from and to their placer.

Some supposition existed that the two Spaniards had worked out a pocket of gold; that that was why they had left the country. Then in May, 1861 both showed up in Florence with pack burros, loitering around, seeming to be in no hurry. But leave they did one night, managing to get away unseen. The miners who tried to track them down never picked up their trail.

Two months later two men enroute to Florence found both Spaniards dead in camp not four miles from town. Their burros were still hanging around, although the men had been dead at least two weeks. Their few possessions were scattered about, and the pockets of their clothing had been turned wrong side out. Only cursory investigation was made. It was just assumed that Sanchez and Hernandez had been killed by robbers for the gold they were carrying from their placer.

Other strikes were made in that region of Idaho, but none anywhere near the canyon country the two Spaniards were known to have prospected.

HAZEL GRIMSHAW, a California Mother Lode prospector, was a loner. His haunt was the Salmon River Mountains north of the stagecoach and freight road between Custer and Challis. He rode a mule and packed two burros. At first he was suspected of being an outlaw who hid out someplace north and east of the Custer mine.

Then one day in 1879 he showed up with panniers loaded with almost pure gold to which some slivers of quartz clung. This latter evidence indicated that he had struck a lode that could be worked by one man. His gold was sold to the Custer mine.

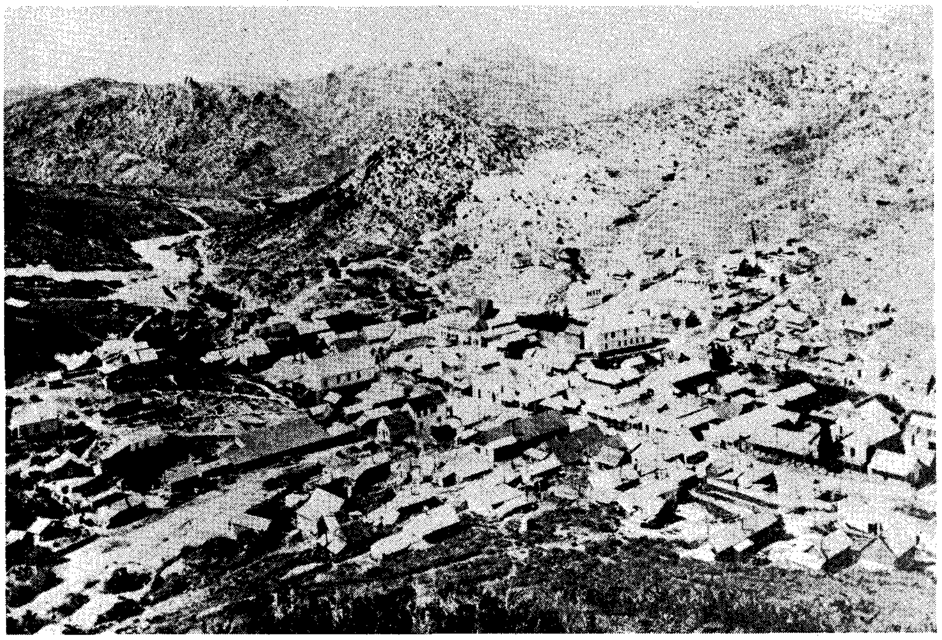
Grimshaw headed out again. That fall he returned to Custer with another load of gold. By then luckless prospectors were trying to trace him down. Failing in that, they accosted him in town but obtained not one single bit of information.

Grimshaw's next appearance with gold was in Challis. He sold it, bought express company checks, and mailed them to California. It was then concluded that his mine was closer to Challis and that going to Custer had been a blind.

On his next trip, he stayed in a miners' boarding house instead of making camp outside town. He was past sixty years of age, and admitted to several acquaintances that he felt poorly. The next morning when he did not appear for breakfast the bunkhouse proprietor went to his cubicle and found him dead. The usual attempts were made to locate Grimshaw's mine but no one ever did.

For that matter there are several lost mines, as well as buried treasures, around Custer and Challis. There is one in the northern Pahsimeroi Mountains east of Challis. This lost mine has no name, and the name of the discoverer is not remembered. It probably was not known. The man came into town for supplies and told a couple of mere acquaintances that he was onto a good thing; that when he developed the strike further they would be let in on it.

Silver City, Idaho.



Such hopes and promises were a dime a dozen. But in September 1868 he came back with his burros loaded with gold that had been picked out of ore beaten from a ledge. He sold it and that night celebrated with cronies in the saloons. The next day he was in no condition to depart for the mountains. He caroused for three consecutive nights. His drinking partners became most impatient. Finally he promised to sober up; they would leave in two days. He then took off immediately, alone, and the men left behind were astounded and very angry. Months passed. Then his riding mule and burros were picked up wandering around in the foothills. A body was found, almost completely destroyed by wild animals and buzzards, whose remains were believed to be those of the prospector.

Silver City high in the Owyhee Mountains came into being after the discovery of gold on Jordan Creek in 1863. The finding of silver ores soon followed. One of the richest of the mines was the Poorman, mining ore running $4,000 to $5,000 per ton. Then on the hundred-foot level ruby-colored silver crystals were found.

The area really boomed. Several mining towns sprang up—all through the mountains and on the creeks and northward towards Boise. Some of them burned out or were abandoned when the ores vanished. Few of their names passed into history.

There are legends of several lost mines around old Silver City. They were supposedly in the Whiskey and Black Mountains. Between these two ranges ran the stagecoach and freight train road to the Snake River crossing the Boise.

One of these gold mines was found on Black Mountain by Pierre Prevot. He came to town and sold something like $20,000 worth. At that time two mining companies were fighting over discoveries that each claimed. They engaged gunmen to protect their rights, by violence if necessary. Several of these gun packers got into an argument before the Idaho Hotel.

Prevot staggered out of a saloon in a frame building attached to the hotel. When shooting started in the street he stopped to watch and saw one of the gun-

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men shot down. Then wild bullets sprayed around him and he was killed. Prevot's mine was never found.

The same holds true for a convivial Irishman, Mike O'Leary, who located one on Whiskey Mountain. His mine was said to have been so high up in a slope that traffic on the stage and freight road could be seen.

Bringing in panniers filled with raw gold, he wrote to a friend in Helena, Montana to join him quickly. They would soon be wealthy men. Since mail was slow O'Leary returned to Whiskey Mountain to wait.

Two months later his friend appeared in Silver City but O'Leary did not. Another month went by before his friend outfitted and started looking for him. All that anyone knew was that O'Leary had made the statement that traffic on the road could be seen from his mine.

Finding no evidence whatever of O'Leary, his mine or livestock, the friend gave up his search. Since O'Leary used blasting powder it was generally believed that he died in an accident in the tunnel.

Mackay is the sole survivor of a number of towns in the valley running along the western side of Lost River Mountains. All started as mining camps but the valuable minerals discovered were no great shakes. Up in the mountains, in 1876, Lee Moore and a burly, taciturn partner almost twice his size, found gold. Their mine was incredibly rich, judged by what they brought out and sold. The fate of these two was similiar to that of Bill Noyes and his partner. They got into an argument while driving a light wagon. Noyes kicked his partner off to the ground and then ran the wagon over him a couple of times. But the partner proved hard to kill. Sitting up, he shook his fist at Noyes and threatened to kill him. This he did a few nights later and was hanged by a mob of miners for his trouble. Thus was lost the mine the two had found.

Moore and his partner worked for a couple of years in perfect amicability. They came to Mackay one November day in a wagon, driven from their foothills cabin camp. That night they stood in the big red brick hotel bar drinking. An argument started over their respective shares of the gold. They were heard by bystanders arguing bitterly.

Following a couple of more drinks, Moore suddenly drew a gun from inside his belt. Before he could trigger off a shot the partner came up with a knife. Shoving the blade into Moore's belly, he "walked around" him. Within a few minutes Moore was dead on the floor.

An officer arrested the surviving partner, but before daylight a mob of miners busted open the ramshackle jail and hanged him high. His is another lost mine.

SEE PAGE 56

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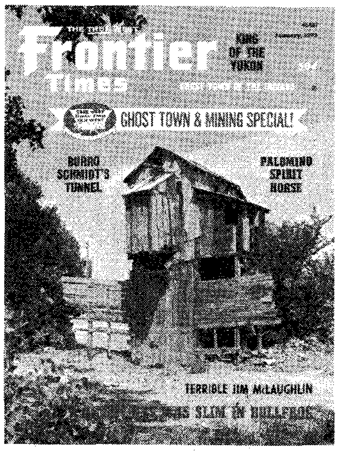
"I REMEMBER ONE TIME ..."



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Silver Spurs Without A Jingle

(Continued from page 41)

seum that now occupies the one-time mess hall and chapel told a different story than the sensational reports out of the past. Old records and displays show some unique and better features of prison life that have received very little publicity but did wonders for the prisoners.

Established in 1876, Yuma prison operated until 1909. The first inmates were kept busy building walls and cells. Three years later the legislature signed an appropriation for the building of additional cells, the construction of shops for the employment and training of prisoners, and for activities beyond the walls. In addition to the administration buildings there were now stables, blacksmith, carpenter, shoe repair, tailoring, and bakery shops, a library and even a flower garden. Outside the walls were a farm and wood-camp. A man could learn skills that would be useful when his prison term ended; he could learn to read and write; and his hand-crafted items could be sold.

Few prisoners proved bad enough to put in solitary, and many were released long before their prison terms expired, usually on the basis of good conduct. Prison breaks were rare and it seems that most trouble started when a female prisoner was brought in. Few women were sent to Yuma prison, numbering less than one per cent of the approximately 3,000 prisoners confined during the institution's thirty-three years of operation. Their presence created such problems that terms were cut short just to get rid of them.

Most of the women sent to Yuma were involved in manslaughter (a lover or a husband). One had been convicted for selling liquor to Indians and Chinese. The most publicized was Pearl Hart, participant in an unsuccessful stage holdup; her prison conquests were more rewarding and the administration was happy to see her go.

Unique in the prison world of that period, Yuma allowed many freedoms within its walls. Hot nights found cell doors ajar and trusted prisoners sleeping out in the open in the exercise yard. Men were free to create whatever their skills and finances afforded, which in turn could be sold from the prison bazaar.

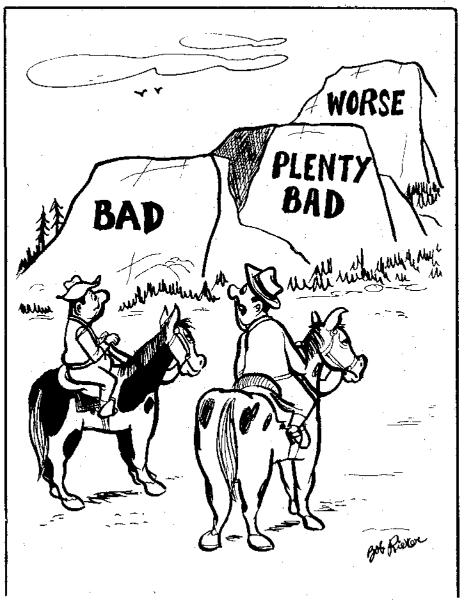
The bazaar was popular with prisoners, visitors and the general public. There was a charge of 25¢ for each outsider entering the marketplace, and one-third of the sale price of each item sold went into the prison fund. Visitors paid cash or traded raw materials for finished products, and records show that some inmates accumulated quite sizable savings by the time they were released.

Popular items were jewelry, furniture with delicate inlay, head bands, canes and decorative items for horsemen. On display are horsehair items and a pair of spurs fashioned so similar to our Yuma-made ones that it is possible the same man made them all.

Most of the hand-crafted items that have survived the years were time consuming and demanded endless patience.

Like the tedious work of braiding horsehair into quirt or bridle, there are long piano scarfs crocheted in intricate patterns. Such beauty created nearly a hundred years ago in the unusual setting of sun, adobe, and high confining walls, gives each object special meaning and admiration for the inmate who fashioned it.

Our silver spurs hang silent. They have no place for a jingle (that extra piece of metal dangling from the rowel pin); their maker must not have wanted them to make a sound.



"Well there they are, Clint, the Badlands!"

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 42)

McNier in Cherokee County, Kansas in 1888. I have been trying to find who his parents were and where they were from. He took the last pictures of the Dalton boys when they were killed in Kansas. I would like to get hold of any of those old pictures, as they have his signature seal stamped on them. He was known to be an expert shot with rifles and pistols and there were some good stories about his shooting prowess. Can anyone tell me about that? I would like to hear from anyone who could tell me (his granddaughter) anything about him.—Mary E. Woodmansee, 9001 Langdon Ave., Apt. 11, Sepulveda, California 91343

Baggett

I am looking for any information on Joel and Jane (Beland) Baggett. They moved from Georgia to Alabama about 1821. In 1841 they came to Rusk County, Texas. They had sixteen children, one of whom was Silas Baggett of Bell County, Texas.

Also, I would appreciate information on James Monroe Baggett, son of Silas Baggett. In 1871 he married Rebecca A. Jones and had two children, Mary and Silas L. In 1878 he married Kate Goode and had more children. He is said to have been killed in Mexico by Mexicans. I have no information on how or why he was killed.—Ann D. Hallgren, 9200 Rose Anne Place, Gaithersburg, Maryland 20760

Gaige

I would like to hear from relatives of Preston Phillip Gaige, born in Cheaumont, New York around 1842. He was in Company E, 18th Regiment of the New York Cavalry and later was a trick rider for Buffalo Bill. By checking the census of July 1860, Jefferson County, New York, I find there was a Gaige family living in Cape Vincent. Their names were Philip, Laura, Lawrence, Maria, William, Preston, Leta, Gustus, Hattie and Minnie.—William P. Gaige, 1400 East 10th Street, The Dalles, Oregon 97058

Beard-Marshall-Moore

Need parents of Mary Martha Moore, married John M. (Marshall) Beard, October 23, 1828 in Lawrence County, Mississippi. Need connection of Marshall family to Beard family.—Wilma Ezell Johnson, 223 Welch Avenue, Palacios, Texas 77465

Makin

I would like to hear from anyone knowing the whereabouts of Paul Makin. His father was Richard Makin and mother, Lela Smoke. They lived in Red Fork, Oklahoma (now known as Round Mountain) about 1907.—Zelma Jenson, 1455 Maria Avenue, Concord, California 94520

Rochester-Teague-Magee-Peoples

I was born in 1910 in Brady, Texas to James William Rochester and Lucenda Teague. My father was born in Goliad, Texas in 1874 and my mother was born in Uvalde, Texas in 1876. My father's mother was Nancy Magee, born 1856 in Bell County, Texas. She married Rueben Rochester in 1873 in Goliad County, I believe. I was told my great-grandfather, James, was killed in Atascosa County around 1870 after a cattle drive to Abilene. He was robbed and killed by an unknown person. My grandmother was the daughter of Henry Magee and Mary Peoples. Mary was the daughter of Jehu Peoples who filed on land extending from Richland Creek into the eastern section of Corsicana Township in Navarro County, Texas in 1835 under the Bennett Grant. Mary Peoples Magee had a twin brother, Thomas; a brother Aleck who died young; a sister Nancy (my grandmother—named after her aunt Nancy Shelton) who married Lewis Shelton; and a son George. I lived with my grandmother for a long time in Wichita Falls, Texas and she told me the names of her brothers Calvin, Joe, Thomas and James.

I know many of these descendants are still living in Texas and I would appreciate hearing from them. My father brought me to California when I was a girl and I have lost track of all his people.—Mrs. Ruth McCormick, 1785 Laurel Road, Oceanside, California 92054

Brewer

Seeking information on Drewry (or Drury) Jefferson Brewer, 1838-1920. A Confederate soldier from Georgia, he was captured and sent to Camp Douglas,

(Continued on page 67)

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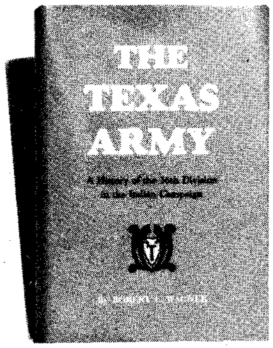

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The author holds two degrees from The University of Texas and is a former instructor in history at Stephen F. Austin, Nacogdoches, Texas.

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Outlaws I Have Known

(Continued from page 15)

tall and weighed over 200 pounds. He was a young man, all sinew and muscle. They had him in jail in Texas.

I never had seen the man until I went down to bring him back. The sheriff there said, "You will never take him out of the State of Texas by yourself."

But I told him, "I never went after a man that I didn't get," and Bill Camel went back to Oklahoma.

Frank Hamer was a friend of mine. Hamer had had some wild experiences along the border. He had sixteen bullet holes in him. His chest was shot all to pieces. He pulled his shirt off one time and showed me the holes. He was at my house and ate supper with us and we talked until bedtime one night.

Frank had a man up in Oklahoma that he was trying to get. This fellow had a place over in our county that was like a dance hall. He had some girls there, and he sold home-brew there. I was in charge of everything north of the Canadian River. My territory came to the south edge of Shawnee and then turned to the east. The county maintained two officers then. I had the north part of the county.

This fellow that Frank wanted lived in Seminole County, and he had two joints in Seminole County and one in Pott County and one in Pontotoc County. Hamer called our sheriff but he couldn't get the man, and he had called our county attorney and couldn't get him. He called the sheriff of Seminole County and couldn't get him, and he talked to the sheriff of Pototoc County. I couldn't cross the river, but I got this fellow for Frank Hamer. I just laid for him. He didn't know me, and I didn't know him to start with, but I soon learned him. And I soon got him.

I called Hamer right straight. "I will be there as soon as a car will take me," he said. The man was wanted for a crime down in Texas at San Marcos. Frank came, and Tom Hickman was with him. Hickman went right to the hotel and got him a room, and Hamer went home with me.

I had put this fellow in the city jail. I never took him to the county jail. Then I took him out of the jail and took him to Lincoln County, and from Lincoln County back here, then back there. I had to keep him moving, because three sets of lawyers were after me. They were going to *habeas corpus* him. He offered me $1,000 to turn him loose.

I turned the man over to Frank. He never handcuffed a man. When they started back to Texas with that fellow he and Tom Hickman got in the front seat of the car, and they put the man in the back seat without handcuffs. It wasn't that they were wanting him to get away—they just were not afraid that he could. Frank Hamer had a reputation that he never lost his man. When he'd opened the back door and told this fellow to get in, he said "I'm going to take you back to Texas, and take you like a gentleman if you want to go that way."

The man said, "Well, Hamer, you won't be tried in Oklahoma for killing me."

The chief of police was standing there by me. He said, "That beats anything I have ever seen. Even if there were two of us officers, I would put the handcuffs on him." But men didn't run from Frank Hamer but once.

HAMER always had good officers with him. Good men were hard to find. I know—I've almost been killed by my own men.

George Hendricks was an outlaw from Durant. It was about 1922. He had stolen a car from the county commissioner and hidden it in thick woods in old man Cook's pasture three miles southwest of there. When Cook went out to get his horses that morning, he saw the car. He didn't know how or when it got there, so he came right to the sheriff's office to tell us. I was working out of Tecumseh then.

He came in just as the county commissioner was telling us his car had been stolen. We surmised that this was his car, so we drove out there. We had the sheriff and the under-sheriff and the county commissioner but, by golly, the car wasn't there. It had been moved with a mule team. The fence had been pulled down and the car moved back into a big canyon. We stationed four men, all well-armed, around the car, waiting for the thief to come to it. Sure enough, Hendricks and a girl, who was his first cousin, came down to the car.

I was down just below the car; the sheriff was just above them; the under-sheriff was just below me in a ravine. A creek came in this ravine, which was a dense thicket with brush and trees. Where they had stopped the car was open and kind of on a shelf. Hendricks had a Winchester, and he leaned it against a tree right by his hand and started fixing something about the motor of that car. I was about twelve feet from him and he never knew it.

The sheriff was back up on the hill and hollered to Hendricks, "Throw up your hands—the law has you!" Hendricks wheeled and grabbed that Winchester. As he came around with the rifle on the sheriff I was right at him, and I shot his gun and hit his finger. I thought I would shoot the gun out of his hands, but he juggled it in his right hand and caught it under his arm and ran into the brush.

I started to shoot him again to stop him but before I could, that woman ran right between us in order to stop me. She was about twenty-eight years old. We were close enough that Hendricks threw blood all over the girl and me from that injured finger. But he kept running, and she stopped me long enough to let him hide in the brush, so I let him go. I knew better than to run in that brush when I couldn't see him.

I didn't want to shoot him in the back. If he had ever stopped and turned back on me with the gun, I would have had to shoot him, but as long as he was running the other way I wouldn't shoot him. I didn't want to kill him. I would have shot him in the leg just to stop him. In all my years of law enforcement, I never had to kill a man.

We took the girl on into jail and Hendricks came in the night and found some loose bricks in the jail wall. He took them out and was chipping that mortar out with his hands to get the girl out. That was the old jail. There were six cells and they were closed with a metal door and a padlock. All Hendricks had to do was to dig a big enough hole through the wall for him to crawl through. Then he could have crawled in with a crowbar and pried the lock off of the cell and gotten her out.

Sheriff Butler had a collie dog. The sheriff and his wife slept in a room at the southwest corner of the jail. There was a window in the room, and that dog kept scratching and whining.

"What on earth is the matter with that dog?" the sheriff said. He got up and slipped into the back room with his .45 automatic. The first thing he saw was that hole. Just a few more bricks and it would have been easy to crawl through. The sheriff eased up with his pistol in both hands and shot through the hole. He didn't know he had killed anyone until they found the dead man the next morning.

Sheriff Butler was as good a man as ever lived. A distant relative of Hendricks' killed him several years afterwards. He waylayed him in the night and shot him. Butler didn't have a chance. They always thought it might have been because of Hendricks, but nobody knows for sure. The sheriff was a nightwatchman at the time.

I KNEW Matthew and George Kimes well. They were Oklahoma bank robbers who operated in 1926 and '27. I also knew Pretty Boy Floyd. His gangster career was at a height in the early 1930s. I was deputy sheriff for ten years around the oil fields. I never did get after those boys, because they never did bother our county, but I knew them. Some of those fellows were the most likeable men you ever met. Take Floyd—when he wasn't out to do robbery or wasn't mad you never met a nicer, more polite fellow in your life. He always had a smile on his face. I guess that is why they called him "Pretty Boy." He dressed nice, and he always tried to be neat. It's hard to compare the bad men of that day with the old-time outlaw. In both cases some were tough and some weren't. Some of the worst killers we had were very, very quiet. They would kill a man at the drop of a hat. I knew many of them, and there were a lot that, just the minute they lost their temper or got a little too much whiskey, they were hunting for somebody to kill. Whiskey did a lot toward making them bad.

Owen Edwards was a bank bandit. At one time he was "Public Enemy No. 1." Fred Davis ran with him, but Fred Davis was a young sprout about twenty-one. Davis had never been in the penitentiary before, but Edwards had been in several different Federal pens.

Edwards and another fellow, it might have been Fred Davis, went to a house near St. Louis in our county. Herbert of the State Crime bureau was notified, and he called me and told me that Owen Edwards and another man, thought to be Fred Davis, would be at the Elihu Graham farm that night. I agreed to go out there with at least two good men who were not afraid to shoot, and watch the Elihu Graham house.

It was just before morning when they arrived and went into the house. I was taking my men to go into the house when they ran out and got into a car and drove off. I trailed them through the little town of St. Louis. I am sure it was Fred Davis that was driving, because he was a young man and reckless as hell. I drove up beside their car and pushed them over and hollered to them to stop. I expected them to start shooting, but they didn't. Davis drove off into the ditch and ran out ahead of me.

I looked around, and one of my men had grabbed the door with both hands. He was scared to death. They had two pistols, and I had a sawed-off shotgun loaded with buckshot. I hollered to my man to turn a load of buckshot into their windshield. My other man had his head under the dashboard. They were completely useless. That was the kind of men I had, and I was handling the steering wheel. I finally struck the other car, hoping to force them to stop so I could get into action. I don't know the speed we were going, but it was fast. I was driving the biggest Nash car made. I thought I had brought some help, but I quickly learned that I didn't have any at all.

Edwards got away, but in less than a week he was killed, but not before his gang killed Jim Kiersey. Jim had been sheriff at Durant, but at that time was chief of police at Durant. All those Kiersey boys worked as officers, and Jim made the third one to be shot to death. One of them was a guard at the penitentiary.

Instead of calling us, officers came to our county from Seminole County. They had two men from the Crime Bureau, and they got Jake Simms, a good officer who had been chief of police at Seminole for a long time. They came to Pott County to a cafe where Edwards was. Just inside the front door was a counter and stools along the side down the wall. At the end, a portion of the counter top raised up so you could go behind the counter. Right behind that was an opening into the back room. The officers surrounded the building.

Jim Kiersey and two other fellows went to the front, and the other officers went to the back. Owen Edwards ran to the back and opened the door. He saw officers were there; just as he wheeled back, Jim Kiersey stepped into that room from the front. Well, the other two officers, instead of advancing and taking charge of Owen Edwards when he faced them there, broke and ran out the door and went to shooting. Jim Kiersey killed Owen Edwards right there, but they killed Jim Kiersey. Twenty-seven bullets went through that house from the outside and clean through where Kiersey was. If an officer wasn't careful in picking his men, he had to watch his back as well as the front. Fright makes dangerous companions.

I knew Heck Thomas. The last time I talked to Thomas was about forty years

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ago at Muskogee at a Sheriffs' convention. I also knew Bill Tilghman when he was young, and also knew him when he was old and was marshal over at Cromwell. I was deputy sheriff then. Bill had been a good officer, but he was getting up in years when he went to work at Cromwell. He tangled with one of the hottest-headed fellows in town, Wiley Lynn, a prohibition officer, and was killed in 1926. I worked with Wiley, and I knew him before he was an officer, and I knew his dad down around Ardmore. Wiley Lynn was a good fellow to work with, but he was hot-headed. When he got mad, he used little judgment in controlling himself.

You've got to be awfully careful and hold your temper down when you are working as an officer. You can violate the law yourself mighty quick and easy. There was lots of excitement in those days, and I enjoyed every minute of it!

Stop-Over at Caudill's Ranch

(Continued from page 31)

Largo, and we prepared for an early start the next morning.

We had our chuckwagon along, but here came breakfast. As we were putting our bed rolls in the wagon and getting ready to mount up, here came Mrs. Caudill. She was a beautiful young woman, neatly dressed in Levis but wearing an apron. It didn't seem possible that she could have a married daughter. She must have been very young when Oscar roped and tied her. I'll never forget how she looked when, with eyes blazing, she jerked a .45 from under that apron and looked me straight in the eye to ask if I were Smoky's nephew.

I jerked my hat off and said, "No, Ma'am. I'm Sam Goodson's nephew and just a-working for Smoky." While she still looked uncertain as to pulling the trigger, out came Oscar. Everybody liked Oscar, but I didn't know a man who would have wanted to shoot it out with him. But nobody could have been nicer when he was treated right.

When Oscar saw that Mrs. Caudill had me cornered he took the gun away from her, and we all had a good laugh. He told her that I was Sam Goodson's nephew, and that made all the difference. I never saw such a sudden change in the weather. Hazel said, "Sam Goodson has eaten at our table many and many a time and any of his folks are welcome."

He had his ups and downs, Oscar did, but he was one of the most generous and hospitable men I ever knew. Rich or poor he was always the same friendly man, always ready to help a neighbor or even a stranger. Not many of that kind left these days, and the world's worse off for it.

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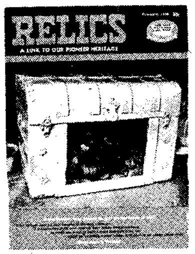

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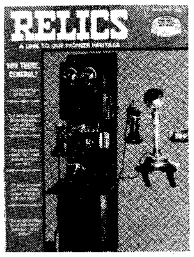

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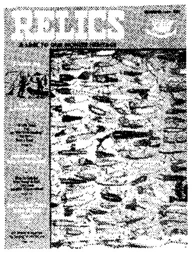

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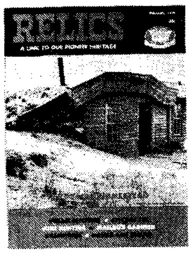

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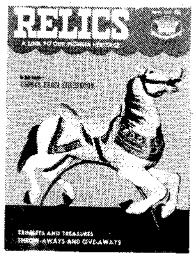

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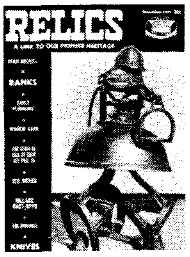

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La Piedra Pintada

(Continued from page 29)

AMONG the keepsakes my mother, Mrs John MacLean, kept through the years was a school essay written eighty years ago, and some photos taken with a box camera on the old plate-glass negatives which had recorded that trip to Painted Rock. I thought they might prove of interest as a milder, more nostalgic picture of the past than by later oft-repeated accounts of vandalism at this historic spot.

OUR TRIP TO PAINTED ROCK

By Birma Still

November 15, 1892

On the 11th day of November Miss Blackwood, our school teacher, my cousins Ollie and Bob Sellers, and myself started to Simmler where we had been invited to join a party going to see the "Painted Rock." We started from the schoolhouse after school had closed, and had gone but a short distance past the Oak Grove when Bob and I saw a big coyote. We were in the front cart; but as we had no gun with us we waited for Ollie and Miss Blackwood to drive up.

As Ollie had a gun, we let him pass us He shot, but missed. We drove on. We saw another coyote below the old Drury James Adobe, and though Ollie shot several times, he failed to kill this one either.

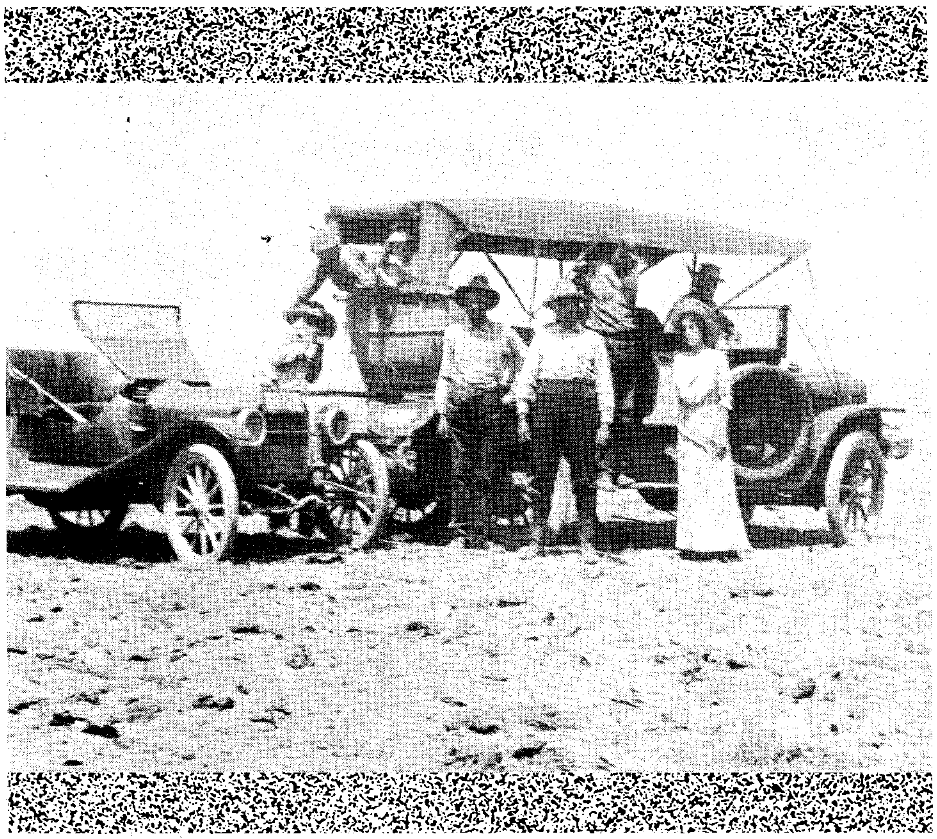
We arrived at Mr. Hubbard's place on the Carrisa Plains just as the sun went down. There we were cordially welcomed by all.

Next morning, we were up, as we then thought, by three o'clock; but afterwards we found that the boys had set the clock ahead an hour as a joke on us. At seven o'clock twelve of us started out in the carts and the buckboard for the "Rock." We passed the "Salt Lake" [Soda Lake] about fifteen miles south of the Hubbard place. Its dazzling whiteness almost blinds one's eyes on a very sunny day, and by night it looks like snow.

Sam Hubbard and Bob Sellers walked quite a ways out on it, though in places it was boggy so that their shoes would break through the crust, and they brought back some of the salt. It is mixed with alkali, yet it is used for animals; and cattle and sheep like this salt in winter, and though it dries out to some extent in summer, one would not dare to ride out far into it on horseback even in summer.

After passing Salt Lake, we came to a cross-road, and one fork of it went by way of Mr. Brumley's ranch, while the other fork went straight on to the Painted Rock. Some of us went by way of the Brumley ranch to invite Miss Sullivan and her brother to join us for the day We all arrived at the Painted Rock near noon. So after climbing up on the lowest side of the rock to look around, we came back down, and then had our lunch.

The rock forms a horse-shoe, and has been used as a corral for sheep and cattle. Inside this horse-shoe are some Indian paintings on the wall of the rock, painted there probably centuries ago. They form curious figures of animals and people

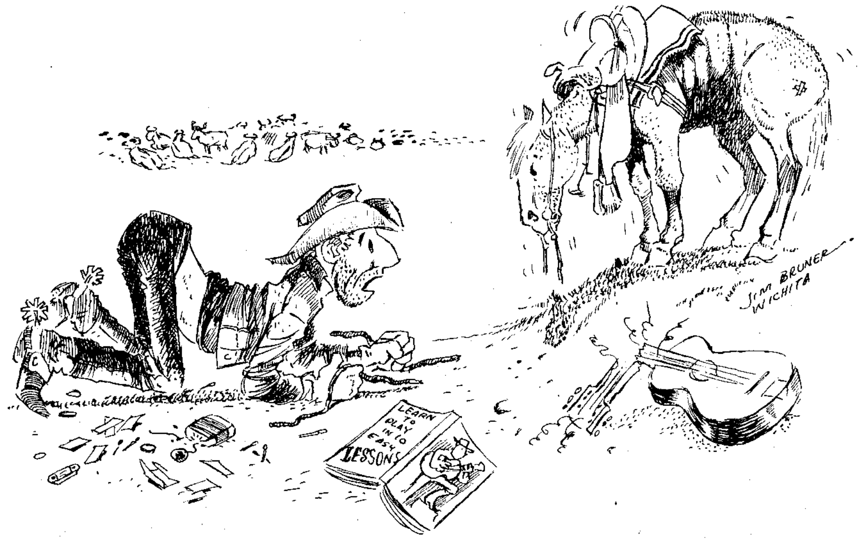


Picnic group at Painted Rock on July 4, 1914.

and are painted in red, white, and black. Some of the designs were nicely made—such as the borders around some of the pictures. One place has a huge crown painted on the wall, another has four people dancing. It is supposed that these paintings are some kind of Indian writing. Besides the Indian paintings, there is a white man's name engraved in the year 1855, and other names are so dim they cannot now be distinguished.

After lunch we all climbed the highest point of the rocks, about sixty feet up I should think. The front of the Painted Rock slopes gradually up; but the back is straight up and down. From the top we were able to see for miles around in all directions. After we were on the rock for quite a while, we came down; then all got in a group, and I took a photograph of them. Then Cousin Ollie took another picture with me in the group. We also took some pictures of the paintings, and of the rock itself. Then we started for home, arriving at the Hubbard place after dark.

All pronounced "The Rock" as "something hard to beat"; and all were glad they had made the trip.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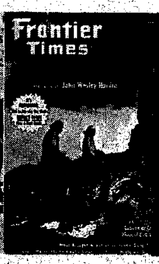
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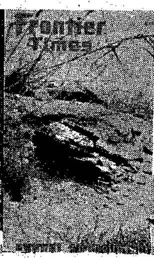
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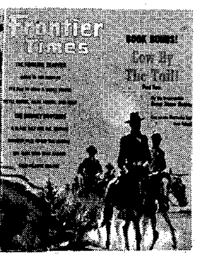
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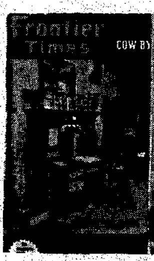
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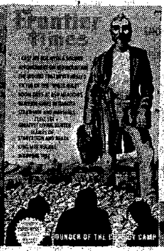
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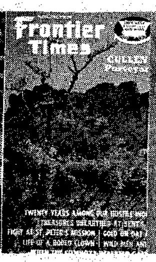
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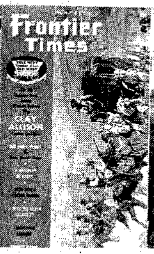
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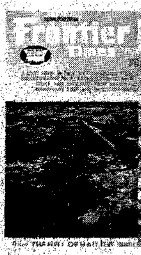
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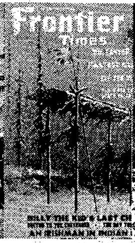
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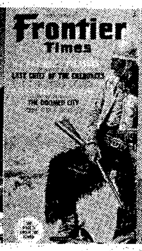
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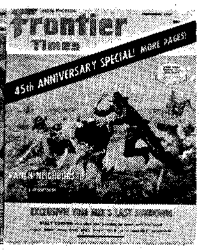
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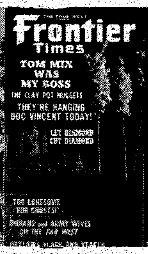
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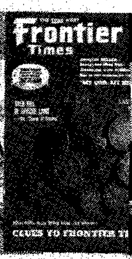
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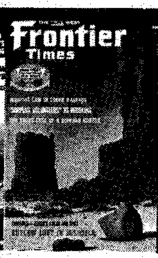
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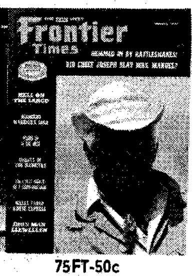
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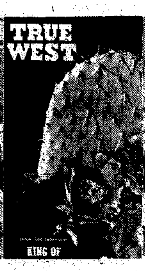
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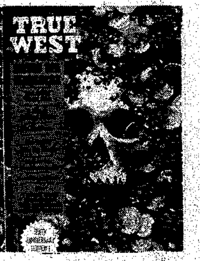
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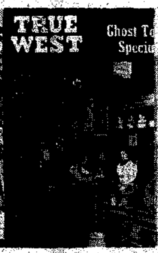
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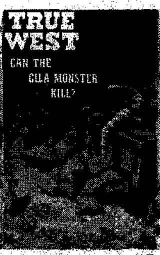
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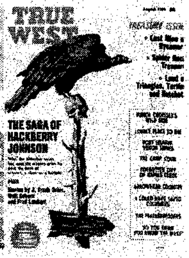
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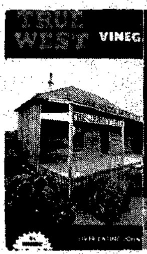
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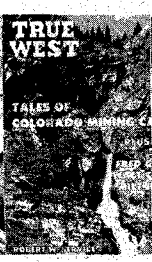
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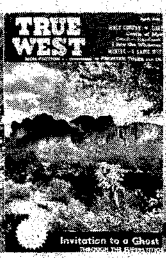
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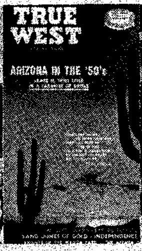
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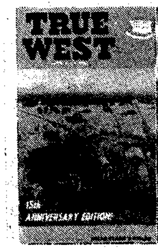
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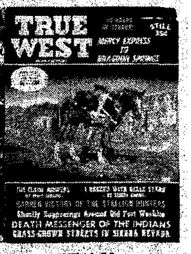
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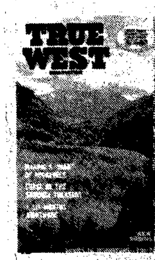
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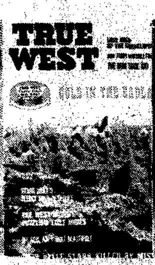
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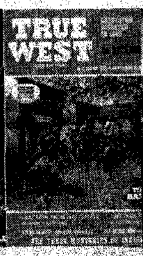
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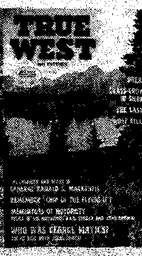
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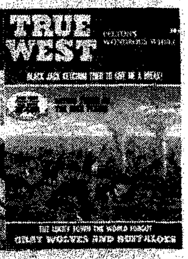
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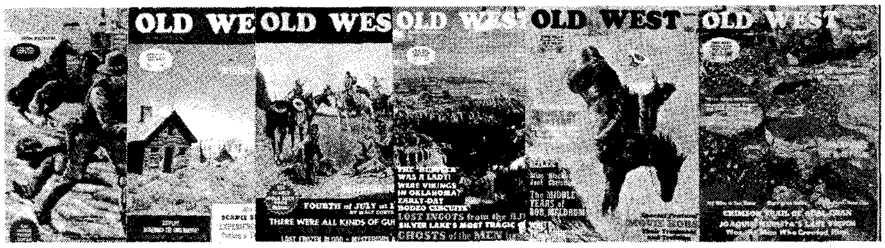

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Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 5)

hold up in fire, flood and even a “nic earthquake.”—Mrs. Shirley G. Bain, 306 Freeborn Street, Duarte, California 9101

Old-time Sweet

In the Spring 1972 issue we ran a recip for Corn Cob Jelly as furnished by Mrs Wilma Johnston, 123 Frederick, Austin Texas 78704. Mrs. Johnston's recipe First, boil twelve broken bright red cob for twenty minutes in five cups of water (If you do not have red corn cobs, yo may use fresh ones and add a few drop of red and yellow food coloring instead. Strain this through a cloth and you shoul have three cups of liquid left. If not, ad enough water to make three cups. The add one package of Sure-Jell and brin mixture to a boil. Add three cups of suga and boil one to one and a half minutes Recipe makes five glasses of jelly.

Mrs. Johnston has asked us to print letter she received which may furthe help those interested in adding this delicacy to their shelves: “We don't have th red cobs up here, so we cut fresh corn of the cob (the white variety) and used tw cups of water, added a quarter cup o bottled lemon juice, and it turned ou just lovely. Only no one will believe us!

“We had a lot of fun experimenting an we surely want to thank you for th chance to try your recipe out. Our altitud may make a difference on the water—w are in the high desert—4200 feet.—Mrs Charles E. Wood, Box 1015, Burns, Oregon 97710”

More on Logan, Montana

I wanted to write you and tell you ho much I enjoyed the article “A Might Good Railroad Town” in your Fall 197 OLD WEST. I haven't been around Logan, Montana for several years, but used to work there as third trick telegrapher in the early '50s. When I wa there, a fellow used to run one of th bars who looked like Noah Berry, th movie actor of the '30s.

I can also remember several instance that happened at Logan while I worke there. One was when the engineer of a extra came in and tied up. While puttin his engine in the roundhouse he got o the wrong track and went in on th cinder spur track. When the dust settled around the engine the engineer coul step from his cab to the ground. Th cinder track was only for cinder cars which were considerably lighter than th Old Malleys.

All the freights at that time were coa burners except for a few passenge trains. Once, about 5:30 a.m., I happene to look out the window of the depot yo have pictured and looked toward the coa dock and saw coal dropping out the bottom of the hopper. The coal had gotte hot and ignited and burned a hole throug the bottom of the hopper. About thirt minutes later the assisant coal dock foreman came in and I asked him if he wa shifting coal around because it was getting hot. He ran to the window just i time to see flames starting to come ou around the bottom of the hopper. Betwee

(Continued on page 60)

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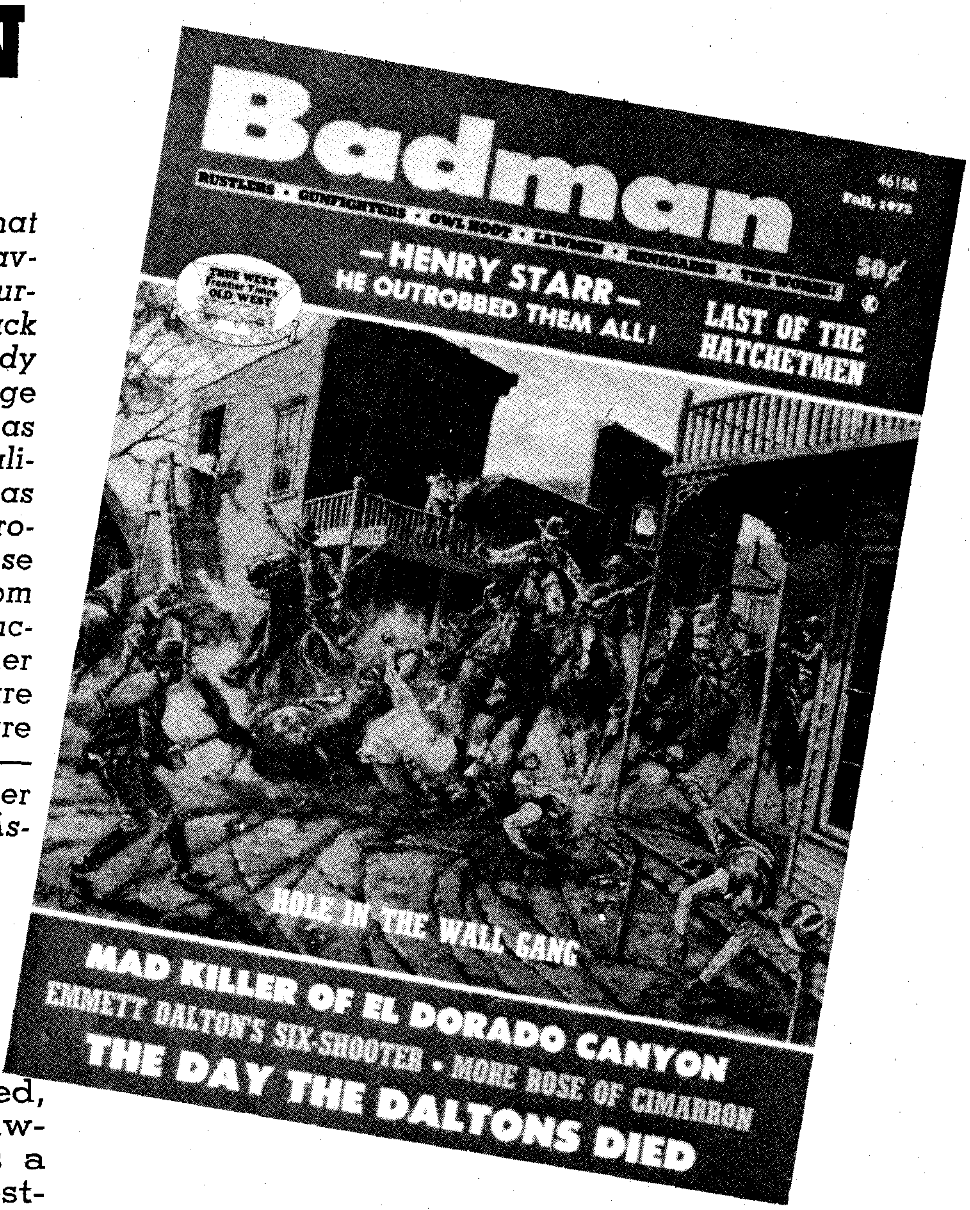
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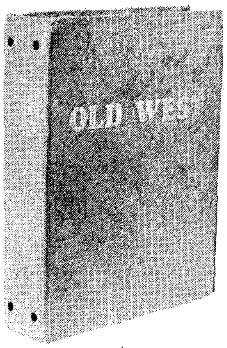

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Letter Rip!

(Continued from page 58)

the two of us we put it out with little damage or loss.

Logan had two bars, a small store, a hotel which was used mostly by railroad men, and a post office. I have recently heard that the depot at Logan has been torn down as all the telegrapher jobs have been abolished since centralized traffic control has been put in. Most of the railroad buildings have been torn down including the roundhouse, coal-dock and others.

I have one more instance to tell. The local passenger train from Butte via Whitehall made a meet at Logan with the through passenger train. Due to the through train being late the Butte local had several passengers to entrain for points east who were waiting in the depot. The express guard for the through train came in for his run and as it was quite cold had partaken of some spirits of some type. He came into the office and was armed, as express guards are, with a .38 calibre pistol. He got to talking about being a cowboy and all of a sudden he pulled his pistol out and said, "I'm an ole cowboy from Montan'," and blasted away with three shots at the ceiling. When the plaster quit falling it was about all we could do to calm the passengers down for their ride on east.

In the picture you showed of the Burrel family cabin, I am wondering if a clerk by the name of Claude Burrel was any relation. He worked at Logan in the early '50's.

I still work for the railroad, but things sure have changed. I enjoy your magazine very much.—D. A. Bosch, Box 15, Roosevelt, Washington 99356

Sanders of Turkey Creek

I would like to take this opportunity to clarify a few things that were slightly misstated in your Fall 1972 story, "Sanders of Turkey Creek."

This was a damn good story and I liked it very much. The first thing that struck my attention was the photo of the old Courtland depot. On page 44 the author J. Beller, states, "In the early 1900s the El Paso Southwestern and the Southern Pacific Railways built their lines to Courtland." This is partly true. The E.P and S. W. built the southern segment of the railroad from Douglas north to Courtland Junction and Gleeson. But it was the Arizona Eastern, not the Southern Pacific, that built the northern section from Cochise south to Courtland.

Blondy Finn hired out as a brakeman on the Arizona Eastern construction train building that line. When the track was finished he was made conductor on the regular freight, and when regular passenger service went on he was the conductor. At that time he was eighteen years old, which may stand as the national record of a man being a regular passenger conductor at eighteen. In later years Blondy Finn ran trains all over Arizona and down into Mexico.

Next the author states, "But Courtland's life was a short one. . . . The steam engines left; the tracks were removed." Well, maybe yes and maybe no. Depends on how you look at it. He also says that in 1921 he rented a railroad boxcar at the little town of Pierce. The timetable spelled this station Pearce, not Pierce. Pearce and Courtland were both on the same track. The track was not removed until 1933-34 although Courtland had ceased to be a major Class 1 station.

During the period 1924-26 the Southern Pacific acquired control of all segments of the Southwestern and Arizona Eastern. The SP began curtailing train service on various branch lines by 1928. From daily service, cuts were made to three times a week; twice a week; once a week; and finally about 1930 the SP tried to abandon the Courtland line. This raised even a greater storm of protest from the ranchers and mine operators than was already in progress from the curtailments. The case was dragged through the courts. The SP did not abandon the line but went so far as to proclaim that train service would be arranged only for ten carloads, the shippers giving ample advance notice.

This situation nearly led to open warfare. The case was still dragging through the courts. The depression was taking its toll by 1931. The Southern Pacific won its case, abandonment was granted in 1933, and 1934 saw the last rail pulled up on the Courtland branch.

The last vestige of the Courtland line is about one quarter of a mile of track extending from the stem of the wye at the east end of the Douglas yard. From there on a mound of dirt can be seen occasionally marking the old railroad grade. Probably the best-known and best-liked man on the old Southwestern was Conductor A. T. Ash; and probably the most notorious man was "Mule-Head" McCarney, also a conductor. The number one man on the list when I was there was Harry Gooding, who hired as a brakeman in 1899. He was a great man and as good a conductor as there ever was.—L. E. Broadstreet, Box 605, Central, New Mexico 88026

Just bought the Fall 1972 issue of OLD West on the newsstand. (I'm a subscriber of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES.) I sure do thank you for printing the story of John Ringo by J. Beller, "Sanders of Turkey Creek."

I was born in the back room of a 'dobe house in '28 on Cottonwood Creek, two miles south of the Sanders Ranch. My dad homesteaded there about the same time in the 1800s and we were known as the Mormon (Joe W.) Smiths (no kin to "Buck" Smith, or "Coyote" as he was also known). The Sanders and Smiths were close friends and neighbors, and Will Sanders was known and liked throughout Cochise County and had not one enemy. I never knew Bill Sanders, but knew Effie very well. We called Henry Smith "By grannies" as that was his favorite expression.

Bill Sanders echoed the sentiments of all the old-timers here who knew them, about Earp and his crowd. And you can lay your last dollar on it being true; also that Buckskin Frank did kill John Ringo but any of them would have to find him drunk or slip up on him to do it.

Leslie was seen riding in and out of Turkey Creek in a cloud of dust at the time Johnny was killed; no one else, especially Earp. Thanks again for a good article.—Ken Smith, Box 212, Pearce Arizona 85625

Readers Visit Ocosta

In the Summer 1972 issue, on page 19 you ran a story, "Ocosta Broke the Speculators' Hearts." Well, we went all over that area after reading the story and talked to a number of people. All was very interesting. The building in the bottom picture on page 19 is still there. The Ocosta meeting hall, pictured at the top of page 19, was razed about three weeks ago. Everything is removed except a few bricks and a few boards. It looks like the surplus was cleaned up by fire. We could find nothing to indicate there ever was a town.

For many years we have driven to Westport from Seattle three or four times in the summer months, and have always noticed this old building. Now, on this trip, it was gone.—Simon Koch, 13028 175th Ave., S. E., Renton, Washington 98055

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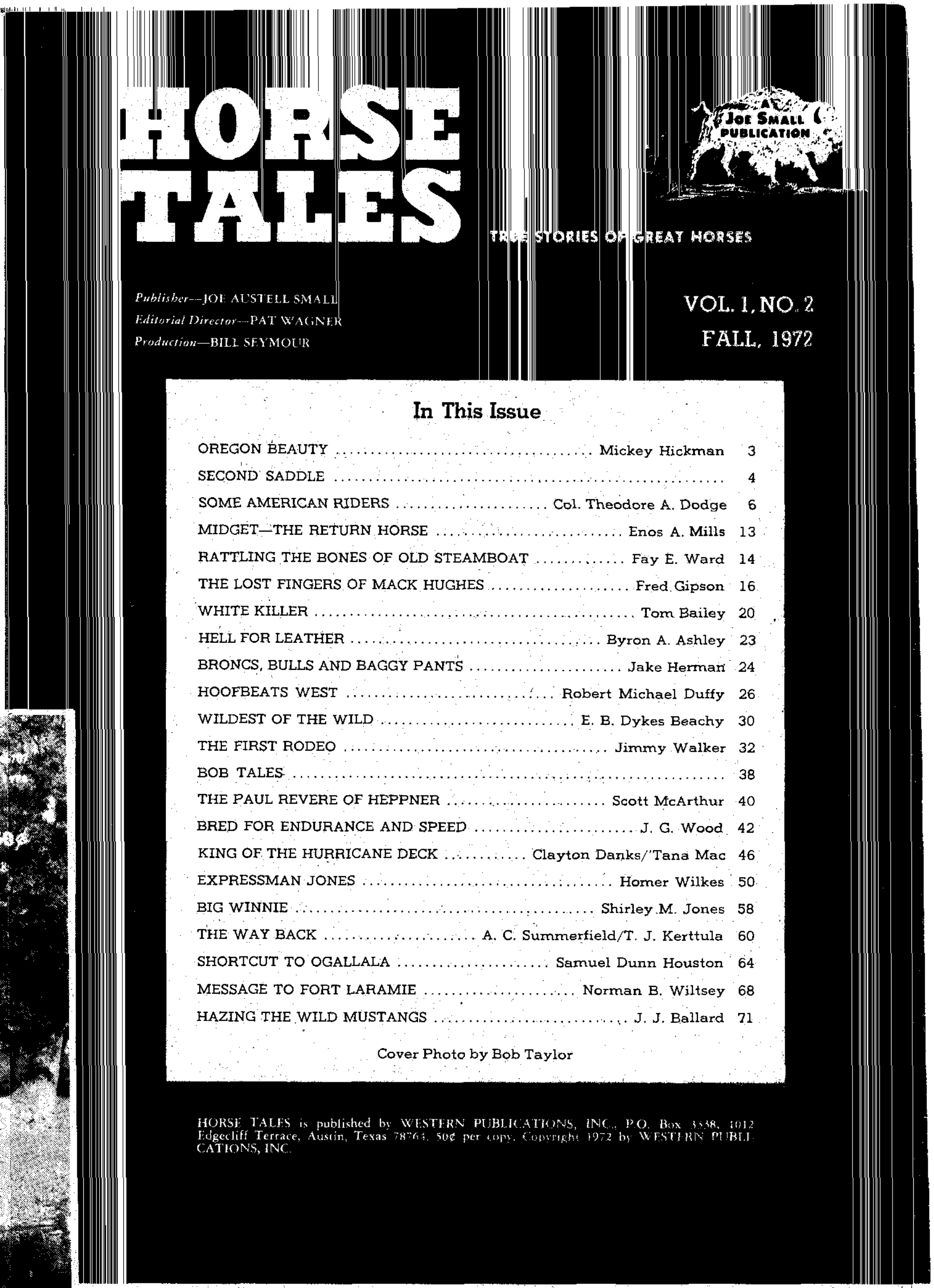

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TRUE STORIES OF GREAT HORSES

Publisher—JOE AUSTELL SMALL
Editorial Director—PAT WAGNER
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VOL. 1, NO. 2
FALL, 1972

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Cover Photo by Bob Taylor

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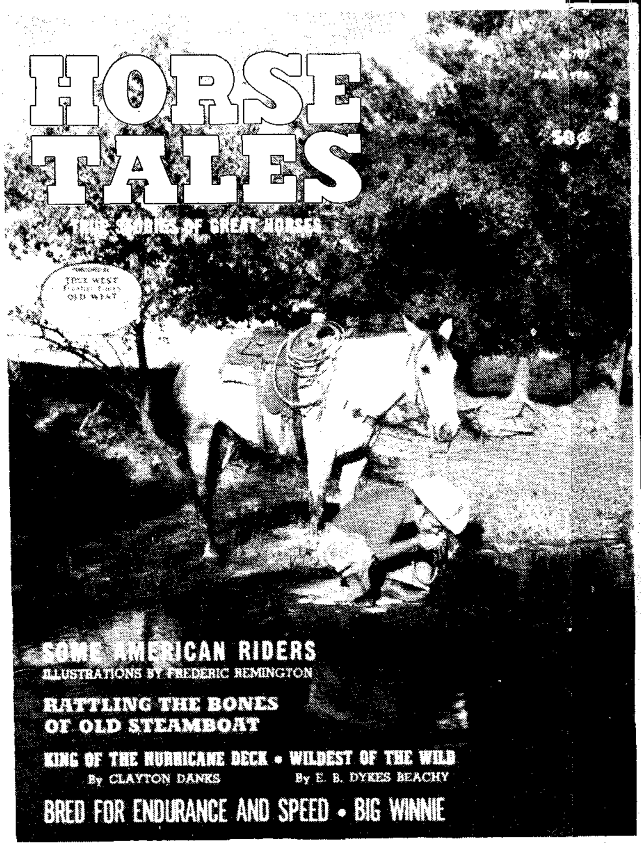
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Dogs-And-Chickens Scatterer

(Continued from page 26)

immediately the center of attention. The big engine, while traveling from Shaniko, averaged a little more than eight miles an hour over difficult roads, very much unsuited to this type of vehicle. The auto is the largest ever constructed in the United States and is truly a monster machine."

Actually, the car could spin along at forty miles per hour, given ideal conditions, but a full load slowed it to around twenty. On the Bend run it averaged about ten to twelve miles per hour, making the one-way trip in a single day. The fare was $9.45.

When the auto-stage reached Bend for the first time there was a big celebration. Most of the town's 250-plus residents turned out for the occasion, and many townspeople were given rides to local points of interest— some as far away as Lava Butte, a volcanic cinder cone ten miles south of town.

DESPITE this successful start, the auto-stage failed. One reason may have been that the car could barely make it up Cow Canyon on its return to Shaniko. And there was always the danger of meeting a team on the narrow road. For these reasons it was decided that the auto-stage should start from the John Bolter Ranch at the foot of Cow Canyon. Passengers, as a result, still found themselves faced with a twenty-mile trip in a horse-drawn carriage over the mounds of Shaniko Flats and down the side of Cow Canyon. The journey didn't get much easier once passengers were in the automobile, either. Besides the bumps and bounces, there was always the threat of a breakdown. Tyler said he never had much trouble with the car, although occasionally a valve would get stuck or a chain would break. He carried extra links for the chain and extra batteries since there was no generator for the car.

But the main reason that the auto-stage failed probably was because of word that the Bend country was still largely arid despite the irrigation project. "That land just didn't sell," Tyler said.

He was to be paid $150 a month by the Central Oregon Transportation Company to drive the auto-stage, and when the company didn't pay him his second month's salary, Tyler took the car to Bend and parked it. He removed his air whistle (a memento he always retained) and returned to the river. However, in the fall, the transportation company contacted him again—this time about the possibility of driving the Hon. Myron T. Herrick, governor of Ohio, on a two-weeks tour of Central Oregon.

"I told them I'd do it if they paid me $300 in advance," Tyler said. "That way I figured I'd get the $150 they owed me and another $150 for this trip."

Tyler went up to Shaniko in the governor's private railroad car. Someone had driven the auto-stage from Bend to the Bolter ranch, and it was waiting for the governor and his party when they got there.

Governor Herrick had been a close personal friend of President McKinley, who was assassinated in 1901, and recently had had a threat on his own life. "So the governor had a man from the Pinkerton Detective Agency along as his bodyguard," Tyler said. "The Pinkerton man rode on horseback behind the car and we had to stop every twenty-five miles while he changed to a fresh mount."

The party toured Central Oregon and even went on to Crater Lake, 100 miles south of Bend. Happily the trip was without incident, and Governor Herrick was so impressed with Tyler's driving that he invited the Portland man to go back to Ohio with him and be his private chauffeur. But Tyler declined the job offer and returned to Portland where he became that city's third taxi driver and the 55th professional driver in the State of Oregon.

While Governor Herrick went on to serve as the U.S. Ambassador to France under Presidents Taft and Harding, Tyler was busy driving such visitors as Enrico Caruso and John McCormack around Portland in his taxi (called a "for hire" in those days).

William Gill, whose company built the auto-stage, told Tyler later his bid had been too low and he didn't make a cent on the construction of the auto-stage. When someone else asked him to build a similar vehicle, Gill refused, and the Bend bus remained a one-of-a-kind automobile.

Sadly, it has been lost to the old-car collectors who would have coveted such an automotive oddity. Tyler said he never knew for sure what happened to the car, but he heard once that it was sold to someone who put it on a run in Washington. Reportedly it later plunged over an embankment, killing the driver.

Phil Brogan, well-known Oregon writer and author of the book, *East of the Cascades*, doesn't know the fate of the auto-stage, either, but he says, "I am sure its rust is not in this part of the state, where it made history."

As for Bend, it remained an outpost until after the 1911 arrival of the rail roads, which reached Central Oregon with as much difficulty as the automobile. Two railroad czars, James J. Hill and Edward H. Harriman, spent nearly $25 million racing up opposite sides of the Deschutes River from the Columbia River to Central Oregon's pine forests.

The lumber industry followed in 1916 and so, too, did the people whom irrigation interests tried to lure eleven years earlier—in a bus.

The late William (Dewey) Tyler, reminiscing from his Portland, Oregon home about his experiences with the auto-stage during its 1905 run. Later he became one of Portland's first taxicab drivers.

Strangers and Strays

(Continued from page 39)

days of horse gathering. Shorty said, "You know, Curly, some of the saddle stock that are not too crippled to ride have wintered in thin condition. Two of those broncs that I've been riding for the last couple of weeks seem like good stout horses. Do you suppose that I dare use one tomorrow? They are working well with the cattle, but running horses may be something else."

I grinned and answered, "Just ride whatever suits you best. They all have to be ranch broken someday."

Early next morning, shortly after daylight, I wrangled the saddle stock into the horse corral beside the stable. I picked a long-legged, slim horse, bay in color, that I called Prince. Shorty looked the bunch over carefully and debated awhile, then roped an upstanding black gelding with white hind legs and a white stripe down his face. Shorty was proud of his mount and had tried very hard to gentle him special. He had named him Two Step.

Mr. Anderson was the extra ranch hand. He was better known to the boys as Alex. Though he was a jack of all trades building more fence was his speciality. That morning he was acting as ranch cook and as he heaped up the hotcakes he tried to describe the lay of the land for more than twelve miles east of the ranch on the Canadian side. He said, "You boys should pack a lunch today because you won't get back for dinner." Mayb lex did make up a lunch for us, but if did we forgot to take it.

Shorty and I were both in our early venties, unmarried, and as healthy as e Hereford cattle that roamed the hills. 'e were not drinking men, more than a cial party. On that warm sunny day we retched out in the grass on the side of a ulee while our saddle horses grazed for hour at noon. We kidded each other out being hungry and forgetting to rry a lunch.

While we were waiting for our horses graze and rest, we noticed a rider ming our way, following the prairie ail that was very close to the border. A ll cement post for a marker stood on the rder survey a few rods' distance from s. The man turned out to be about the ost friendly stranger that we boys had rer met. He was riding a brown horse ith a white snip on its nose. This was a orse that any young cowboy would be roud to own and ride.

The stranger may have been in his irties. He was wearing a pair of white ngora chaps and a loose buttoned mackaw coat of a grey-brown color. His ridg boots were new and held a pair of lver inlaid spurs.

Shorty and I listened to a little speech s the stranger introduced himself, but e couldn't keep our eyes from the unsual load that the horse carried. On each de of the saddle hung a pair of women's ng stockings with at least three full hisky bottles in each, and his mackinaw at pockets were both full, as well as his aps pockets. A gunny sack of full ottles was tied behind the cantle of his ddle. When he dismounted to allow his orse to graze he staggered slightly and marked that so far on his journey he ad been able to get every man drunk at he had met along his way.

With that, he produced a half-full bot-e from his pocket to treat his newund friends—us. That liquor was potent anadian whisky. The rider was on anadian soil. The boys wondered as they pt sampling it where it all came from. he nearest town was Cadillac, about fty miles north.

Somehow an hour passed very quickly d by the time the saddle horses were ady to be ridden there were two young orse wranglers who were scarcely able mount. We had been drinking on an npty stomach. After bidding goodbye, e watched him ride away to the east still aiming that he would treat everybody he et.

WE tightened our saddle cinches and began to mount up but it was like we ere in a stupid fog. I was thankful that rince was a gentle horse. I tried to keep eye on Shorty for Two Step was unedictable. Suddenly he humped his back r a little fun and Shorty's spur accintally clouted him on the right shoulr. After about six sidewinding jumps orty was sitting in the grass while Two ep made a few extra heaves to make re nothing was aboard him but the ddle.

It was an easy matter for me to pick up orty's horse from Prince, though, as rince was noted for extra speed among e saddle stock of the ranch. This exerse seemed to clear some of the fog from my eyes and while I led Two Step back to my pal I decided to change mounts with him.

I said, "Let me hold this horse still for you, Shorty. When you're mounted everything will be right."

Shorty didn't seem to notice that the horses had been switched. As soon as he was on the saddle he took his Stetson in his hand and waved it in the air. "O.K., now boy, here we go!" he said. And before I could stop him, Shorty was spurring Prince across the prairie. The horse was sprinting away as if he were a rabbit chased by a hound. They were out of sight, going toward home, before I could even get mounted on Two Step. All that black horse would do for me was hump his back and try to buck while I cussed him, Shorty, and old Prince.

Finally the horse and I came to some understanding, and we found Prince grazing in a coulee about half a mile away. Shorty was on his hands and knees on the ground and seemed to be a very sick man. There was no shade to be found in the coulee—not even a rosebush. I took off one of my bridle reins and made a set of hobbles which fastened Two Step's front feet together. They would slow his travel if he tried to leave the coulee. Then, after instructing Shorty to stay right where he was, I mounted Prince and rode to a section of the hills where we'd left a small horse herd.

When we boys returned to the ranch house that night for supper, my appetite was nearly out of bounds. Shorty, though, couldn't eat a bite. We had both learned a lesson that day.

The cause of Shorty's sickness was put down as going too long between meals; Alex, however, was supicious that it was something else. He asked about a hundred questions next morning at the breakfast table but received few answers.

About a month later a rider from south of the border stopped at the ranch for dinner and told us some news. "Do you folks know a man they call the Border Outlaw?" he asked. "Canadian and American police have been watching him for a long time. They finally caught up with him a couple of weeks ago. He had gone into a homesteader's shack a few miles south of the border and found no one at home. He picked up a few things while there, including a full case of whisky and about thirty dollars that was in a pocket of a pair of overalls hanging on the wall."

I looked across the table at Shorty. It was all we could do to keep a straight face. The visitor went on, "It was Canadian whisky and as no duty had ever been paid on it the homesteader couldn't make a complaint to try to get it back, but the thirty bucks was his grubstake for him and his wife for the summer." At last they had reported it to the authorities.

That stranger had met a lot of people that day along the trail and had been very free with his liquor. It had been very easy to track him down.

A lot of funny characters rode those old prairie trails along the border. It was some of the best ranch country in the world. I know my old pal Shorty, who now lives in Great Falls, Montana, will agree with me.

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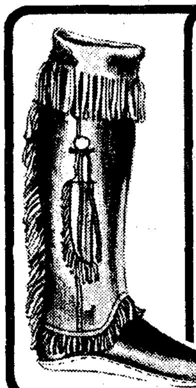

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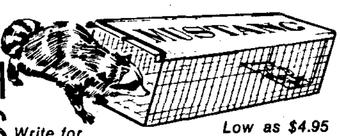

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

TALENTED WRITER

Conversations with Frank Waters (Swallow Press, $4.00) edited by John R. Milton of the University of South Dakota, gives the reader an intimate interview vicariously with the author of *The Man Who Killed the Deer* and *The Colorado*, as well as many books and articles on Southwestern Indians. During several taped interviews, Waters and Milton cover a variety of the author's experiences ranging from his participation in Penitente rituals; Mexico border interludes where he gathered material for *Yogi of Cockroach Court;* his sojourn in Mora where he met the prototype for Maria de Valle of *People of the Valley;* and his friendship with Taos artists Leon Gaspard and Nicolai Fechin. The conversations provide a friendly look inside the man who has become one of the foremost authorities on Southwestern Indian life.

SUL ROSS

Those interested in leisurely reading of historical novels about the Civil War will enjoy *Lone Star Rebel* (John F. Blair Publisher, $4.95) by J. A. Benner. The story is set against the background of Civil War exploits of Lawrence Sullivan (Sul) Ross, former Texas Ranger, Confederate colonel and brigadier general and later governor of Texas. The narrative unfolds through the experiences of Rob Crawford, a Texas Hill Country ranch boy who ran away from home to join his brother and his hero, Colonel Sul Ross, in campaigns in Mississippi and Tennessee. A sorrel-topped hothead, Rob finally survived hazing by enlisted men and eventually becomes bat boy and courier to Sul Ross. Tense action holds the reader's attention as Rob and Sul Ross frequently escape death in battle, as well as entanglements with outlaw counterfeiters wanted by authorities from both North and South.

TEXAS PIONEER

Readers who missed the long-ago first edition will be pleased to learn that *Reminiscences of a Centenarian* by Amasa Gleason Clark as told to Cora Tope Clark has been reissued as a memorial edition to grandsons recently killed while serving in the U.S. Army. The reprint was published by The Naylor Company at $5.95. A veteran of the Mexican War (1825-1827), Clark was commended by his officers for valor during the assault on Mexico City when General Santa Ana and 30,000 Mexican troops were conquered by 10,000 brave, scrappy United States soldiers. Serving as laborer, freighter, and shingle maker, Clark finally settled in Bandera County in the Texas Hill Country and sired nineteen children. His autobiography brings with it the flavor of pioneer living when hardship was the main bill-of-fare. The present revised reprint adds more complete biographical data on many of Clark's descendants not included in the first edition.

SO LIKE OUR WEST

Gold mining was sometimes both backbreaking and unrewarding in Australia according to *Letters from Grenfall, from a New South Wales Goldminer in the 1870s* (Sydney University Press, $6.95) by Gilbert F. Butland. In the United States the book is available from International Scholarly Book Services Inc., P.O. Box 4347, Portland, Oregon 97208. For the most part, it is a compilation of letters written by Tom Cottome, a Yorkshireman to his sister in Bermuda. These letters, aided by newspaper reports of Tom Cottome's life as a lodge member, town councilman and gold miner, provide a personal and historical account of the origin and growth of a pioneer Australian town. As in the United States, gold mining in New South Wales also was short-lived but the impact of gold production on the settlement of the area was enormous and lasting. As gold mining played out, farming and stock raising became paramount. Agricultural hardships paralleled those of mining and some of the interesting details of Cottome's letters tell of the withering droughts, cattle and sheep losses as well as drought-breaking floods that destroyed resources and terrorized landowners. Very good.

THE SAINTS

The Mormon Church has long been an enigma to the masses who have never directly encountered it. *Polygamy was Better than Monotony* (Westernlore Press, $7.95) by Paul Bailey clarifies Mormon doctrine and pioneer Utah living in pleasing humorous discourse. A descendant of polygamous grandparents, Bailey, a notable western author, describes the aftermath of polygamy as it affected his grandparents, parents, the younger generation, and social-economic life in American Fork, Utah and adjacent communities. Readers will enjoy his description of Mormons as people whose daily life was and is dominated by the ruling power of church doctrine and authority. Bailey writes profoundly and sympathetically of the Morman community, although some overly staunch members may wish to ban the book a they've tried to in the past with severa other of his publications dealing with Mormon history and church taboos. This book is also an autobiography of Pau Bailey and gives details of his struggles to gain an education, become a writer newspaper editor and publisher of Westernlore books which have added greatly to our knowledge of western history Very good.

CALIFORNIA HISTORY

Many books have been written abou spectacular California history and a clever new one is *An End and a Beginning, The South Coast and Los Angeles 1850-1887* (Exposition Press, $7.50) by S. O'Flaherty. The author starts his story following annexation of California by the United States when the predominantly Mexican population came into abrupt and often upsetting contact with Anglo-American politicians and opportunists, Chinese laborers, and gold miners from the eastern United States and many other areas of the world. Fortune hunters often married into aristocratic pastoral families of Mexican origin who eventually lost out in the brutal race for survival. O'Flaherty deals briefly and effectively with the key episodes of the period where California rancheros lost their herds and often land during droughts. Many were unable to substantiate legal claims to Spanish grants, due to land laws imposed by the new U.S. government. The development of trans-continental and state railway systems under monopolies imposed by the railroad barons; introduction of education and culture; vigilantes and vice control; gold mining; the sheep bonanza harassment of Chinese; agricultura growth and bank failures—all receive equable treatment. Not a professiona writer, the author nevertheless compose brilliantly and adds an undercurrent o subtle humor that animates his narrative with the reader interest of a swiftly paced melodrama. Very good.

ANTE-BELLUM IOWA

Iowa on the Eve of the Civil War (University of Oklahoma Press, $8.95) by Morton M. Rosenberg evaluates a decad of politics preceding the firing upon Fort Sumpter. Iowa prided itself on being the first free state admitted to the Union from land within the Louisiana Purchase In the 1850s, the state was primarily land of farms and farmers. It wa crossed with feeder trails and roads fo travelers headed west to Utah, the California gold fields and the Northwest. Settled largely by eastern Americans, it also provided homesteads for minorities o Britishers, Germans, Irish and Scandinavians. Anti-slavery was a major political plank. Many of the natives resente the incursions of foreigners, particularl during the period when financial depression oppressed all social groups. A bran of red-blooded politics developed aroun numerous contemporary problems, including railway construction, finances, homesteads, land grants, racism, prohibition religion, and a host of national issues be

(Continued on page 66)

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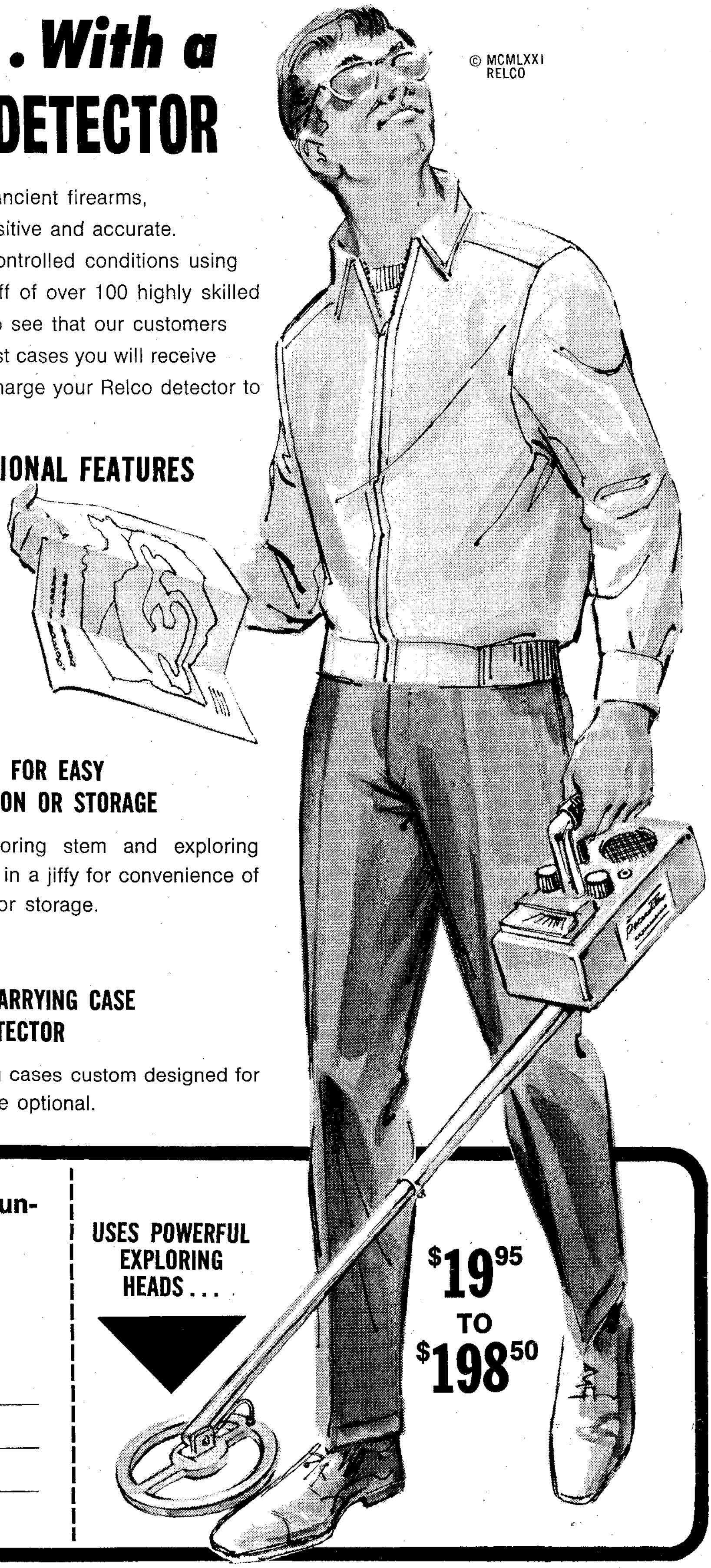

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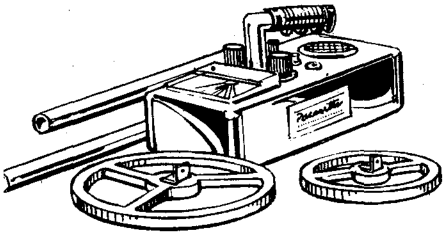

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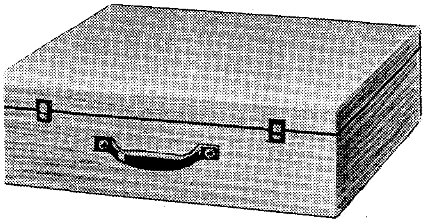

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Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 64)

fuddling to Democrats, newly originated Republicans, Free Soldiers and other groups with ideologies and causes to sponsor. This scholarly treatise will appeal to historians, politicial science students, and Middlewesterners.

COLORADO RANCHER

R. B. Townshend's *A Tenderfoot in Colorado* (University of Oklahoma Press, 2.95) is Volume 38, The Western Frontier Library. There is a fine introduction to this reprint by Jay Monaghan that reveals much about the author, an educated English tenderfoot. Dr. Monaghan also briefly summarizes the other two books written by Townshend about his experiences in the West. For one, this reviewer hopes that the publisher will *not* let these "briefs" stand in the way of reprinting Townshend's *A Tenderfoot in New Mexico* and *Last Memories of a Tenderfoot*—they are mighty good. J. Frank Dobie said of Townshend's writings, "Delightful as well as faithful. Literature by an educated Englishman who belongs to the range." Strongly recommended and a bargain.

RUSSELL FIRSTS

A new book with unpublished CMR illustrations is always an art event—the newest is R. D. Warden's *C. M. Russell Boyhood Sketchbook* (Treasure Products, P. O. Box 577, Bozeman, Montana 59715 $24.50). The Russell buffs will love *Boyhood Sketchbook* and all those interested in the developing skill of an artist will want a copy of this bench mark in the career of the great Montanan. The drawings in the sketchbook were done when Russell was fifteen, before, as Old Bookaroo Fred Renner points out in an informative introduction, he "had ever seen a Plains Indian, or a cowboy, or a grizzly bear in their native habitat." In fact, it seems certain that the drawings were executed during the short time early in 1880 that Russell was enrolled at Burlington College, a military school on the Delaware River at Burlington, New Jersey. His father promised Charlie a trip to the West if he would spend some specified time (the length is in question) at the military school. However, Charlie was no better as a student at Burlington than he had been back in St. Louis—he spent much time day-dreaming about the West and as a result of his inattention (and pranks) had to "walk off" many demerits. He needed his formal education when he left Burlington but he lef behind his sketchbook—he either gave i to his friends, Charles G. and Louis F Psotta, or they found it after he qui school and fortunately preserved it Their nephew, A. L. V. Wiehle, inherite the sketchbook and in 1956 sold it to Bo and Margaret Warden of Great Fall Montana. Warden, a veteran newspape man and avid Russell collector, wrote th text, including a brief analysis of th technique of the artist. The sketche speak for themselves—there are drawings of Indians, cowboys, hunters, prospectors, "Buffalo Bill," and even Mexica *rancheros*. Russell was in New Jerse but his mind and heart were far away—across the wide Missouri. The drawing are crude and Renner points out the in*fluence of Bodmer and Catlin but is o* the opinion that the dime novels of tha period were the inspiration for most o them. Most of the drawings are title and signed "CMR" with a tiny drawin of an Indian moccasin below the initial This is the first published appearance nearly twenty of the drawings and t first book appearance of all of them—

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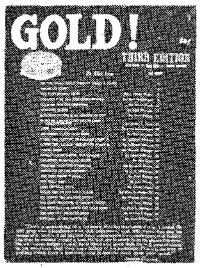
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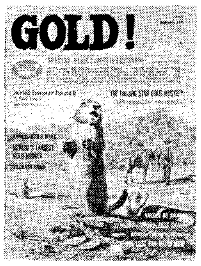
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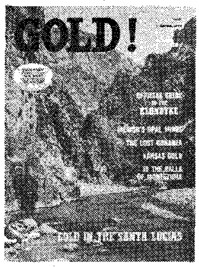
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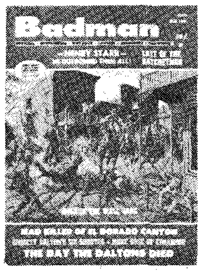
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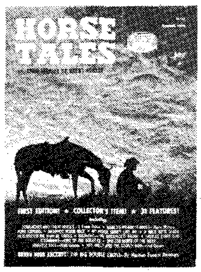
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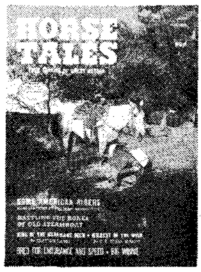
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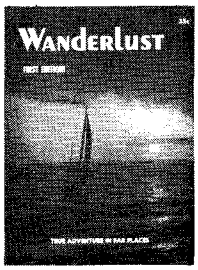
WANDERLUST #1

SPECIAL ANNUALS

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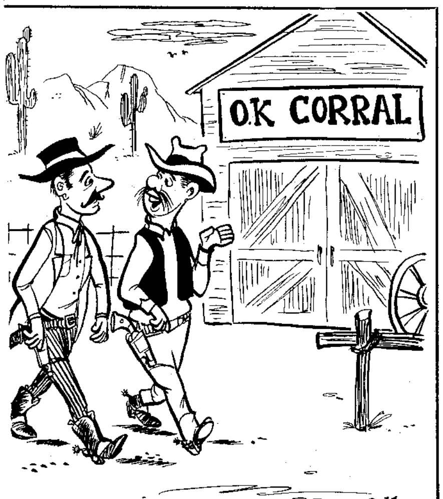
ine were issued to illustrate Renner's 'A Schoolboy's Sketchbook" in the October 1971 issue of *American Heritage*. In ddition to the drawings from the sketchbook, Russell's well known self-portrait 'When I Was A Kid" (now in the Renner ollection) is reproduced in color as the rontispiece and there are two other color lates: Russell's "A Dream of Burlington" painted some years after he went to Iontana, and a reproduction of the front over of a Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show rogram. This is an important addition o the published record of the life and vork of the cowboy artist. Renner says t well in the introduction, "They (the lrawings) also reveal, as nothing else ould, how far he had to go to perfect his kills, and when compared to his drawngs of only a few years later, how well nd how fast he progressed." Strongly ecommended.

GOOD OKLAHOMA HISTORY

Cowboy Flat—From Cow Country to ombine, is a lively local Oklahoma hisory by M. C. Rouse, Coyle, Oklahoma 027 ($2.50). A large fertile area in e meanderings of the Cimarron River, a ew miles south of Guthrie, Cowboy Flat vas once a part of the Creek Nation ater opened to homesteading. Cattle hrived on the tall bluestem grasses, and pen range ranching was the main occuation of the first white settlers. The Ialsell brothers were among the first ig cattle raisers who settled there in 880. In 1882 the Halsells sold 14,000 ead for $340,000. Members of the Doolin nd Dalton gangs of outlaws hung out or awhile on Cowboy Flat. Cattle ranchg lost out to Sooner homesteaders in 889 when the government opened Cowoy Flat to farm settlers. Forty-five omesteaders proved up on claims on e site. Members of the author's family ere pioneers who saw the prairie plowed nd farms and villages come into being. he homesteading era is described and uch detail is given about local pioneers nd events of their lives. Contemporary lack and white photographs of local enes and pioneers are particularly good.



ooks like a
ice place to shoot it out,
oc but I wouldn't want to die here!"

Trails Grown Dim

(*Continued from page 49*)

Illinois where he joined the U. S. Army in 1865. A private in Company F of the 6th Regiment, he contracted scurvy on a march from Ft. Leavenworth to Ft. Laramie. In 1866 he was discharged because of disability at Ft. Sedrick, Colorado. He supposedly returned then to his former home in Newton County, Georgia but no record of this can be found. In 1899 he supposedly left Georgia and lived near Ft. Gibson, Indian Territory until 1903 when he went to Eufaula, moving to Wegger Falls City in 1905. In 1908 he moved to Campbell Station. In 1910 he left and "rambled around" in Cherokee and Choctaw Counties until 1915 when he settled in Ardmore. He died there in 1920.

This information was obtained through his pension papers. In Ardmore he lived at 333 C Street NW and those who cared for him were Mrs. Effie Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. John Phipps, Mrs. Kahn, Mrs. M. B. Church and Mr. S. A. George. He never married and these people assisted him in his last days. Would like to contact these people if still living, or others who have knowledge of this man. Would like to know if his grave in Ardmore is marked. —Douglas R. Davis, 5910 North Avenue, Austell, Georgia 30001

Harrison

I would like to hear from or get information about the descendants of the following Harrison families: Rankin, Riley, Barnabus, Allison, Amos, Preston and Ira, brothers; and sisters, Susanah, Sally and Louisa. With the exception of Barnabus, all the brothers probably moved to Texas about 1860.

Riley had a son, George, and wife Martha. Allison's wife and Mary, and daughter Martha. Amos' children were Seth, Marion, Sam, Nan, Sue, Alice, Dora and Lelia. They probably lived in Montague County, Texas.

Rankin's wife was Elizabeth and sons Richard, George and Mather; daughters Malina and Elizabeth. Louisa's husband was Granville Greenwood who lived in Putnam County, Tennessee.

Ira is believed to have served in the Texas cavalry in the Civil War. At least three of the other brothers also served on the side of the South.—Walter L. Harrison, 1643 N. Main, Longmont, Colorado 80501

Truax-Bandy-Payne

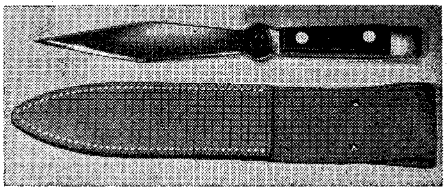
Would like to contact relatives of Mrs. Sara Truax, Mrs. Bandy and Mrs. Payne. These people lived near or at Quincy, Washington between 1906 and 1916 or possibly later. Mrs. Payne operated the cafe and Hotel Victoria in Quincy.—Carl I. Stockford, Route 1, Box 247, Silverton, Oregon 97381

Barron-Shelton-Sharp-Begley

Would like information on these families: Thomas Hudson Barron 1796-1874. He was a captain in the Rangers from 1835 to 1838 fighting Indians in Texas. He was one of the first white men to settle in Waco. He married Mary Jane Shelton about 1850. They were my great-grandparents and I would appreciate any information about their lives.

(*Continued on page 68*)

THROW FOR FUN



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SOUTHWEST HERITAGE

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Every time I start to put the blame for something on somebody other than us gents here at WP, I remember that passage in the Bible that reads something like this: "He who is without sin, let him cast the first stone." Well, if we weren't completely perfect here, never make a mistake, never do anything wrong, our hands as lily-white as young goat fuzz, then we couldn't say that the mailer's machine broke down, he's having plate-making difficulties, and trouble like the seven-year itch. It's so bad at times, he tells us, that when he hits the key for "w" for instance. "Kilroy was here!" comes out. He just says "&%$#?!", hits the key again and what fun he has.

So, Chum, if you don't get your copy drop a card our way and we'll do our blamedest. It ought to be cleared up in a couple weeks. Ain't life wonderful?

My mother's father was John William Sharp who died in 1900. I believe he was half Choctaw Indian. He married my grandmother, Viola Barron. My mother's name was Josephine (Sharp) Begley. My father's name is James E. Begley—he is eighty years old and lives in Childress, Texas. My grandfather was Jacob Henery Begley, and my great-grandfather was Thomas Begley. I think the Begleys came from Arkansas.—James E. Begley, Jr., 1406 Main, Orange, Texas 77630

Family and Name Lost

I am searching for information concerning a family whose name I have forgotten. I first knew of them while going through Helper, Utah on a troop train in 1925. I corresponded with them until 1928 when I lost contact with them. There was a daughter whose name I believe was Marie. She was about seventeen or eighteen in 1925. The father was a foreman on a bridge or construction crew for the D & R.G.W. Railroad. They lived in several places in Colorado from 1925 to 1928—Avon, Palisades, Grand Junction, Minturn, Leadville, Aspen, etc.

Anyone having information of such a family write me, as I am very much interested in contacting them or relatives. —J. J. Hafer, Box 275, Coachella, California 92236

Buxton

I would like to hear from anyone who knows about Greenberry Buxton and/or

(Continued on page 72)

War Horses for the British

(Continued from page 23)

the next advertised stop. The community of Voca was about halfway between Brady and Mason. There was no newspaper in Voca, but Mr. Dunman had sent word that we would be there ready to buy for a half-day. We picked up six or seven head there to add to what we had bought in Brady.

That evening in Voca, shortly before sundown, a fellow put on a cutting horse exhibition for Mr. Dunman's benefit. Ed Spiller, who presently lives on his ranch near Voca, was then ten years old. He was one of the spectators. I don't remember seeing Ed and he doesn't remember me specifically, but he does remember the occasion and the demonstration. He remembers that Theo Dunman had another man and a boy with him. (A few months short of seventy-one years later, I had the privilege of talking to Mr. Spiller and telling him that I was the boy he remembered.)

The next day we drove almost thirty head of horses into Mason. After buying there for a full day, our bunch had increased to more than forty head, which we drove into Llano Friday evening for Saturday buying. Sunday was regarded as a Holy Day in that country in those times; little or no trading was done. We laid over in Llano for the day to relax and enjoy a change of clothing.

None of the hotels had individual bathrooms, but all the barbershops had a tub which was kept in better shape than most public hotel tubs. We did our bathing and clothes changing there. Mr. Dunman an Roy Beaver had their shaving done in th shops. I was too young to grow whisker but my hair grew like weeds in a garde patch. I patronized the barber shops fc haircuts. There were no regular laundrie in the towns, but there were alway several women who took in washing. Fc a little bonus that Mr. Dunman pai them, they were glad to do our clothes i a single day and deliver them back i time for us to take along the next morn ing.

FROM LLANO we pushed on to Burne which was our next scheduled adve tised stop. Our horse herd had grown t where it was getting unwieldy. It took a three of us to handle the horses. In orde to hold them in a bunch I had to ride i front to keep the leaders from stringin out too far ahead. In Burnet the lot a one livery stable was not large enough t hold the entire bunch and we had t divide the horses between two stable After buying in Burnet, Lampasas wa next on the list.

Mr. Dunman paid for the horses b drawing against the Anson Brothers' a count at the First National Bank in Col man. Rather than give a check on Col man for each individual purchase, h would open an account in the local ba by depositing a check for a larger amou that he expected to need. When the bu ing was over, he settled up for the actu amount he had drawn against the a count, plus the necessary cash for our e penses.

In most cases the bank was closed b fore the buying was over, but one of th officials was always accommodati enough to come down after hours for t settlement. If all the checks issu against the temporary account hadr been turned in, the banker accepted M Dunman's record on the checkbook stu as correct and settled on that basis, a there was never any problem. A lot business was conducted on trust in tho days. The banks charged a nominal f for handling the business which w hardly enough to pay for the extra st tionery involved. Everything was cheap even a bank's services.

In Burnet we encountered our fi problem. One minor incident led indire ly to another which caused a break in o easy tranquil routine of operati Through a misunderstanding both t bank president and cashier left town closing time and were not expected ba until late. That meant that we wo have to wait until the bank opened t next morning to make the settlement.

That delay created a problem for By that time we had something like six five head of horses on hand, which i posed considerable responsibility for th proper care and handling. A herd th size moved slower than a few head. Wh it was less than thirty miles to Lampas it was imperative that the horses there fairly early because of certain rangements that had to be made. Rat than hold matters up for three or p sibly four hours, Mr. Dunman decided start the horses at the regular time. hired a buggy and team at the liv stable so he could catch up with the h sometime during the day.

For the first time I realized that I had ecome a liability to the movement intead of an asset. Mr. Dunman displayed nuch more concern for my safety and velfare than I was accustomed to getting. My dad always took the position that vhen a fellow got to be twelve or thirteen ears old, if he didn't know enough to ake care of himself it was time he earned. But instead of letting me go with he horses, Mr. Dunman hired two extra nen and made me stay and go with him n the buggy. One of the new men was a rusty old fellow working at the livery table. He would go along to bring back he buggy and the other man and their addles the next day.

I could tell that Mr. Dunman was worried. During the short time we had been ut, his confidence in Roy Beaver had lipped. Now he was faced with the problem of turning those horses over to two itter strangers and a man whom he idn't fully trust. I begged him to let me o on with them, but he wouldn't hear of t. "You'll fool around and get hurt—and won't be there to pick you up," he said.

We got up early, saddled our horses for e men to drive loose in the bunch and tarted them out.

TEEK DUNMAN was one of the few—very few—men of his class who never ndulged in strong drink. He patronized ne saloons the same as anyone else, but is drinks were always nonalcoholic. Minrs were not allowed in saloons without ne consent of a parent or guardian, but e arranged for me to go right along with im. It certainly inflated my ego to have ne privilege of strutting around in the aloons and listening to, and sometimes ngaging in, the rough and ready and freuently ribald conversation of the saloon atrons. I also enjoyed standing up to the ar just like a man, although my drinkg was confined to soda pop or lemonade.

On the other hand, Roy Beaver was nd of his schnapps, and there were mes when he got pretty high. Mr. Dunan laid down the law to him about inking, but it did little good. He could atch Beaver fairly well when we were oving from one town to another, but hile Dunman was busy buying horses eaver could sneak away to the saloon. here were times when I had to get some stander to help me brand the horses hile Beaver bedded himself down in the ymow at the livery stable. Any other an except the easy-going and tolerant ek Dunman would have fired him long fore.

Beaver learned that Teek would not be ith the horses the next day, and bought bottle which he cached in his slicker bend his saddle. When we caught up with e horses a few miles outside of Lamsas, Beaver's saddled horse was loose the bunch and the two extra men were rding them. They said that Beaver got unk and, while running his horse, fell f and injured himself. The mail hack d come along soon after and they had nt Beaver into town with the carrier. e of the new men handed over a bottle th a little whiskey still in it. Mr. Dunn smashed it on a rock.

That is the only time I ever saw him en he was mad. When one of the men d he feared that Beaver was badly inred, Mr. Dunman replied, "I wouldn't care if he had broke his damn neck!"

Dunman didn't think the two men could handle the horses alone, and reluctantly consented for me to catch my saddle horse to help. Meanwhile he caught his own horse, tied him up alongside one of the buggy team and lit out—driving fast. He left the buggy and team at the livery stable and hurried back to join us.

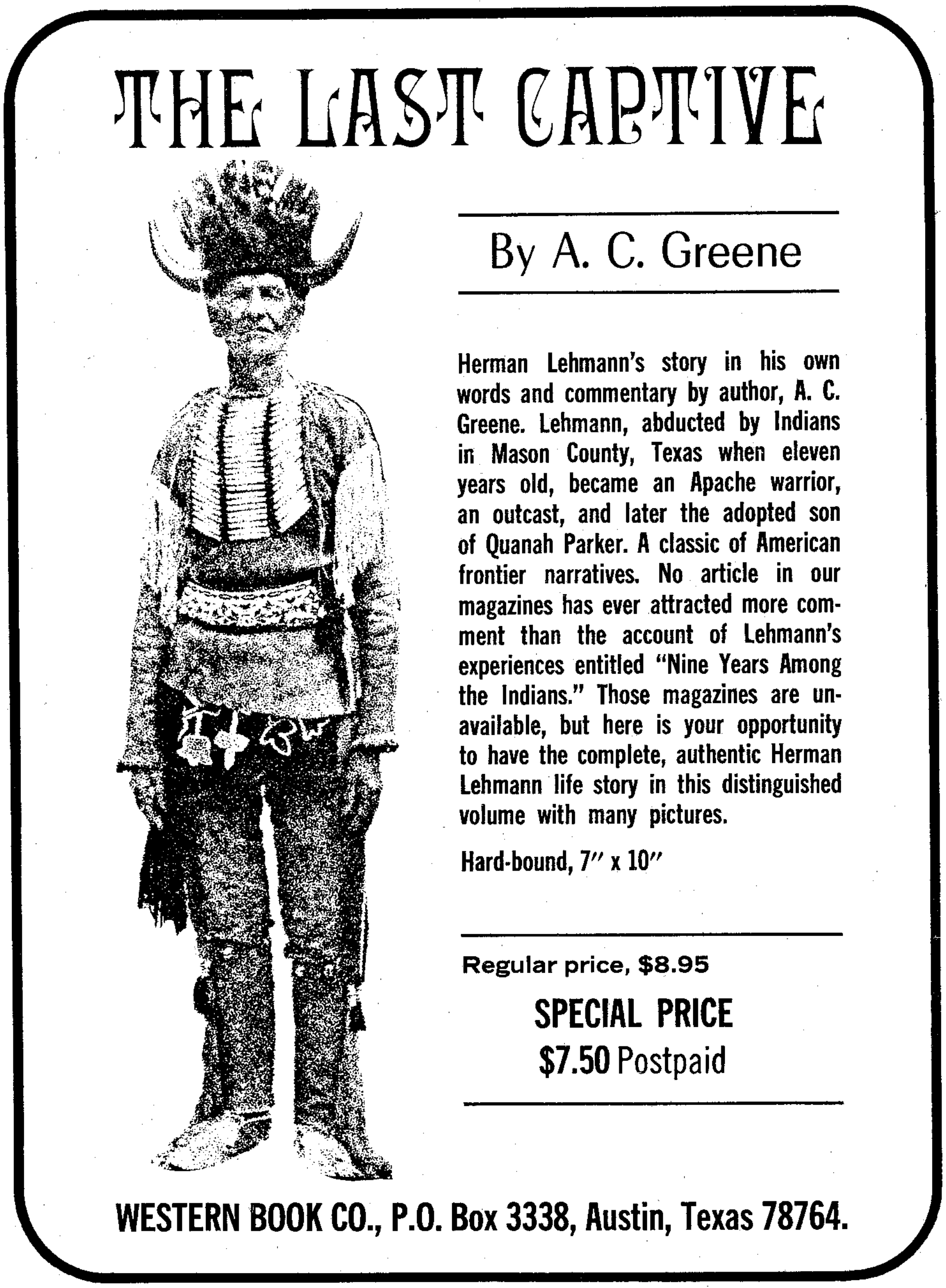
We found Beaver lying on a bunk in the livery stable. He wasn't hurt as bad as we had feared, though most of the hide was peeled from one side of his face and he had a badly bruised knee which put him out of the running. He disclaimed any desire to see a doctor.

It was fortunate that Beaver waited for that day to get himself hurt, for Lampasas was the first railroad town we had visited since starting out. There was a train running directly to Coleman, and Mr. Dunman bought a ticket and saw that Beaver was on the train that night. He said he would have fired him anyhow.

We intended to ship out after buying in Lampasas, so instead of taking the horses to the livery stable we drove directly to the railroad stockyard. Mr. Dunman bought a ton of hay and had it delivered there but no water was available and we had to take the horses to the Lampasas River twice a day for water. The buggy and team was driven back to Burnet by one of the extra men and Mr. Dunman kept the other one with us until after the next day, which was Thursday. After finishing in Lampasas, Mr. Dunman and I took it alone.

FRIDAY would have been a travel day, but we used it instead to ship out. We had enough horses to make three carloads, which were billed to the Polk Brothers' stockyard in Fort Worth, the new receiving station. That left us with no horses to ride, but our next scheduled stop was Goldthwaite, about thirty or forty miles up the railroad. We bought tickets and baggage-checked our saddles and rode the train so we would be there for Saturday buying.

(Continued next page)



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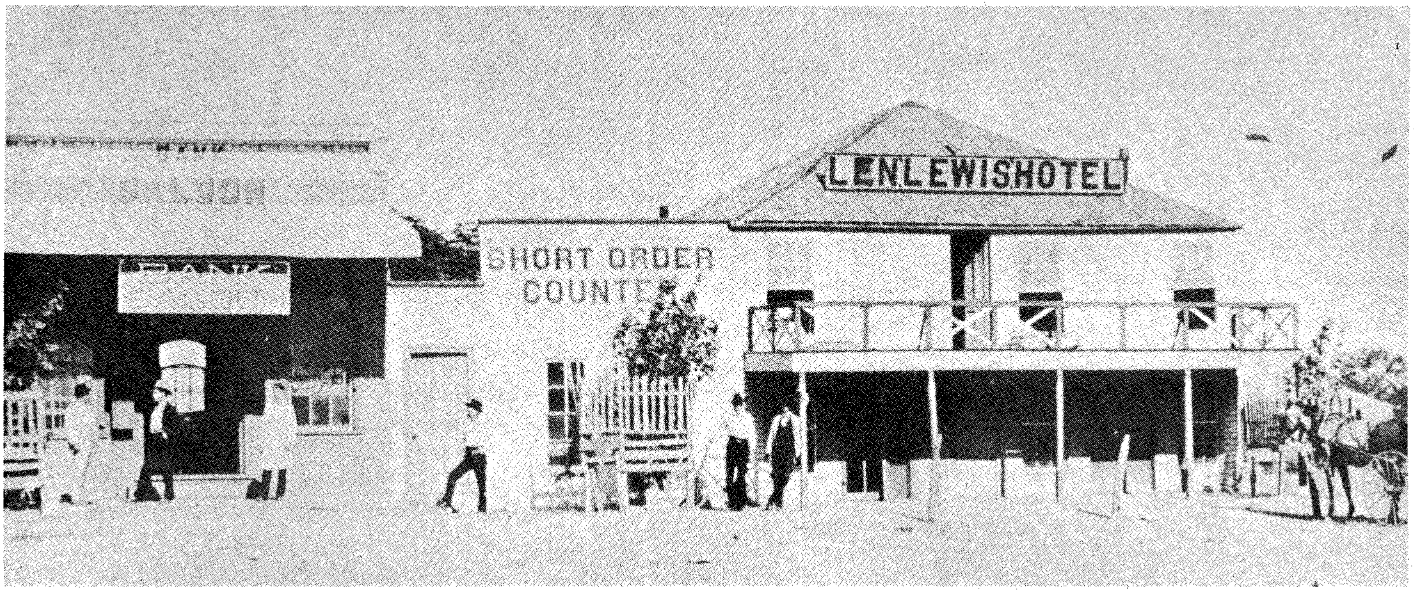

West side of the square in Brady, Texas as it looked shortly after the contract horse buyers came through.

Sunday was used as a travel day and we drove the eight or ten horses acquired in Goldthwaite across country to Hamilton. From Hamilton to Gatesville, from there to McGregor and on to Belton for another Saturday buying. We used Sunday as another travel day to Killeen, which was the end of our trip. We got enough horses to finish out two carloads. Mr. Dunman left on the freight train with the shipment to Fort Worth, and I took the passenger train home later in the evening.

Without exception, Teek Dunman treated me better than anybody else ever had. As I said before, he showed much concern for my safety. I thought I was a pretty fair rider—perhaps not as good as I thought—but he never gave me a chance to prove it. He would shut me off without ceremony if I intimated that I wanted to ride any horse that might be a little snaky. My dad was different that way. He would just say, "That horse is liable to pile you"—which a lot of them did—but he was always willing for me to try anyhow.

Mr. Dunman paid me a dollar a day and expenses, the same that he paid anyone else. We had been out twenty-two days but—as he said, "just to make even money"—he gave me twenty-five dollars in bills plus a silver dollar for my supper at the train meal stop and my bus fare from the depot when I got home. That was the most money I had ever held in my hands at one time in my life. You can bet that I kept that little roll of bills jammed deep in my pants pocket all the way and my fingers clamped around it most of the time. But that wasn't all. Before the freight train came along, Mr. Dunman took me into a store in Killeen and bought me a five-dollar Stetson hat. It was the first one I ever had.

After paying for my supper at the railroad eating house, which was a half-dollar, I expected to spend the balance of that silver dollar for bus fare home rather than walk almost a mile. The regular fare from the depot to anywhere in town was a quarter, but I felt rich enough to impress the driver and any other passengers by giving him the entire half-dollar. Mr. Dunman always tipped the waitresses or anyone else who did him a service. Why couldn't I do the same?

But I was denied that privilege of showing off because Mr. Dunman had wired my dad that I would be on the train that night. He and my stepmother met me in the buggy on arrival about eleven o'clock. When we got home I flashed my roll of bills at them and made a grand display of my new hat. My stepmother smiled her tolerant indulgence, but my dad said gruffly, "Yeah, I see Teek Dunman spoiled you pretty bad. I'll have to straighten you out right away." Even so, I could see a grin on his lips through his beard. I think he was about as proud as I was myself.

WHEN hostilities in South Africa eventually ended, the horse buying program stopped also. Taken as a whole, everybody in West and Central Texas connected with it—closely or remotely—benefited. The only losers were the horses and the British government. It is deplorable that the horses were expendable. Counting those killed in battle and the many that died of fever malady common to the country—to which the native animals were immune—the life span of an American horse in South Africa was limited to eight weeks on the average. As far as the British was concerned they could well afford the cost. In those days the British Empire was riding high and wide on the wheels of prosperity. The possible million dollars spent in America amounted no more to them than a flea bite on an elephant. It is set forth in another passage of the British soldier's version of Queen Victoria in the poem, "The Widow at Windsor":

Walk wide of the widder at Windsor
for 'arf of Creation she owns.
We've bought 'er the same
With the sword and the flame,
And salted it down with our bones.

Naturally, the Anson brothers were the chief beneficiaries of the program. It put them back on financial feet that were beginning to get a little shaky. It let the ranchers cash in on their surplus stoc and raised the price to a respectable lev from which it never declined. The eno mous amount of feed consumed was help to the farmers who raised the ha and grain. It gave some hustling trader and scalpers a chance to coin a littl money on the side. It gave employment t numerous cowhands and horse handler at a higher rate of pay than they expec for regular ranch work. But greatest o all—from my own standpoint—it opene up an entirely new world for a thirteen year-old boy.

There is one other event that might b worthy of mention. Even though remot it no doubt had its background in th American cavalry horses and the Anso brothers' connection with them.

Howard Walker was one of the Col man boys who served in the America Expeditionary Force in the First Worl War. He was wounded in one of the ba tles in France and was confined to a ho pital. One day King George of Englan visited the hospital and stopped for word or two with the patients. Whe Howard told him he was from Colema Texas, the King asked right off if h happened to know—as he put it—"Th Anson boys." Howard did. Although th Ansons lived on their respective ranche they were in town pretty often and in small town like Coleman everybody kne everybody else—at least by sight. The the King asked Howard some questio he couldn't answer. Howard's knowledg of ranching and horses was limited.

He said he didn't know how to addre the King. He never thought of calling hi Your Majesty. He just went plain o American country style and said, "M King, I just don't know about that. you could see Mr. Will Gay, or Mr. The Dunman back home—either one of the could tell you."

The King laughed, gave Howard a p on the shoulder, and walked on. Howa thought—and I guess any of us wou think—that it was quite a thing to ho a casual conversation with the Englis monarch. He said it raised his popularit quite a bit among his fellow patients.

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 68)

his descendants. He moved to Missouri from Ohio about 1900. At the time he left Ohio he had a daughter about ten or eleven years of age. He had one brother, George, who was my grandfather. His father, also named Greenberry, died during the Civil War and was buried at Lexington, Kentucky, never seeing his son.—George Buxton, Box 2, Forest, Ohio 45843

Ish

My uncle, Standefer Ish, was the son of Jacob Keppler Ish and Dilla (Standefer) Ish. He was born in the vicinity of Speegleville, McLennan County, Texas. He had sisters, Myrta and Mary Olivia and one brother, John. Standefer worked on ranches most of his life, and at seventeen years of age made a cattle drive into Mexico. Also, he was a Spanish-American War veteran. He was known to have lived in McGregor, Waco (and vicinity), Sweetwater, and Quanah, Texas. Perhaps he worked in Colorado.

Also would appreciate any small pictures of my grandfather, Jacob Keppler Ish (Co. B, 34 Ark. Inf.) in order to have copies made. I will pay all postage and take special care of pictures.—Mrs. Grace O. Johnson, 3217 Cole Avenue, Waco, Texas 76707

Smith or Hutchison

I am most anxious to hear from anyone knowing John Smith alias Joe Hutchison, ex-cowboy rodeo follower at Pendleton, Calgary, Madison Square Garden, prior to 1926.

He is known to have been around Thermopolis, Wyoming, Miles City, Montana, and Lethbridge, Canada (Alberta). He had been married to Josephine Rita Hughs, who was killed rodeoing.

Some of his known acquaintances were John Phester, rancher from Wyoming; Pinky Gist, clown; Hugh Strickland, rider; Bob Yates, rider; Yakima Canutt, rider; Till Taylor, sheriff.

Joe also worked for the Stanfield sheep outfit in Oregon and homesteaded somewhere in Wyoming.—Oris J. Hutchison, U. S. Forest Service, Garden Valley, Idaho 83622

Yates-Marston

Would like information on my uncle Yates—that is the only known name. No dates, places, or relatives are known. He is possibly an uncle of Susie Cole, wife of George Marston; or Mary Lawrence, born Aberdeen, Scotland 1823, came to America 1833 and married Aaron Cole Marston in 1842. Their son George William Marston, born 1845 in Illinois, was a B&B inspector on the Kansas Pacific Railroad in 1869. He died in New Mexico in 1911. George's son Harold A. Marston died in a storm at Romero, Texas February 1912. Any information on any of the foregoing people will be appreciated.—Roger Yates Marston, 1305 N. River Blvd., Independence, Missouri 64050

Rogers

I am seeking information about my grandfather, Stephan (or Stevens) Lewis Rogers (Rodgers). He spelled his name different ways so I'm not sure which it is. He told of coming to Texas as a young man in the late 1800s or early 1900s. I believe he was originally from Meridian, Mississippi. He told of coming from a family of gunfighters and even of fleeing to Texas as a wanted man. This may have been true as he was involved in several gunfights here in Texas.

He married my grandmother, Dessie Ladonna Bizbee, in Eastland County and raised two sons and a daughter, all dead now. There are only three grandsons left, so any information of long lost relatives will be greatly appreciated.

I am not completely sure of my facts as Grandpa was a tall tale teller, so would like to hear from anyone anywhere who has any information about Stephan Lewis Rogers.—Richard Rogers, 830 Walnut Street, Ranger, Texas 76470

Chamberlin

I have often wondered whatever happened to those from my grandfather's family who left Dakota Territory during the 1880s and headed west for California. They are: Henry J. Chamberlin, his daughter Cora Ellen, and her husband Theron Brown. Henry was the widower of Phebe Jane Alvord. Her sister, Harriet Amanda Alvord, the widow of Adriel Everist, and her two sons Friend Ethan and Homer Alvord made their home with the Chamberlins and apparently went with them. Another sister, Emily Elizabeth Alvord, the widow of John Allen who remarried to Leman Bates, had left earlier and settled in Montgomery County, Kansas. Her only child, Cecelia Allen married Henry C. Bowen at Fawn Creek Kansas and later lived at Coffeyville Kansas.—Dale Hallock, Box 496, Watertown, South Dakota 57201

Smith-Head

I am looking for two girl friends fron World War II days. I worked with then in the Doering Hotel Coffee Shop (nov the Hawn hotel, I believe) in 1943. The are Francis Smith and Naomi Head. Frances was cashier in the coffee shop an Naomi and I were waitresses. Berth Hortman was the hostess. She lives i Austin, Texas now, but has also los contact with these friends of ours. I hav pictures of us taken at the park in Belton, Texas. The hotel was in Temple.

Frances Smith was married to Curti Smith who was then in the service. Sh lived with her parents at 212 South 27t Street.

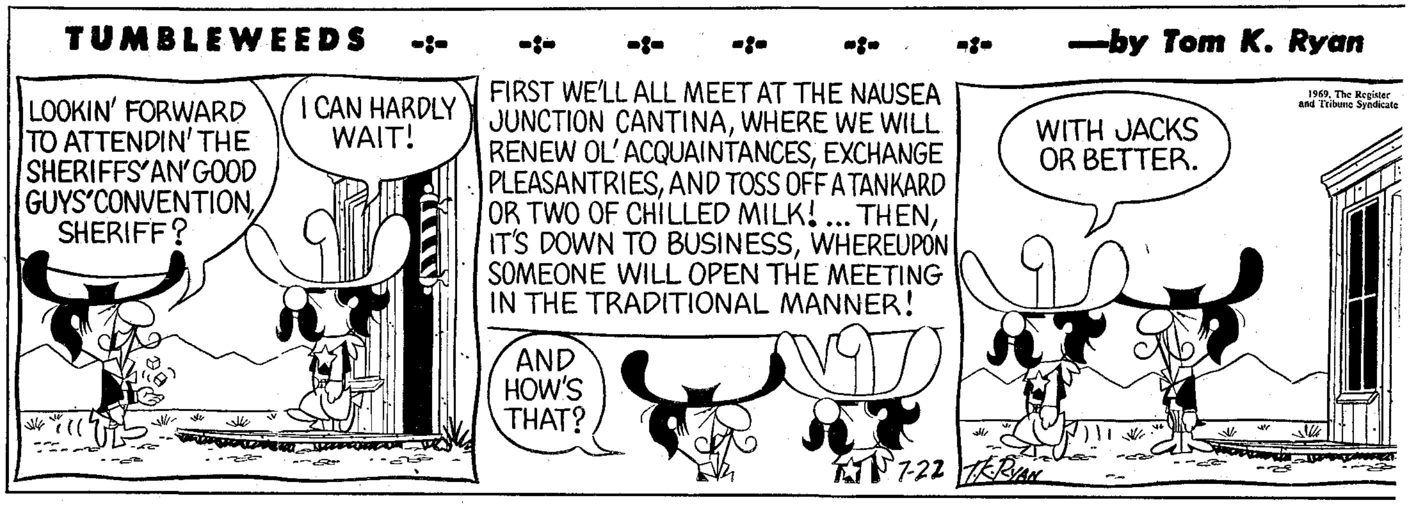
Naomi was married to T. C. Head wh was also in the service. He was statione at Fort Hood, Texas at that time. The had lived in Dallas, Texas before h joined the service. He was a shoe sale man and she was a waitress at the Spa ish Village. His parents lived in Tyle Texas at one time and that is the las address I had for Naomi.

If anyone knows the whereabouts o these two people, please contact me. M name in 1943 was Jewell Meyers but have since remarried.—Mrs. Jewell Cromer, 712 East Dean Avenue, Longvie Texas 75601

Kile-Boggs

I would like to hear from anyon named Kile. Peter Kile was born in 179 and his wife, Nanay Shineberry, in 179 I am told Peter had several brothers bu I have no information on them. Woul like to know if anyone may know of Bernard Grason Kile born June 18, 185 and last seen by any of the family in th winter of 1897. Bernard was my grea uncle.

I would also like information an ancestors or descendants of John Boggs, 180 1879; his son, John Wesley Boggs, 182 1902; and his grandson, Calvin Luthe Boggs, 1856-1923. These are my mother ancestors who came from what is no West Virginia. They later migrated t Ohio.—F. H. Kile, Box 1013, Columbi Falls, Montana 59912


TUMBLEWEEDS
—by Tom K. Ryan
LOOKIN' FORWARD TO ATTENDIN' THE SHERIFFS' AN' GOOD GUYS' CONVENTION, SHERIFF?
I CAN HARDLY WAIT!
FIRST WE'LL ALL MEET AT THE NAUSEA JUNCTION CANTINA, WHERE WE WILL RENEW OL' ACQUAINTANCES, EXCHANGE PLEASANTRIES, AND TOSS OFF A TANKARD OR TWO OF CHILLED MILK! ... THEN, IT'S DOWN TO BUSINESS, WHEREUPON SOMEONE WILL OPEN THE MEETING IN THE TRADITIONAL MANNER!
AND HOW'S THAT?
7-22
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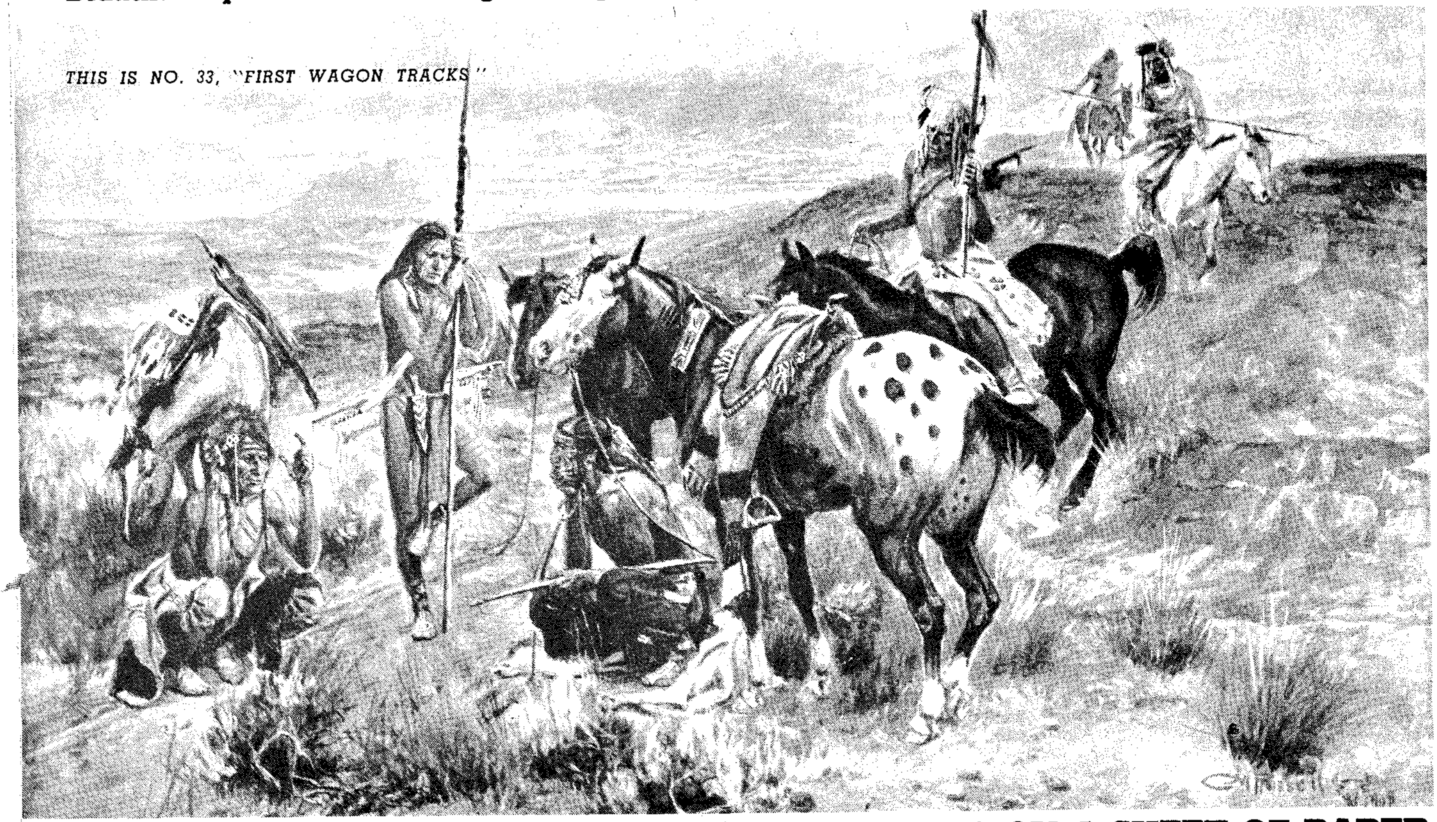

THIS IS NO. 33, "FIRST WAGON TRACKS"

CHOOSE FROM SELECTIONS BELOW. LIST NUMBERS ON A SHEET OF PAPER.

1—Ambushed, 10x14
2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 10x14
3—A Loose Cinch, 8½x11
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 10x13
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 8x11½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 9x12
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 8½x15
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 9x12
9—Bucking Bronco, 9x12
10—Better Than Bacon, 9x12
11—On The Move, 10x14
12—Buffalo Hunt (Arrows), 8x12
13—On The Trail, 8x11
14—The Pony Raid, 16x11½
15—Close Quarters, 10x11
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 8½x15
17—Cinch Ring, 8½x15
18—Caught With The Goods, 10x14
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of The Law, 10x14
21—Carson's Men, 10x14
22—Return of the Warriors, 10x14
23—Piegan Indian, 10x14
24—Renegades Return, 11½x16
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline of the Range, 10x14
27—Disputed Trail, 10x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 10x14
29—Buffalo on the Move, 8x10½
30—Early American, 10x14
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 9x12
32—First Furrow, 9x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 8½x15
34—Finding The Trail, 10x14
35—Heads or Tails, 8½x15
36—Heading the Right Way, 10x14
37—In Without Knocking, 10x14
38—Women of the Plains, 7½x9½
39—Innocent Allies, 10x14
40—Indian Love Call, 10x14
41—Jerked Down, 8½x15
42—The Jerkline, 10x14
43—Loops & Swift Horses are Surer than Lead, 7½x11
44—Last of the Herd, 8½x15
45—Last Chance or Bust, 9x12
46—Mad Cow, 9x12
47—Meat's Not Meat Until it's in the Pan, 10x14
48—The Challenge, 8½x12
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 10x14
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 8½x11
51—At The End of The ROPE, 9x12
52—Prospectors, 9x12
53—Planning the Attack, 10x14
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7½
55—Price of His Rope, 10x14
56—Queen's War Hounds, 10x14
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 9x12
58—Roping a Grizzly, 9x12
59—Red Man's Wireless, 14x7½
60—Roping a Wolf, 9x12
61—Smoking Them Out, 10½x11
62—Scattering the Riders, 9x12
63—Strenuous Life, 10x14
64—Sun Worshippers, 10x14
65—Serious Predicament, 8½x15
66—Single Handed, 10x14
67—Slick Ear, 10x14
68—Smoke of a 45, 9x12
69—Sage Brush Sport, 10x14
70—Signal Fire, 10x14
71—When Red Man Talks War, 10x14
72—In Enemy Country, 10x14
73—The Medicine Man, 10x14
74—Trails End, 10x14
75—The Holdup, 10x14
76—The Bolter, 10x14
77—The Attack, 10x14
78—The Drifter, 12x16
79—The Tenderfoot, 9x12
80—Two of a Kind Wins, 10x14
81—Last of 5,000, 8x10
82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 10x14
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of Man, 10x14
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 10x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 10x14
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 9x13
87—Whose Meat?, 10x14
88—Wagon Boss, 10x14
89—When Mules Wore Diamonds, 10x14
90—A Crown Chief, 8x11
91—When the Trail was Long Between Camps, 9x12
92—White Man's Skunk Wagon, 6x8
93—When Sioux & Blackfeet Meet, 8½x15
94—Warning Shadows, 7½x11
95—When Horse Flesh Comes High, 8½x15
96—Wound Up, 9x12
97—A Nobleman of the Plains, 10x14
98—Winter Packet, 8½x14
99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 10x14
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 10x14
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 10x14
102—Cowboy Sport, 10x14
103—The Desperate Stand, 10x14
104—Rider of the Rough String, 10x14
105—Land of Good Hunting, 12x16
106—The Fire Boat, 12x16
107—Our Warriors Return, 12x12
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 10x14

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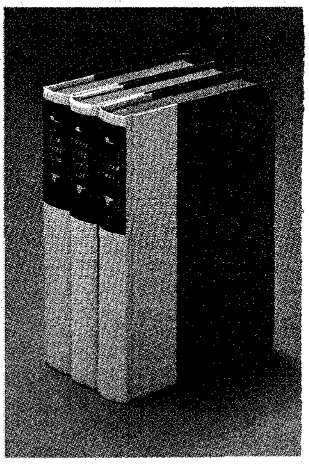

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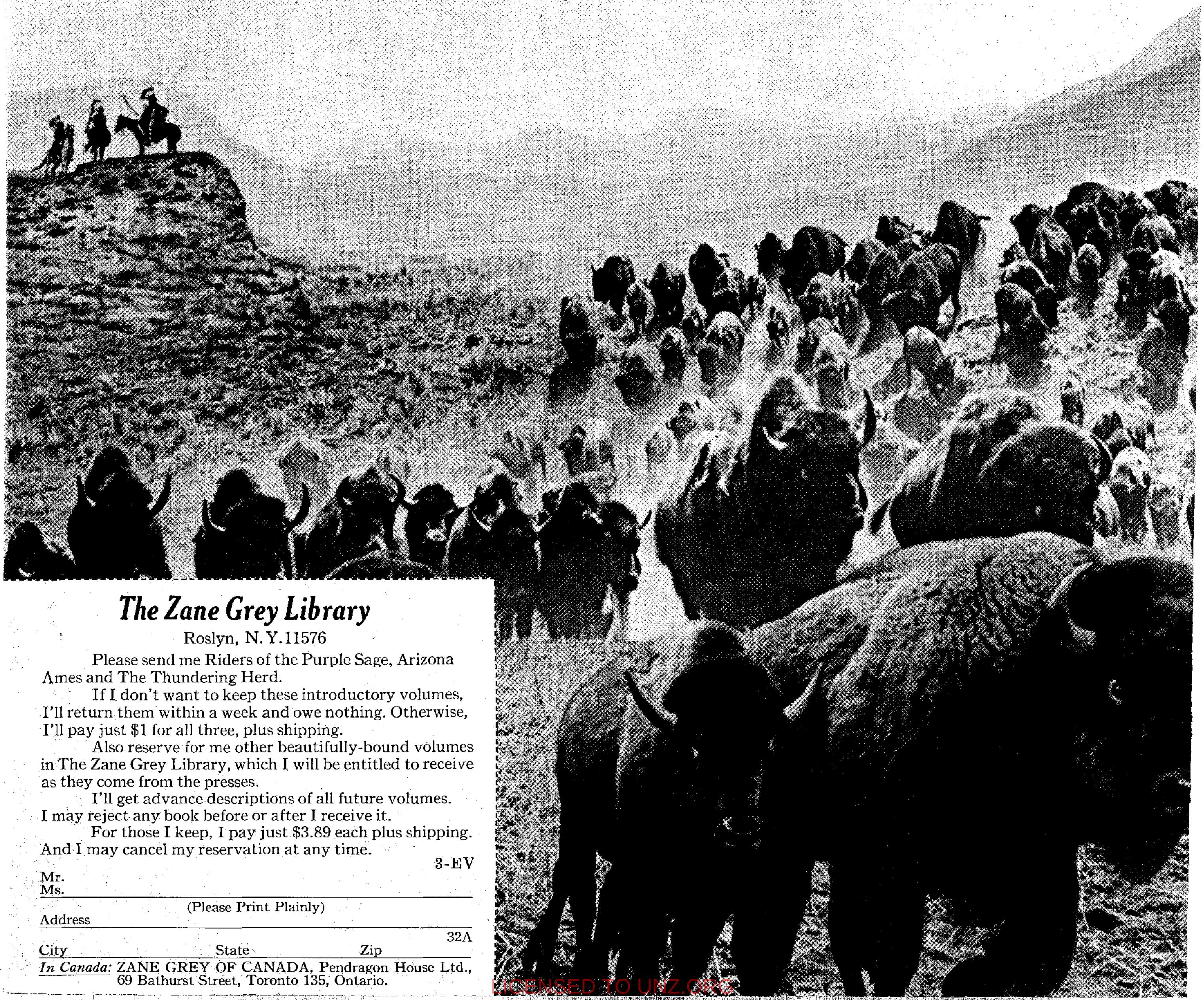

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